

CODA

CODA

Created and produced in the

SUMMER OF 1982

by the campers of

BUCK'S ROCK

New Milford, Connecticut, 06776

The yearbook cover is an illustration drawn by Michelle Freshman during a Monday night life drawing class in the Art Shop.

Códa(kō'dà), n.; pl. CODAS(-dàz) [It., tail, fr. L, cauda] A concluding passage the function of which is to bring a composition or division to a proper close.

"A proper close." An ending. I don't want to think of this yearbook as an ending. I will not be back to Buck's Rock next summer; I have been going to summer camp since I was eight and a half, and at almost sixteen have reluctantly admitted to myself that it's time to move on. Sadly, I can't deny that this is an ending--still, the summer is only a "division" of the year, and life does go on. This is, of course, a very feeble attempt at cheering myself up; the summer will end, and I will be sad. Of course, it will be easier to leave with the memory of working on yearbook, and with the tangible product, the yearbook itself, in my hands.

For me, yearbook and the other publications will be the pieces of camp which I take out and leaf through when a phone call or a letter triggers feelings of nostalgia. For you, it might be anything: a painting, a glass, a bracelet, or a play script which comforts you when you miss camp. Perhaps you too worked all day (and some nights) on yearbook, but even if you never came near the Pub Shop we still give you this copy of Coda, because the yearbook is not the property or the product of Pub. We have simply organized and printed your feelings, your work, or articles written by others on places which had special meaning for you. Just as this camp is all of ours, so is this book, because if we have succeeded in doing what we set out to do, this book is camp.

Coda is divided into seven sections, with photo sections in between; Shoppes, Sports & Games, Performing Arts, Literary/Arts, Portfolio(campers' artwork), Camp Life, and Special Events.

Shops and Sports articles in past yearbooks have often been uniformly impersonal; either they sound like they were taken straight from the orientation booklet, or they are just lists telling in detail how to make each thing. People who frequent that shop are already aware of these things, and we don't want an article which is an advertisement for people who haven't yet been there. This summer we encouraged people to include inside jokes, their own feelings about that activity, and other more personal touches. We also have many articles with a more personal and humorous approach than usual in our Performing Arts section.

As always, our Camp Life and Special Events sections are filled with humorous and personal pieces. Somehow these articles have never been a problem; perhaps it is the fact that the special events are either watched(in which case we get a personal opinion of the performance)or actively participated in(in which case we get a first-hand

account). Our camp life pieces are also first-hand, almost always humorous, and always interesting.

In our Literary/Arts section, you can learn about the people here and their feelings in a more subtle and indirect, and often more meaningful way. We can also appreciate and enjoy the poems and stories for the summer's work on writing and the intellectual and emotional growth which they represent.

The last section of our book before the credits is the autograph section. Here, we can each write our own little codas to this summer. We must remember, though, that this summer is only a "division," and that even for those of us who are leaving for good, it is still possible to begin a new division of our lives using the people and the experience of Buck's Rock as a basis.

So ends my coda for everyone here. Now it's time for me to start work on the beginning of my life's next "division."

Katy Schneebaum
Editor-in-Chief

Think of summer as a composition that we all take a part in. Our days are divided into measures, some different than others, some similar. But everything done is put into one of these 'measures.' In our composition we have people who make up our bass. Their day consists of wake-up, and meals, and other than that, their daily activities are for the most part, the same. We have our treble, the ones looking for a different melody, each day spending time here and there to vary their stay at Buck's Rock. There are the discordant, the ones who do not harmonize easily. In their minor key, they find a certain unhappiness in camp life. But we also have those who sing in major keys, and together these two combine in the melting pot of camp. Rather than a finale this summer, our musical composition, we may face a refrain, our return to the beginning. But we also have our coda, the part of the composition that brings it to a final, proper close. Some look upon this coda as the refrain that they can look forward to, while others, like myself, look upon it as a final ending. Due to travel next summer, this year at Buck's Rock will be my last. When I am journeying next July and August, there will be thoughts of Buck's Rock remaining in my mind. I'll recall when I was discordant, when I left camp; the time I felt I was a 'major,' when I worked on yearbook. This memory of being on the yearbook staff will probably remain in my mind the longest. The exhilaration of becoming co-editor-in-chief was so tremendous I felt I would do anything in my capabilities to make CODA, yearbook 1982, a great one. And on this note, I close, wishing all a great year, including next summer. I feel that when we want something and strive hard enough for it, we will receive what we deserve.

Mitch Pascal

Editor-in-Chief

This year the Pub has produced four magazines. In years to come you could take any of these and would be able to reflect upon the thinking that shaped the summer of 1982. But the yearbook is different. In the yearbook we do more than just reflect upon the times. We reflect upon Buck's Rock and the achievements and thoughts of Buck's Rock in 1982. Twenty years from now I hope you can look back on this book and still laugh, cry, and feel the same way you did when you first saw it. Our goal was to create a book that would sum up the best and most memorable people, places and events that made this Buck's Rock year the great year it was.

Ray Gas
Design Editor

This is my first year at Buck's Rock. Although when the summer began, I didn't know a soul, my dad -- who came here as a kid -- told me about this place, and I looked forward to a good summer -- yet not much more.

Now that the end of the summer is drawing closer, I look back on all that has happened. It's been the most important summer of my life. I've learned a lot, met some wonderful people, and learned quite a lot about myself.

When the time came for editorial positions, art appealed to me most. As an art editor, I was required to layout, illustrate, and make decisions. As I look at our title, CODA and our finished product, I feel proud of myself, and everyone else who gained something at this camp. I hope my summer at this camp reflects the way the rest of my life will be.

Guia Peel
Art & Layout Editor

I don't know how much you know about the function of art and layout in the yearbook, CODA. This is it in a nutshell: to serve the text and at the same time not distract from the written material.

As you look through CODA, take into account the fact that without the page designs and illustrations, the writing would not be as exciting to read. The basic purpose of CODA is to contain a compilation of the summer's work, and record events that were an integral part of the summer. But, it is more than just a chronicle. When a person writes, draws, or paints, the person is essentially spilling his or her thoughts and emotions upon the page. So as you leaf through CODA, take into consideration that we have all shared our souls with you. And that's no easy accomplishment.

Art & Layout Editor

Paul Foster

Producing Coda has been a major job. A job which, as of this writing, has not yet been completed. As I look back over the past month, I remember starting out with enthusiasm but as the days ground on my freshness gradually diminished.

I remember a day when everything seemed to go wrong. On the other hand there were days when everything went perfect.

I know that when I look at Coda in it's final completed form, I will be proud of it, and then will realize that all the work was worth it.

And besides, in the process I made a lot of new friends.

Ken Tanzer

Production Editor

This is the first time I have ever worked in Pub full time. Oh yes, I dabbled in it last year, but this year I have worked full time as one of the Yearbook Production Co-Editors. Production is more than just running the machines, it is knowing that you're reproducing someone's art in a manner fitting to share with others.

So far "Coda" has been a good experience, and I think this yearbook will be the best. I would like to thank the counselors; Bob, Nancy, Andy, Martha, Dan, Vera, Liz, Mike and Richard. And my fellow editors; James, Colin, Ken, Mitch, Katy, Ray, Erica, Jen, Joel and Vanessa.

John Porter

Production Editor

SHOPPES

I wanted to write my own editorial, so I could express my individual feelings about the yearbook. My co-editor and I took the same approach and asked most writers to relate their own experiences in each shop. We wanted each article to be geared to the shop and the people who work there. We feel this is important because by capturing the feel, the jokes, and the events, a person who worked in that shop can recreate his or her experiences by reading the piece.

We also tried to eliminate the kind of shop article that tells only who the counselors are, and what and how campers do things. Instead, we strived for creativity and originality. It is our opinion that shop articles are no less imaginative than fiction if done right.

James Andrew Eichner

Shop Editor

As co-Shop editor of yearbook, I had the opportunity to work with many people. I had the chance to learn about people's experiences while working on projects, and I got an idea of how each shop functioned.

The name of this yearbook is CODA, which means a proper close. I feel that yearbook is the proper way to end the summer, for it sums up an entire season of work. In the Shoppe articles I tried to get the writers to describe what went into their individual projects and how they felt when they finished.

Alan Muner

Shop Editor

weaving

I walked up the path to the weaving studio. The shade of the pine trees patterned the rocky ground. Moss covered the gnarled roots of the trees.

As I entered the shop I was immediately dazzled by the brilliant colors of yarn hanging from the walls. I saw Pac-man chomping at wool. E.T. and Elliot were sitting side by side. I also recognized Tadpole, Squiggy, Snoopy, Woodstock and Mad-max hard at work.

Weaving can be done by anyone. All it takes, as Barrie Center (camper) said, is "a little imagination and a little patience." You can make a variety of things in the weaving shop, such as: scarves, blankets, baskets, rugs, shawls, tapestries, placemats, and even popcorn. Some people say that the process of weaving is tedious, others do not. As Cindy Call (counselor) said, "I like working with the textures of yarn. Weaving is very fulfilling." Nancy Shear (counselor) explained, "I like working with my hands to make useful things." Most campers said that although the process of weaving can get boring the finished product is worth it. Nancy Furman said that she loved choosing yarn and picking a design. She also said that weaving is not tedious because of the progress you make. Everybody agrees that the atmosphere and the location of the weaving shop makes working there very pleasant. Amanda Kirk (counselor) describes the atmosphere as friendly and relaxed. Weaving is peaceful. Nancy Furman said, "It gives you time to think." Laura Strass (counselor) said, "Weaving is a form of meditation."

The weaving shop is secluded, up on its hill. From the porch one can see only trees. It is, as Cindy Call put it, "like working in a forest."

by Katie Roiphe.

SEW-WHAT ep.

When I first walked into the Sewing Shop, I heard the clicking of the sewing machines and saw all the finished projects hanging up in the shop.

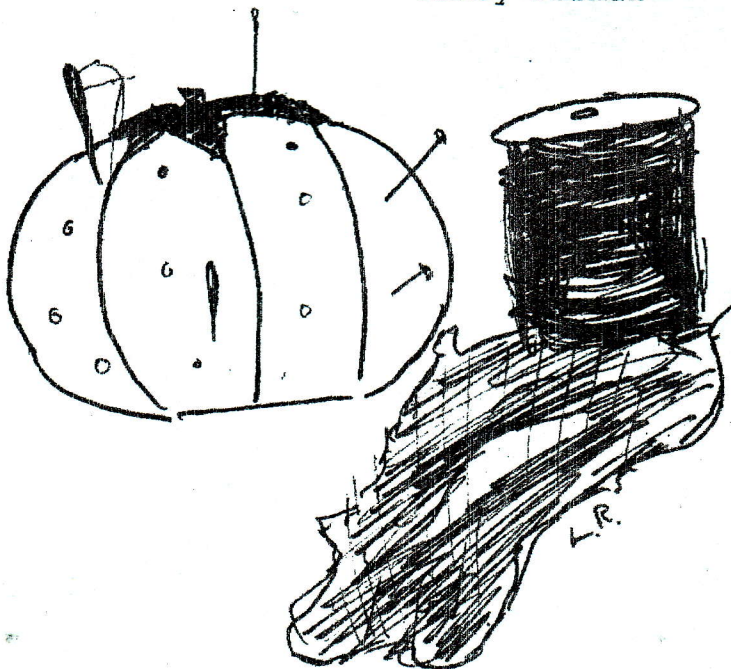
Everyone in the shop was busy working. Some of the projects in the process of being made included pillows, shirts, pants, dresses, and stuffed animals. The Sewing Shop is a favorite amongst the campers of Buck's Rock, and every day there is a large crowd of campers there.

When asked why they came into the Sewing Shop, some campers commented that they came because they enjoy sewing and were interested in making something.

Two of the counselors--Pam Dicke and Lisa Johnson--agree that they enjoy teaching the campers here how to sew and make projects. Pam teaches Home Economics when she isn't in camp. Lisa, when not at camp, does sewing as a hobby and owns three sewing machines.

The Sewing Shop is a fun place to work and spend time if a person wants to make something that they will be sure to love.

Nancy Furman



THE POT SHOP

I can still remember the first time I walked into the "Pot Shop" and saw the clay. It was sitting so still and calm at the very bottom of the large green garbage pail it calls home.

"Take a handful" Leslie, a Pot Shop counselor invited cheerfully. "Wedge it over here," she bubbled innocently, little knowing what her introduction of me to clay would eventually mean.

I moved deeper into the grey and brown splattered shop. First, at Leslie's urging I wedged the clay to get all of the air bubbles out of it. This could be compared to the burping of a baby. Next I slammed the clay down onto the wheel (a brutal but necessary gesture). Then, after frenzied kicking of the wheel to get it going fast enough, I "brought the clay up", then "took it down", two maneuvers which "center" the clay on the potter's wheel.

Once my clay was centered I began, with the help of Julie the C.I.T., to form something. But I couldn't concentrate. I couldn't form slightly lopsided pots and dented bowls like the rest of the engrossed campers who sat near.

It was the Clay. Smooth, soft yet firm. Cool, wet. So sensual and mooshy. I hardly felt worthy of...the Clay. Hesitantly I confided my fears to Julie.

"You're right. Maybe you should wait until tomorrow to glaze."

A hard decision to accept, but a just one. With great care I put my clay away. But I knew in my heart that I would be back.

-Nikki Feist



To be slightly clichéd, the photo shop could be called a big family. The mother of the shop is Mikie. Lines such as "Be patient! The darkroom will be ready soon", could easily be equated with "Be patient! Breakfast is almost ready." Mikie's other maternal qualities in this shop include a gentle but strong teaching instinct, an encouragement of creativity, and her proud display of photos by the campers in the dining room.

Margot is the aunt, slightly distant but still present. She is in charge of the "books", a very important job in the shop, considering that almost everything from paper to film is paid for. This year, as in others, Margot also played a substantial part in creating the Great Photo, the collective achievement of the Photo Shop.

Mark and Danny are the older brothers, skilled in the arts of photography, such as rolling film and developing techniques(filters, blueprints, light intensity, etc.), yet constantly learning more.

The C.I.T.'s, Marc and Stuart, are the younger brothers. Responsible for many menial chores such as doling out paper and setting up the darkroom, the C.I.T.'s know their field but are on neutral ground as to being teachers or students.

As for the campers, they are the new generation. Constantly acquiring new skills, on rare occasions excelling their teachers, though always(well, almost always)respecting them. The campers learn to become the future teachers.

-Zachary Karabell

PHOTO SHOP

MR. STOP CLOCK

In what other shop do you find:

- a complete band of musicians: two harmonica players, one bongo player, and unlimited table drummers
- the greatest Buck's Rock Bowl team slogan: "Rape, Murder and Pillage!"
- "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" blasting 24 hours a day
- continual chorus of "Gag me with a spoon!"
- people walking around with plaster masks on their faces
- a day care center for all the counselors' kids
- widespread candy and gum theft
- enough masking tape to stretch from the shop to the animal farm
- a counselor who doubles as a junk connoisseur
- the best Risk and Killer players in camp
- sarcasm at its best
- pencil and eraser eating contests
- colorful, helpful, diverse and modest CITs
- two funky JCs
- Ann and Pat--need we say more?
- and, of course, the incomparable James E. Dupree, whose wit and guidance helped us through the summer.

Pamela Lyons
Claudia Bukszan



The Glass Shop

"Marver! Blow! OK, OK, Stop. Swing it out! Jack in the neck! Bottom it! Punty it up! Flash that punty before it cracks! Heat up the lip! Open it up. Let's see a little originality here!"

These are some of the things a camper might have heard as he or she walked by the glass shop this summer. Work in the shop was supervised by the counselors, Michael and Marcia; the JC's, Sean and Nicky; and the CIT's, Nick and myself, as well as by the more advanced campers. Sometimes, something was heard along the lines of, "You just blew out the bottom! Put it in the barrel!" or, "My piece just fell off the punty into the furnace!" These bloopers were chalked up to experience, and campers returned to their next lessons more experienced, and wiser for their mistakes.

Creativity was encouraged this summer, and many original pieces began to turn out, such as sculptured vases, witches' balls, and flying saucers.

Along with glassblowing, a new form of glasswork that was done this summer is sandcasting. In this procedure, images are dug into the sand, and glass is poured in. The resulting piece has the shape of the mold and the texture of sand.

Working in glass has been a great experience for all the people who came to the shop this summer. They have learned to work in a new medium, to experiment in design and form, and to bear intense heat for the sake of art.

- Suzy Soffler

This year I came to the Silkscreen Shop with great expectations. I was going to make a dazzling array of eight or nine color prints. They were going to be in paper, stencil, touche, photo, and rubbings.

I started to work right away and made my drawings. After several re-working sessions with counselors Debbi and Craig, it was ready to be put on a screen. At this point there were complications. They didn't have the film I needed and had to wait for that. Then I had to wait again because the one month campers had to complete their projects. At last I was ready. It felt good to be squeezing prints again and my juices from last year were flowing again. I printed the first color with a lot of success and I was ecstatic. When I was almost finished I started to have that glowing feeling I get whenever I finish a print.

When you enter the shop for the first time, the law is laid down by parliament and you must make a pledge of loyalty to the screeno god that you shall never stray. The parliament consists of Darling Debbi, Craigless Douglas, Hierarchy Hiroshi, Rambunctious Ricky, and Benevolent Bo. My first encounter with the empire was two years ago. The rulers changed but the dedication to screeno has never waned.

Silkscreen is a great shop because even people like me, who don't draw well, can turn a simple drawing into a work of art. You can design anything except rainbows, hearts, balloons, pac men, unicorns, or rockets.

James Eichner

SILKSCREEN

THE LEGEND OF LEATHERWORKS

In a strange looking dwelling at the corner of Buck's Rock Forest there lives a curious figure who goes by the name of Claire Neretin. Although her physical appearance may fool you into believing that she is indeed human, recent studies reveal elfin qualities. The proof: who else is so highly skilled at working in both leather and silver? What other being could live in a small rusty colored, caterpillar shaped caravan, with a doorway so low that anyone entering could not possibly avoid bumping his or her head. And who else guards her domain as if it were gold.

Upon hidden shelves and in conspicuous drawers lie such treasures as silver bangles, intricately decorated belts, leather wristbands, a gypsy outfit (wig and all), an infinite roll of brown paper, leather and suede of every shape and size, a cat, and other scraps of this and that. Depending on her mood, Claire might even show you her prized possession of childhood: Chocolate; The Consuming Passion by the knowledgeable and famous professor and cartoonist Sandra Boyton.

At this fairy tale place (cleverly disguised as the "Leather Shop"), you too can learn the finer techniques of leatherwork. Try such simple ideas as bracelets, pins, or boxes; conventional projects such as belts or wallets; or more advanced projects such as a vest, a jacket, a hat or a bag. All projects are as simple or as complicated as you choose them to be.

I tried making a wallet for my father and learned that there were six basic steps to making one. First I had to decide on a pattern for it, which I would draw to exact scale and cut out of brown paper. Then I taped it on to the leather of my choice and carefully cut it out of the leather. Thirdly was the hand-breaking job of punching out holes where I wished to sew it together (I still have a couple of callouses from it). The fourth step is the most enjoyable, which involves the decorating of it. The leather is moistened and then stamps are hammered in. Claire has a large collection of stamps; flowers, leaves, animals, graphic designs, and the alphabet just to name a few. After the stamping was done, I wanted it darker, to match the bag it was going to be used with, so I dyed it. The last step was sewing it together and "voila!" my creation was finished.

Even if you have no idea of what you are going to make, by all means come to the shop. Meet Claire (who's quite a character), the cat and the leather, and you just might be inspired.

- by Daisy Colchie

Corinne Schiff

METAL

Rings, bowls, bracelets, necklaces! Armpieces?
Boxes, pins, earrings, rings, bracelets! Armpieces?

"Where, where?"

Silver, nickle, copper, brass, nu-gold! Plastic?
Epoxy? Silver!

"Where, where?"

Solder, torch, flux, copper tongs, acid, sand, file,
file again! Sand!

"Where, where?"

Wax, cast, invest, sprews! Flex shaft!! Alcohol lamps!
Rubber cement! ("let both sides dry and then put them
together") -- ("What?")

"Where, where?"

Stones, bezels, (melting bezels)!
Half round, double flat pliers, raw hide mallet! Forging,
planishing! Clippers!

"Where, where?"

Janis Joplin, James Taylor, Carly Simon, Bob Marley!

"Where, where?"

Beth, Julie, Mark, Lionel, Liz, Elyse, Julie, Cindi!

"Where, where?"

Pig noises, mongoloid awards, annealing, pitch, tar,
etching, repousse.

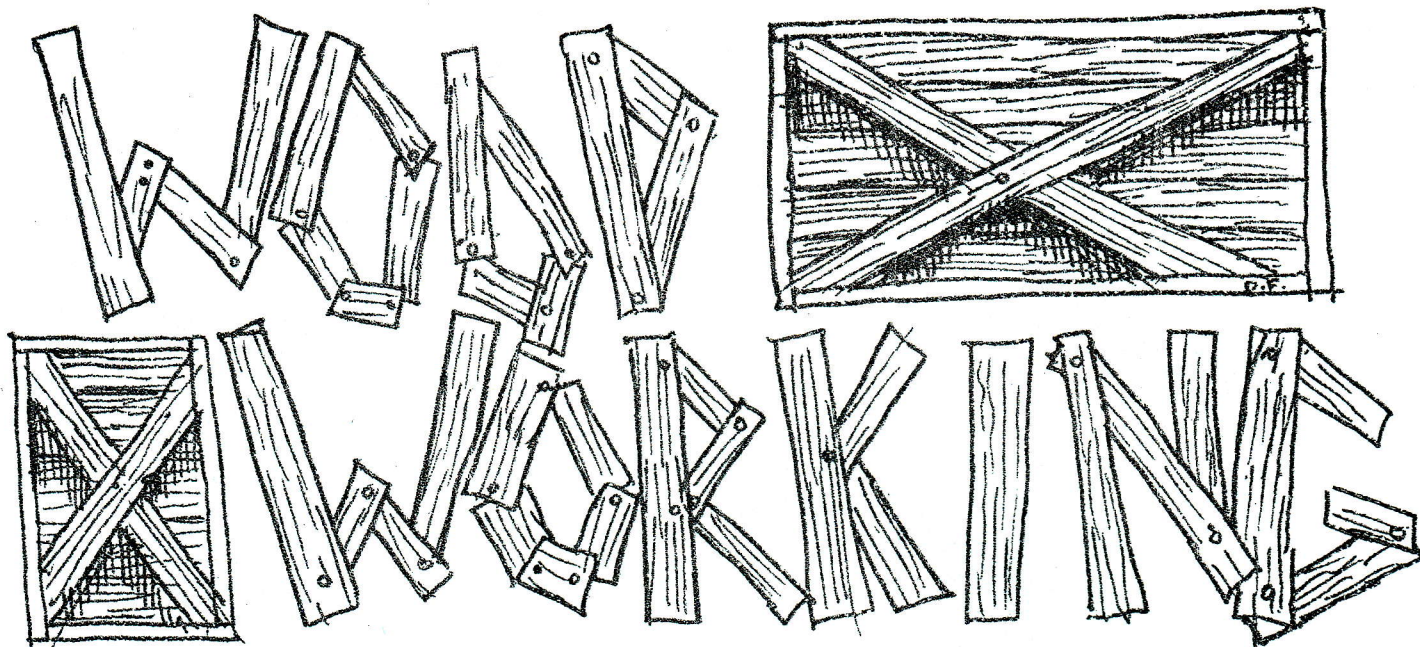
"Where, where?"

Buffing (yea!), polishing (yea!), (Goggles and tie
hair back). CLEANING -- YEA!!

"Where, where, where?!"

Metal Shop in 1982.

SHOWCASE -- YIPPY!!!



"All right, a little to the left!" As the largest piece of walnut I've ever seen came hurtling down at me from the wood loft, I began to have second thoughts about undertaking my project in the wood shop. But under the reassuring guidance of the CITs whom I was working with, I soon had my project drawn out to full scale on paper, much to the satisfaction of the head counselor.

When I returned twenty minutes later, after having signed up for glassblowing next door, I asked one counselor what had become of the friendly CITs. He replied, "Well, I'll tell you. Those CIT's are an ornery bunch. They always seem to be goofing off." I thanked him and wandered off to find another counselor to help me with my project. I approached a boy sitting in the tool room, twiddling his thumbs, and asked him where I might find a counselor. "I am a counselor, darn it!" he proclaimed.

"Then help me with my project!" I pleaded.

"Ask a CIT," he responded. "I'm busy here with my thumbs."

"Won't you please just tell me how to use the jointer?" I begged.

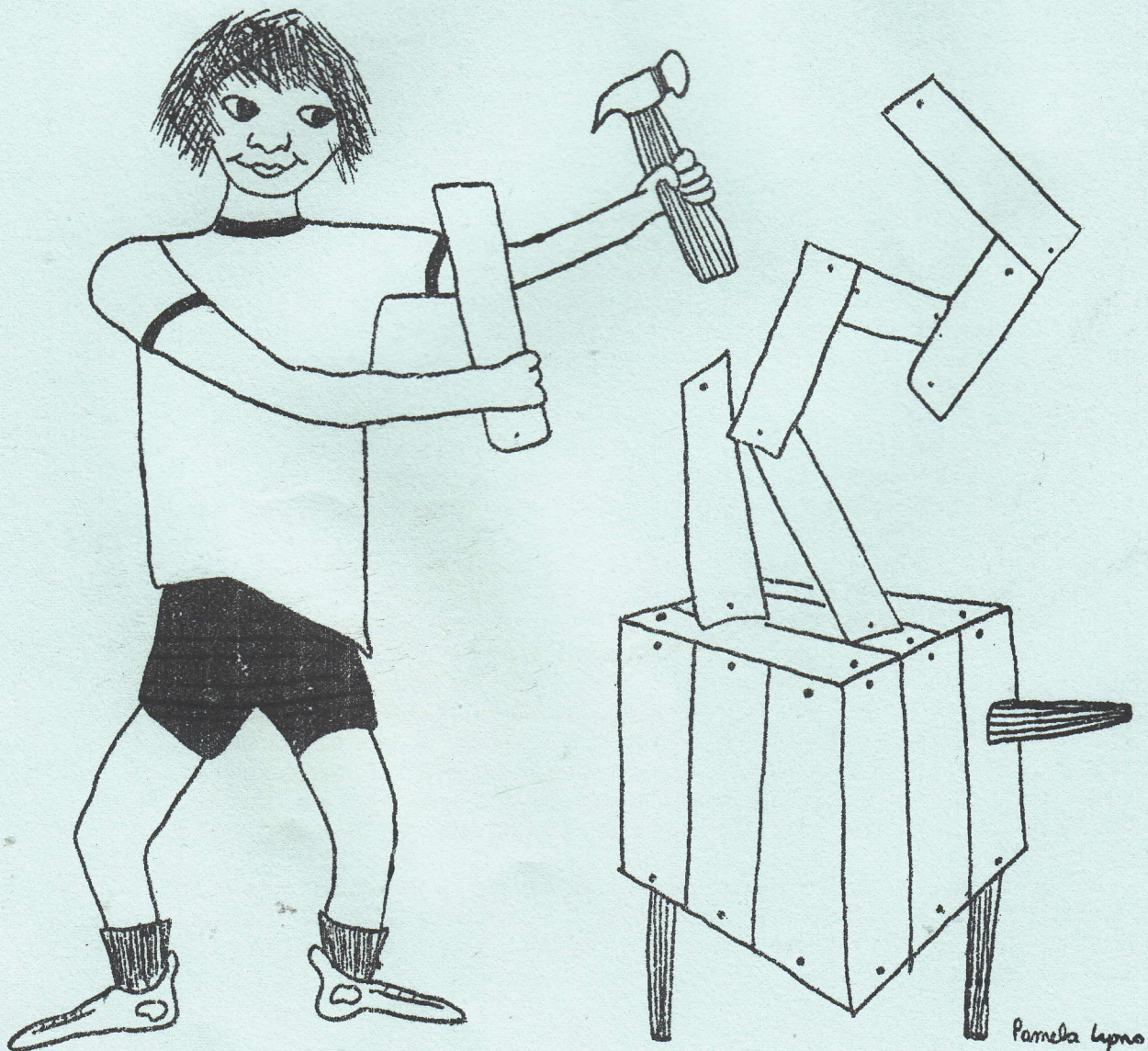
"You don't need to use that modern tool, just use that file for an hour or two and then start cleaning up," he ordered.

Well, that idea struck me as being mildly sadistic, so I interrupted a CIT holding a seminar for the counselors on how to sharpen lathe tools and he competently showed me how to use the jointer. Having finished my work with the jointer, I was again in need of counselor assistance. So I approached a rather dazed-looking man, but at the last minute thought better of it. As I turned around, I was confronted by a younger-looking counselor oozing welcomes and saying such things as "Welcome to the Wood Shop! I've never seen you here before. It's good to have you around! Don't mind that other counselor, he was out late last night."

At this point I was approached by yet another counselor, this one with a grin on his face that seemed to say to the world, "I'm better than you are, and you know it." He then proceeded to tell me about all the incompetent work done by the other counselors in the shop, while concealing a hunk of brand new walnut under his shirt.

As it was now cleanup time, and I didn't feel up to hearing the counselors' cries of "Sweep! Clean your lathe!" when I had done nothing all afternoon but been persecuted by these counselors: I made a hasty retreat out the front door and into the world of more civilized people.

David Frank CIT
David London CIT
WOOD SHOP



SCULPTURE

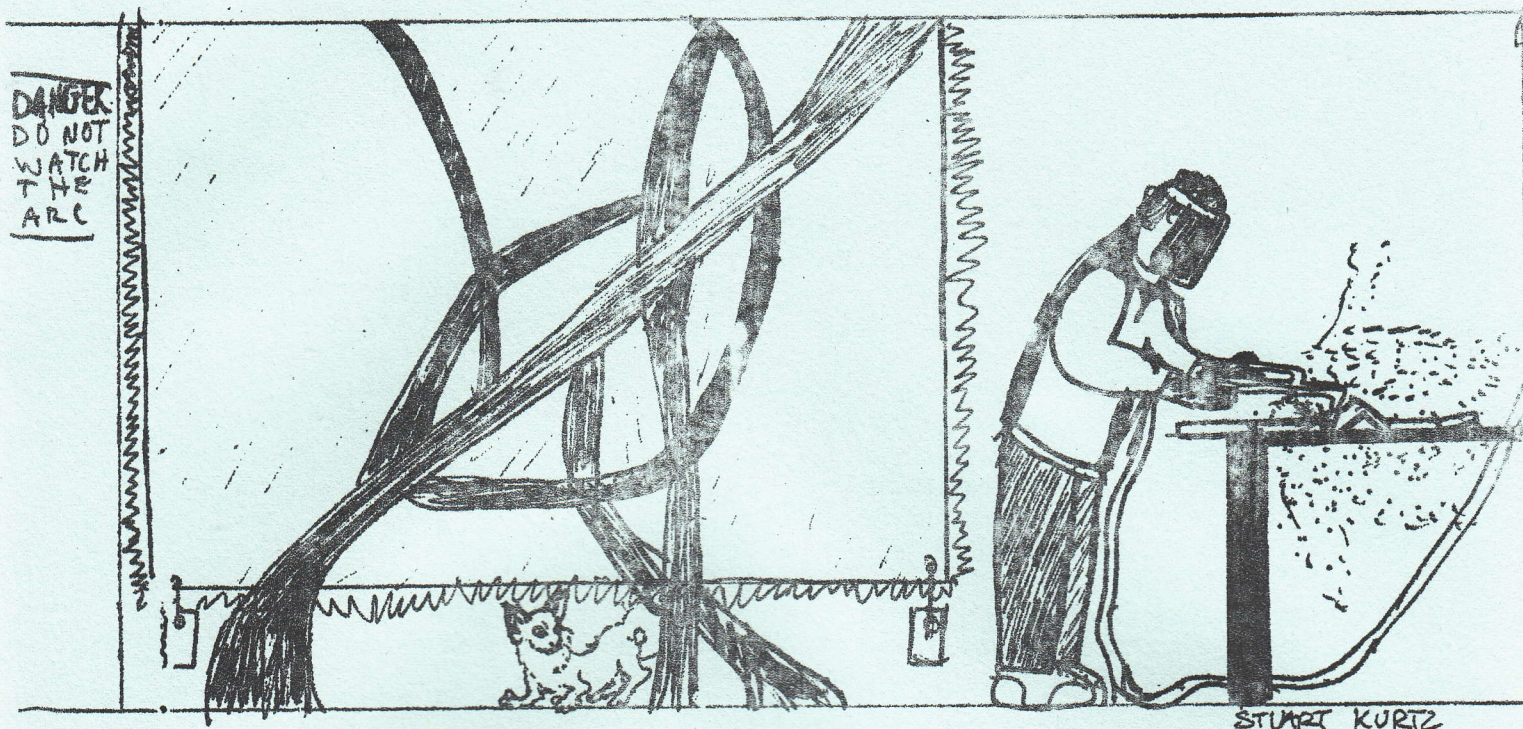
Under a leaky tent sits the newly expanded Sculpture Shop which offers a variety of materials and concepts for you to express your ideas. The diversity of our projects does not just emerge from our own individual creativity, but also from the many different materials we are able to work with. No other shop offers such a variety of ways to go about making something. When one first enters the shop, he or she is instantly attacked by one of the counselors, and bombarded with questions. When asked, "What do you want to do?", if the camper answers with a shrug, as they usually do, then they had better look out. "Well," begins the counselor, "We have everything! You can work with steel, or bronze, or aluminum, or stone, or wood, or plaster, or cement, or, or, or, ..."

Although steel is, and appears hard and unmanageable, with the right equipment it can be manipulated. The counselors teach you how to use the gas cutting torch, the arc welder, the gas welding torches and the grinder. The feelings that run through your head when working with steel are those of power, and of conquering one of the hardest and strongest materials around. Working with steel is unique in that your finished sculpture is usually strong and will last a lifetime if it is well made.

Other sculptures are created using a process called casting. We do three types of casting- bronze, aluminum, and plaster.

When you make a bronze sculpture you're not just working with bronze; first you must make the sculpture out of wax. Wax is a soft pliable material which allows you to make sculptures out of bronze which would otherwise be impossible, considering bronze can not be manipulated in the same way. Once your wax is finished then through an involved technical process, "which I didn't understand," it is turned into bronze. After four weeks of working on our wax it is finally completed and ready to be turned into bronze but now our counselor tells us it's only half finished.

In a totally different area is stone and wood carving. We haven't done these two yet but it is amazing to watch a log or chunk of stone be transformed into a beautiful piece of art.



Another type of sculpture created by hard-working individuals is pieces made from a material called structolite. The structolite is supported by an armature which is like a skeleton made out of steel. Structolite is a nice material to work with, but sometimes it is a little discouraging that most of the work goes into the armature and other preparations, and then it is just covered up. The armature is a sculpture in itself, but it still is gratifying to look at the finished product and to find that it fulfills your expectations and more.

Sculptures range from very abstract, free forms to realistic ideas such as pegasi and lacrosse players.

In addition to our hard work, which is proven by how many showers we must take a day, we also find time to have fun, such as our annual trip to Storm King, a sculpture garden. We also found it necessary to build a sculptural sacrifice to the Blackout God, in order to put an end to a series of power failures.

Probably the most important aspect of the shop is our extremely talented and exceptionally friendly staff: Jack Gresko, Laura Auerbach, Herb Parker, Matt Feuer, and the two C.I.T.'s Stuart Kurtz and Tyler Stewart. When you add all of this up you get one heck of a shop. We would like to give our special thanks to T.L. the cat, our shop mascot.

-Kenny Peyton
 Danny Silvershein
 Mike Scholl
 Frank Scholl

And a little help from our
 friend.

BATIK SHOP

"Hi! Welcome to the Batik Shop. We love you...seriously!" Sit down on one of our chairs; Lurch, Buffy, Jodi, or the Beaver, and sketch out your idea. If you can't think of one, don't fret, just make stationery or eat our complimentary popcorn. When you finally become inspired by the many wonderful batiks covering the walls, you are on your way. During the batik process you encounter Fred and Ethel Mertz, our friendly wax pots. They will help you resist the dye in the struggle to fight cracks. When you're ready to apply the first color to your fabric, just pick a color George, Barb (Autumn, Meagan, Flake, Sunshine), Stephanie, Ricky, Jennifer, Liz, and Lisa are able to combine a professional attitude with a sense of humor. The warmth of the counselors and C.I.T.s makes everyone in the shop feel comfortable. We are proud that this year the quality of the campers' batiks has reached a level of excellence which has never been reached before.

-The Batik C.I.T.s





Nicole Gross



Adam Schweitzer



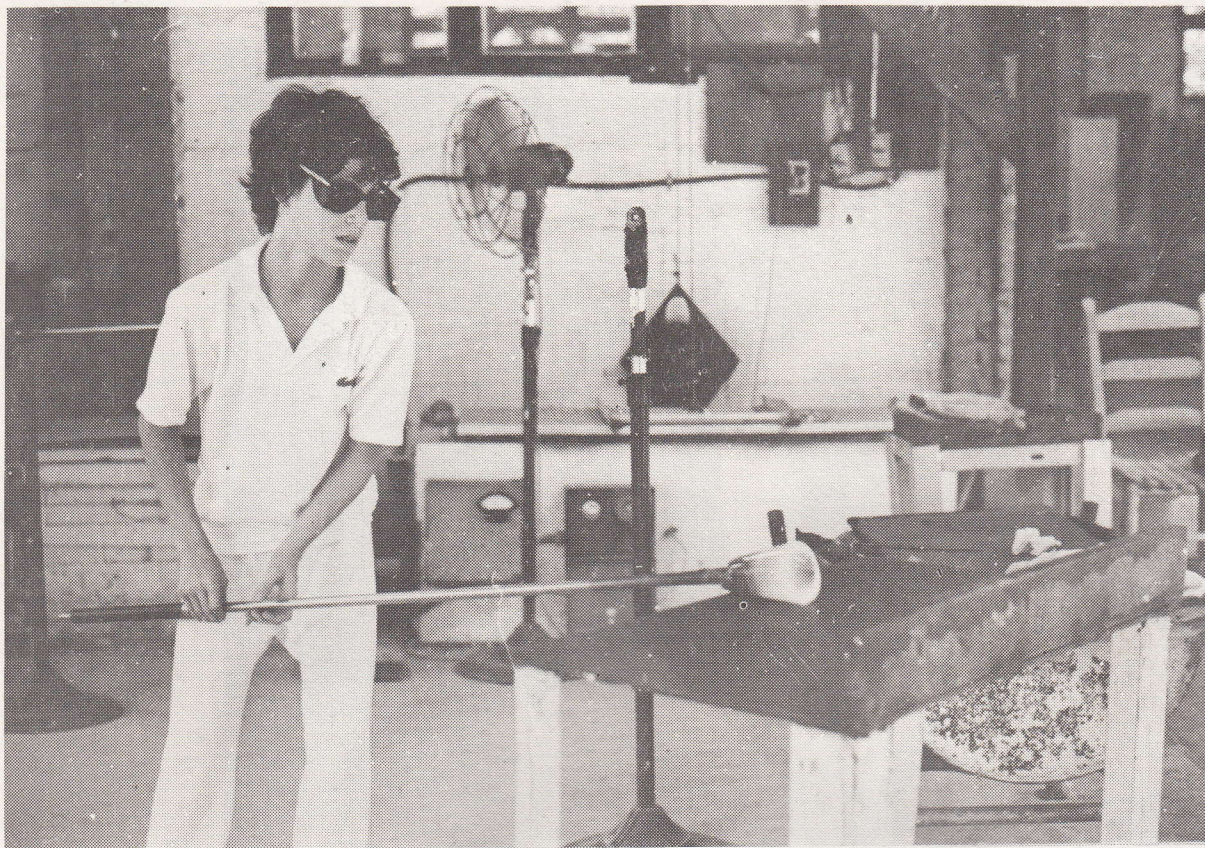
Jeremy Goodridge



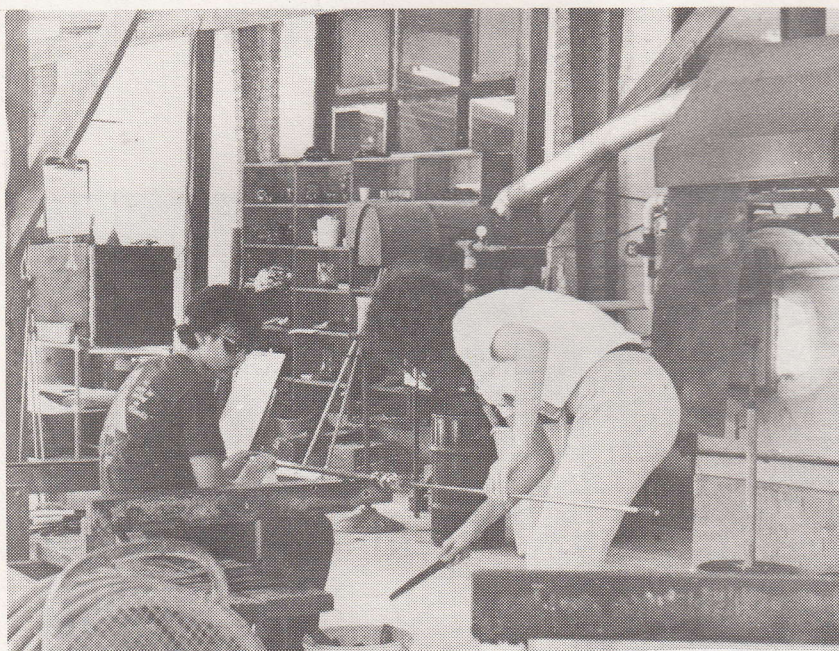
Katie Roiphe



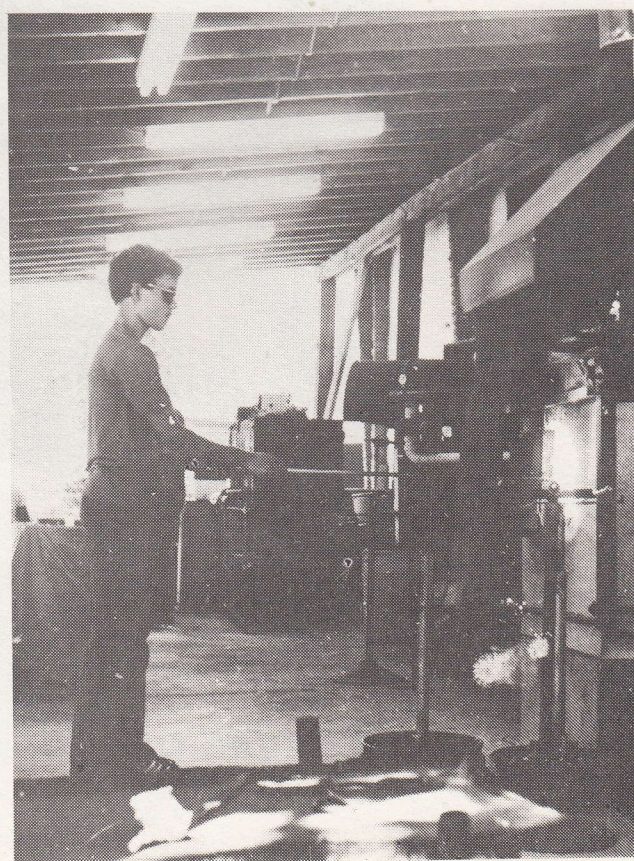
Katie Roiphe



Andrew Simon

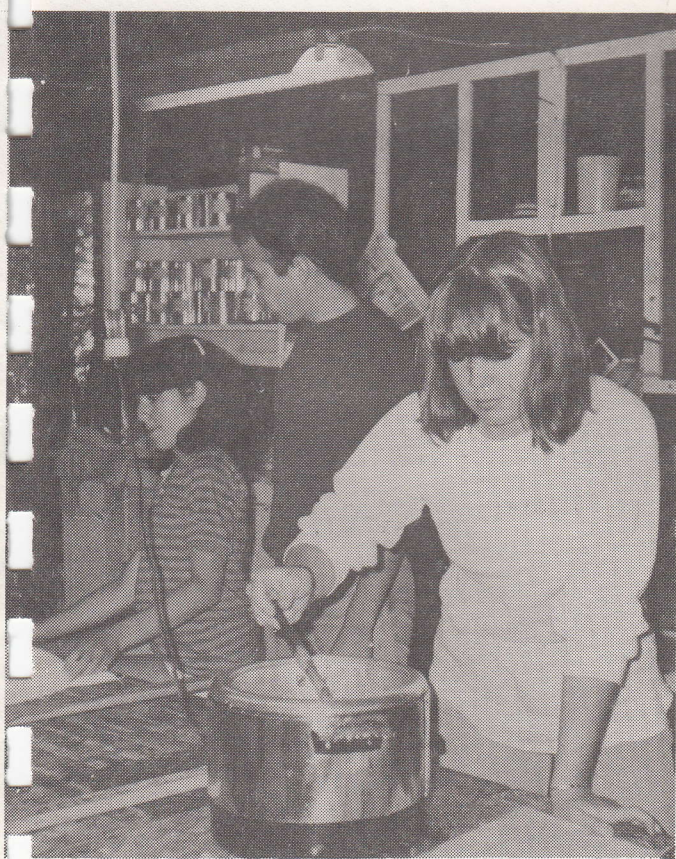


Zak Karabell





Marc Sznajderman



Julie Michenberg



Julie Michenberg



Pam Lyons



Marc Sznajderman



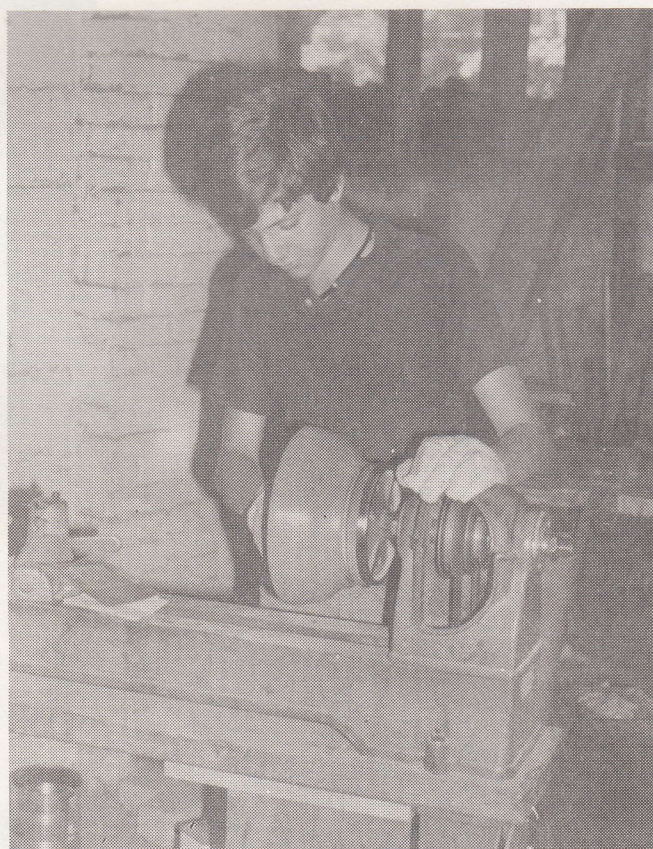
Stuart Bernstein



Julie Mickenberg



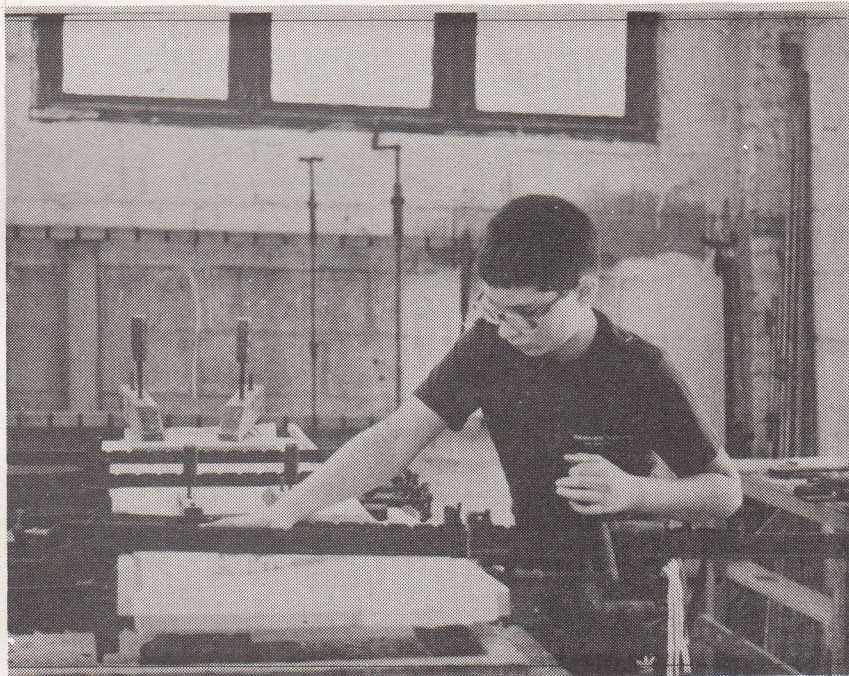
Marc Sznajderman



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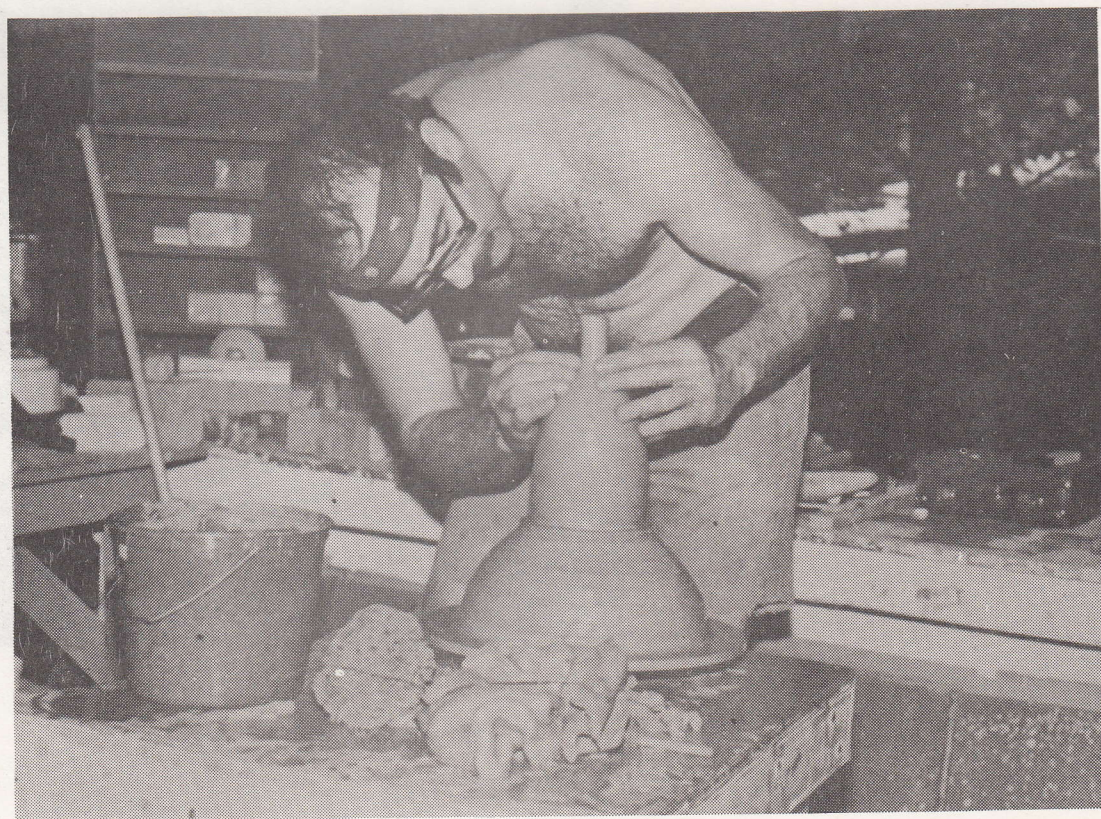
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Ilene Stern



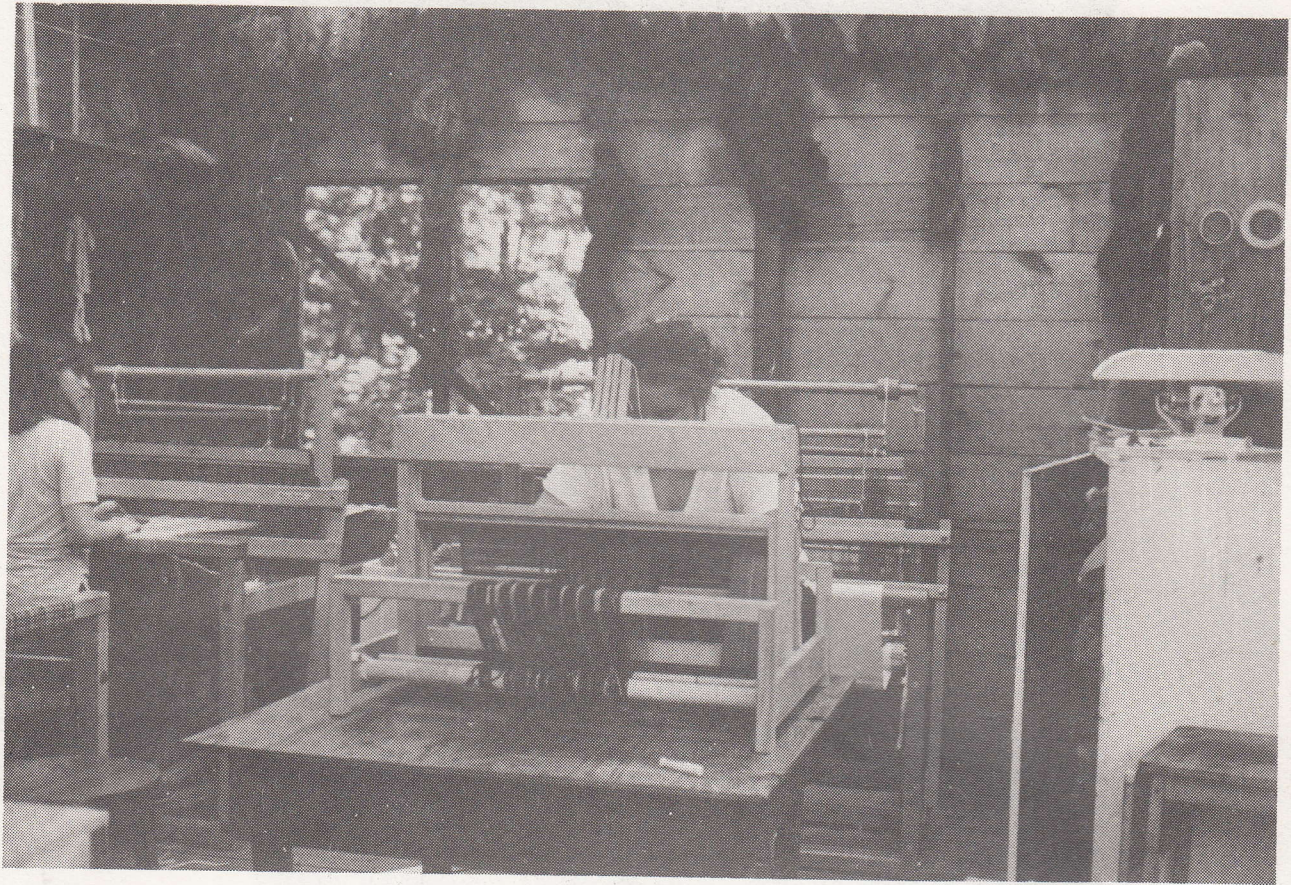
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Brian Snapper



Marc Sznajderman



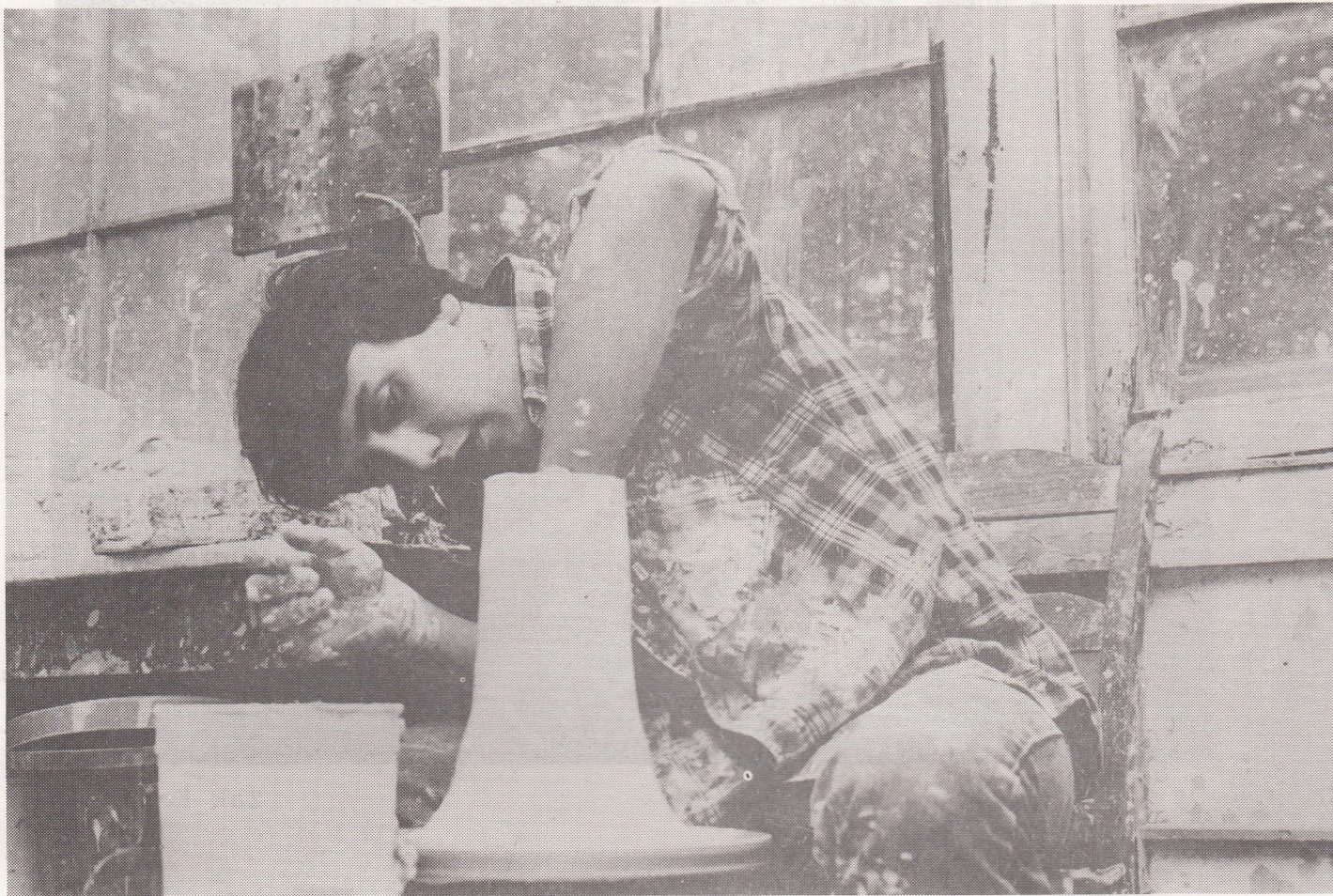
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Zak Karabell



Zak Karabell

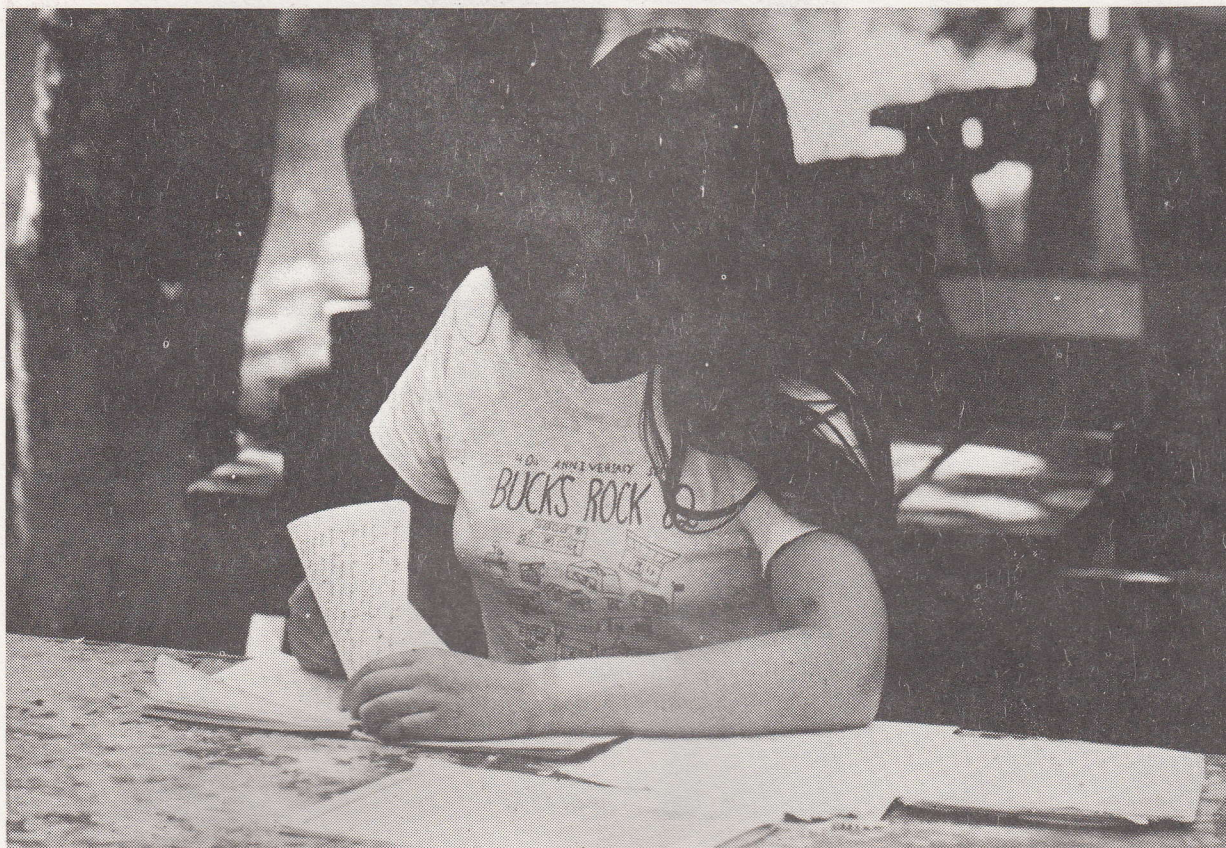


Marc Sznajderman



Zak Karabell

Zak Karabell



Zachary Karabell



Kathy Van Dusen



Zac Karabell



Zak Karabell



Laura Fried



Laura Fried

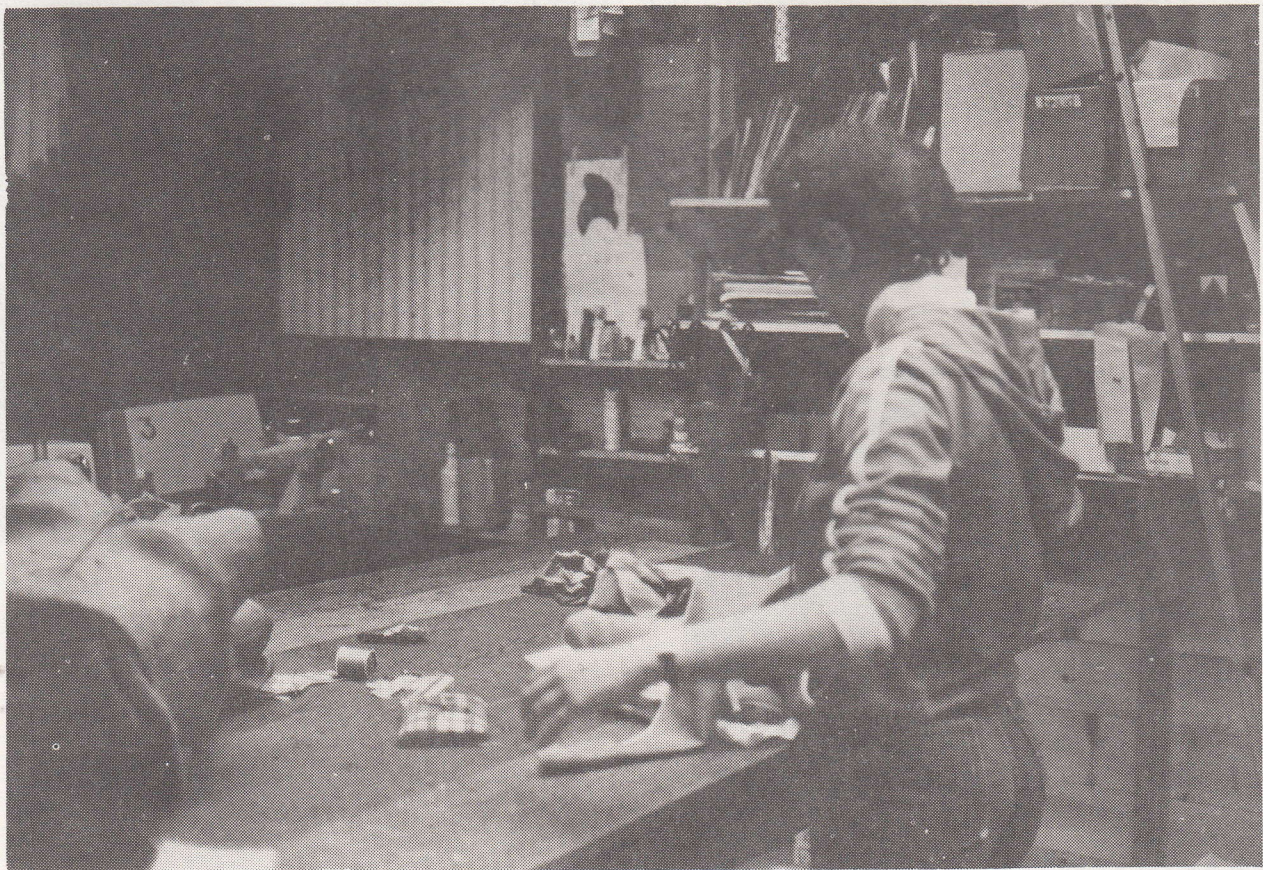




Marc Sznajderman



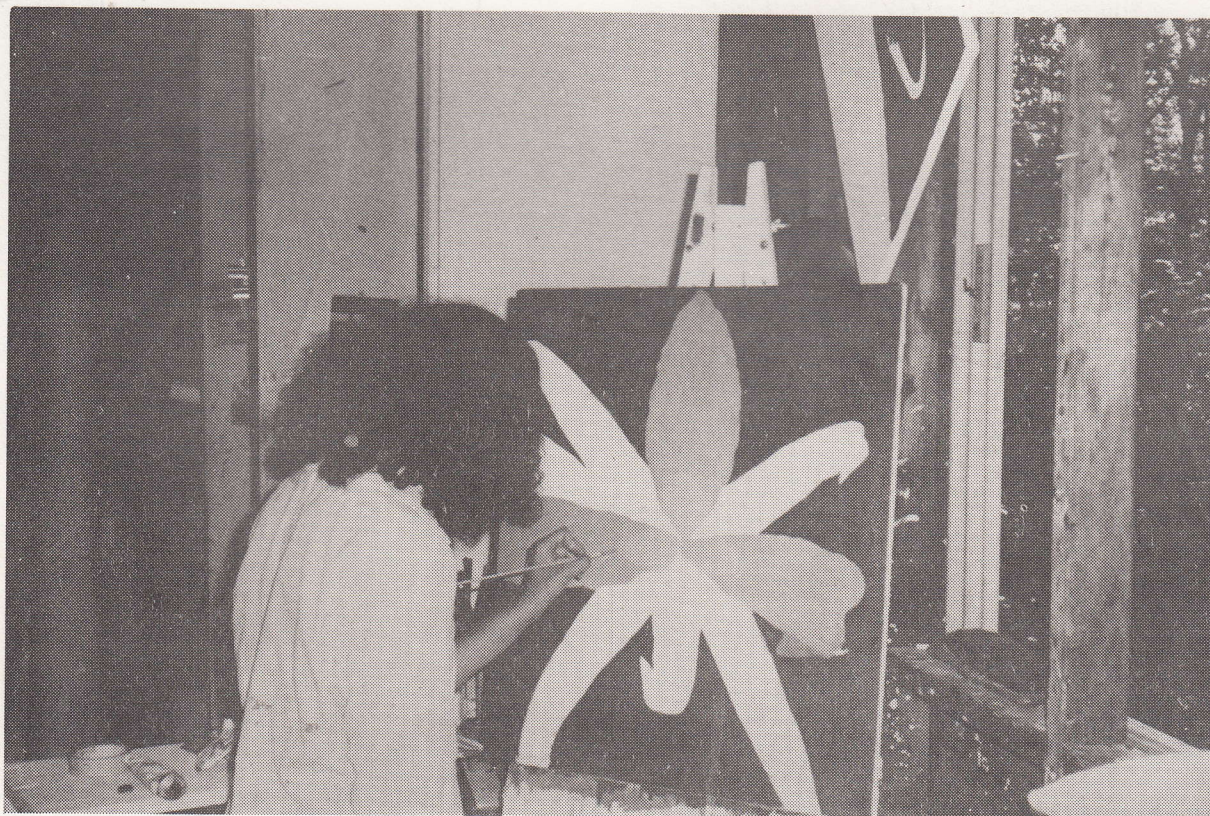
Marc Sznajderman



Zachary Karabell



Robbie Wetstone



Todd Bergen



PRINT shop

In keeping with tradition, I'm writing the Print Shop article for yearbook again this summer. This is my fourth summer here, and by now I feel I know the shop like the back of my printing hand. I won't bore you by telling you how professional-looking the projects are there. Nor will I tell you how well the counselors know what they're doing. Instead, I'll let the people who work there tell their story!

"I'm here to print."

"Are you signed up?"

"No."

"Hey Irwin! Press two needs more ink!"

"I'll be there in a minute!"

"Come on, can't you fit me in?"

"Yeah, all right. What stationery do you want?"

"The yellow's nice--no, I like the white. Actually, the green is also nice."

"I don't have all day."

"Gayle, I dropped drawer 19 again."

"I'll take the red, Irwin."

"Greg will show you how to set type."

"Is the BBC speaker supposed to be on fire?"

"Well, that's their motto -- 'We play only the hottest hits!'"

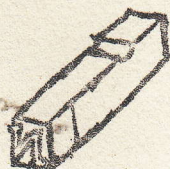
"Irwin, why is the raising machine groaning?"

"I don't know. Somebody go get snack!"

Will press two ever get inked? Will drawer 19 ever be the same? And do the thirsty campers ever get snack? The best way to find out is to go there next summer and ask.

By the way, if you're lucky enough to sneak in without signing up, congratulations! You've beaten the system!

Rob Kuropatwa



PUB

This is my last year at Buck's Rock, and although I'm going to be leaving with lots of memories, I think most of them are going to be of the Publications Shop.

I've been here four years, and every year I've worked at the Pub. I still remember the first day in 1979 when I walked into Pub, wondering what was going on. It struck me as so different from the other shops--music was playing, machines were running, people were working, all to some unknown rhythm I was just beginning to hear. I had come in at changeover, so things were already in full swing at Pub. Three magazines had already been produced, and they were working on the fourth: "The Midnight Buck" a lampoon of "National Enquirer" style magazines. My first piece for Pub was in that paper, and it was terrible. Then again, I wasn't really a Pubbie--yet.

When I returned in 1980, the Shop was very different. There was a new staff, as well as eight new C.I.T.'s, and this time I was only coming for July. Although I wasn't there for Yearbook, I was aware of how it worked from my experience the year before, and left behind four poems. The only thing I didn't contribute to was that year's lampoon, "Sybil For President".

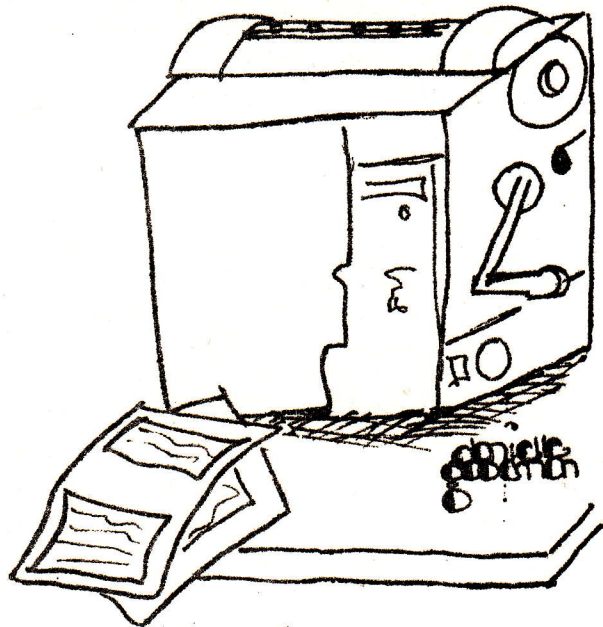
In 1981 I finally returned as a two-month camper. Pub was better than ever that year. It seemed perfect to me, but it disturbed me to hear that some people found my group of Pubbie friends cliquey and unfriendly. Pub had always seemed to me the opposite--a totally different atmosphere, where instead of working only on individual projects you were making individual contributions to a group effort. The last thing we wanted to come across as was unfriendly--after all, weren't we supposed to be "The Lovable Pub"? However, I could see where the problem had arisen. We were a large group, and that tends to come across as threatening. Frictions within the shop due to staff changes didn't help either. Yet even with all this, 1981 was a great year at Pub, despite our lack of a lampoon. The staff was great and the yearbook turned out terrific. We won the Bowl and beat the MuShed at softball, third year in a row. One thing definitely not lacking in 1981 was spirit.

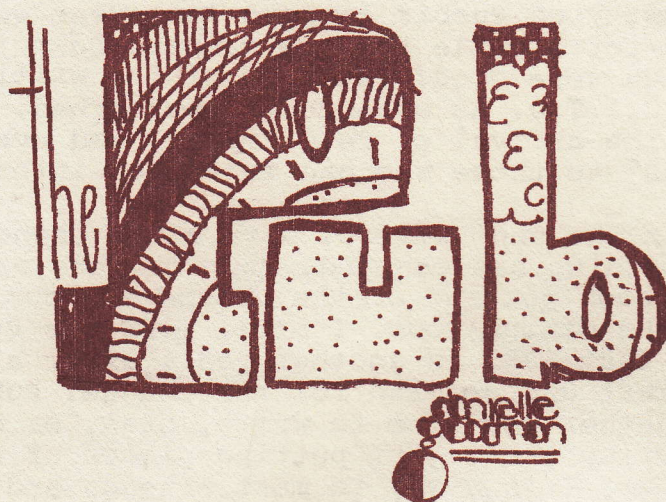
Coming back in 1982, finally a Pub C.I.T., was strange at first. The staff was largely made up of new-

comers, and in the beginning I only missed those who hadn't returned instead of appreciating the new counselors. The mainstay of Pubbie campers last year were now C.I.T.s, and for a while few new campers came to Pub. Our magazines were good, but much of the writing was done by the C.I.T.s. As changeover approached, we eagerly awaited the arrival of new campers, and even made "invitations" to those who had expressed interest in writing.

Now, sitting in the shop several days after changeover, I feel something has changed. More campers are coming, with Yearbook getting off the ground and our annual sign up in the dining room. I still miss the Pub of 1981, but I know that 1982 is another year, after all. I love the new staff and am glad for the change. Pub is a great place, whether you like to write, draw, or do neither. Slipsheeting isn't just putting pieces of cardboard down on paper. It's a way to meet friends and have a good time--all the while contributing to the most diverse creation a Buck's Rock summer has to offer--Yearbook. Who knows? Maybe I will come back to Buck's Rock in a few years, as a counselor. Even if I don't, I'll be sure to visit. After all, once a Pubbie, always a Pubbie...no matter what.

-Jennifer Fleissner





The steady tapping and pinging of
typewriters...
A little kid standing precariously on a chair
Beside a Gestetner or whatever copying machine
I hope he won't fall off!
Discordant music comes over,
Stops, and a new piece comes on.
A wrinkled-nose Yearbook photographer
Wanders around Pub.
A ragged-edged portrait of Shakespeare is
Tacked to a rust bulletin board.
...I gaze at it for some form of inspiration.
Someone at a typewriter cries for help.
Nobody comes, so he fiddles about inside.
And his cries abate
As they started.
All of a sudden, people pour in
And purposefully start working machines,
doing paste-ups and drawings
I wonder how they know just what to do.

Danielle Goodman

Q: What is your full title?

A: His Lordship Howard A. Fischer.

Q: How does it feel being patriarch and father of the Pub Shop?

A: Damn good I tell you, but it's a big responsibility.

Q: Is there any truth to the rumor that they want to name you God of the Pub Shop?

A: If nominated I will not run. If elected I will not serve.

Q: In all your years at Pub what was your most creative piece?

A: All my pieces are so creative and so innovative. To name only one piece would be to have a father name his favorite kid.

Q: What is the real truth of your affair with Wrinkles?

A: It was short lived. It was such a fiery passion it soon burned out.

Q: There is a great debate as to whether you are man or myth - Which are you?

A: My origins can be found in Sumunion Mythos, however I'm as real as you, this chair and the tooth fairy.

Q: Be more specific?

A: No.

Q: Is there any truth to the rumor that Playboy is offering you a billion for a nude photo?

A: Only 300 million.

Q: What is your reaction to that?

A: Who do I have to pose for?

Q: No one. Just a black background with Go-Go lighting. Will you do it?

A: Black, huh? In leather and bondage I'll do anything.

Q: Who is really in charge of Pub?

A: I pull the strings however don't tell Bob, he'll cry.

Q: What direction will your career take?

A: A northeasterly one

Q: Thank you very much.

A: You're welcome.

Q: You always have to get in the last word.

A: That's true.

Q: Can I have the last word?

A: Okay.

Q: Thank you.

A: Satisfied?

This is the actual transcript of an interview with Pub C.I.T. Howard Fischer, conducted by James Eichner. Believe it or not he did say these things.

INTERVIEW

"DON'T WHINE!"
"Fine and Dandy-I'm For Andy!"
"No adverbs, no one-word lines, and no exclamation points!"
"AP!"
"DON'T PUT ON JOSEPH!"

"play Squeeze."
"We're not surgically attached!"
"Don't call me VAN!"

"Don't tell me, show me."

"DON'T WHINE!!!!"

WHEN PUBBIES

SPEAK ...

"Can I bite your hand?"
"Uh-oh, here comes the yellow-eyed psychopath!"

"What do you mean you're a Literary C.I.T.?"
"Can I edit the directory?"
"Oh dawling, how ahr yuh?"
"Pam, you're a C.I.T., will you get down that ream of paper for me?"

"Don't call me JENNY!"
"KE-ENNN!"

"Five minutes doubletime!"

"Round Table?!?"
"Who's on?"
"Pop-Tart Orgy!"

"Nobody macho would have a freckle on their toe."
"It rhymes with broccoli."
"I love-----you."
"It's crooked."

"We're half filled up for the Pub Shop trip. Now let's
get some campers!"

K1PGQ

ELECTRONICS

The staff consisted of Michael 'Cactus-Breath' Cizek ,K07V, from Phoenix, Arizona. There was Jim 'Blimey Limey' Mason, G8YFK, all the way from Birmingham, England and, of course, Jake 'Bozo' Sadowsky, KA2NPQ, lending his usual charm and electronic knowledge to the shop as a C.I.T. (and chief head buster).

This year, as in years before, an amateur radio novice license course was offered. At the beginning of the summer there were five people in the class. However, four of them left at changeover. I was the fifth.

During the first half of the summer, the class took a trip to the headquarters of the American Radio Relay League in Newington, Connecticut. The tour guide really earned her salary that day.

Many electronic kits were ordered and built by campers this summer. When the kits arrived, they created the largest concentration of campers in the shop all summer. The computer, a Radio Shack TRS - 80, also drew many campers into the shop although we're not sure why since it's not one of the world's "better" computers.

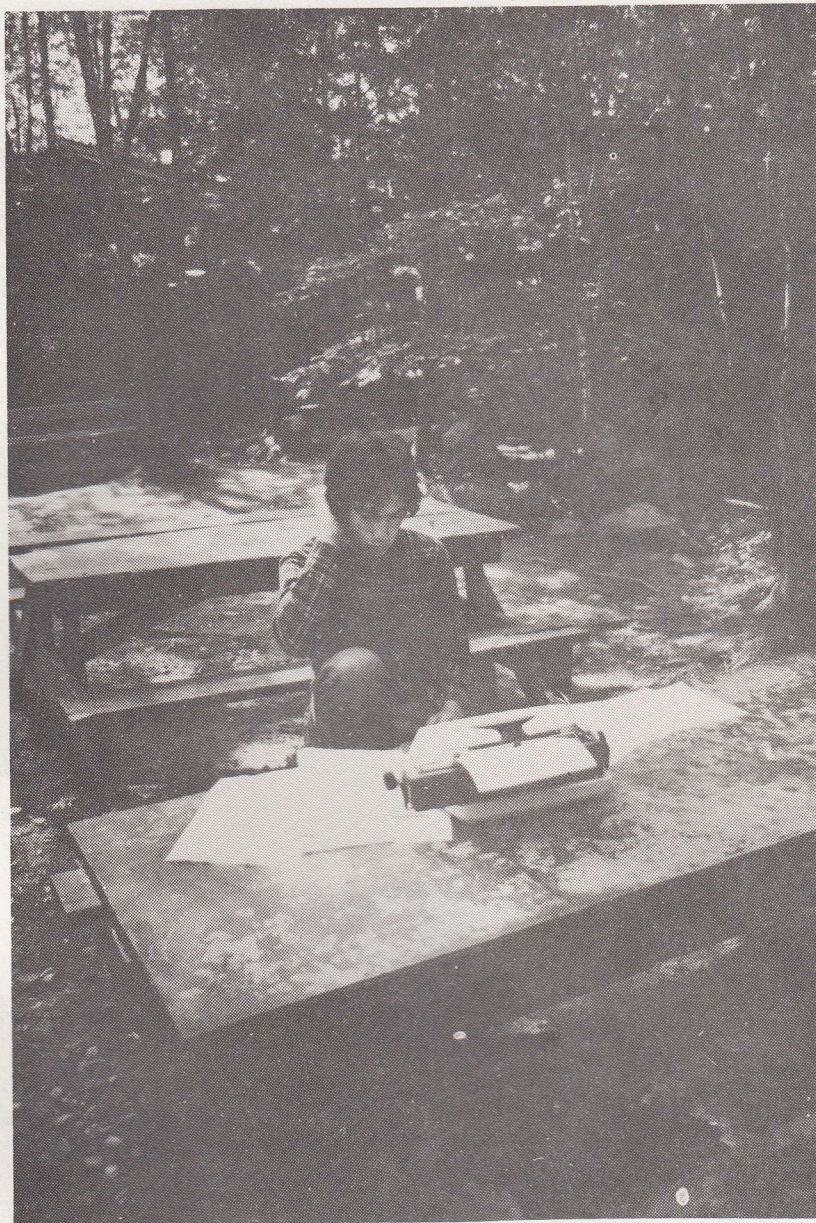
Occasionally, "hard work and high ambient temperatures" led to the staff closing the shop to go swimming. This usually occurred in the afternoon when "high ambient temperatures" are at their peak.

I enjoyed being in the shop this summer and perhaps in a couple of years I'll be a C.I.T. there.

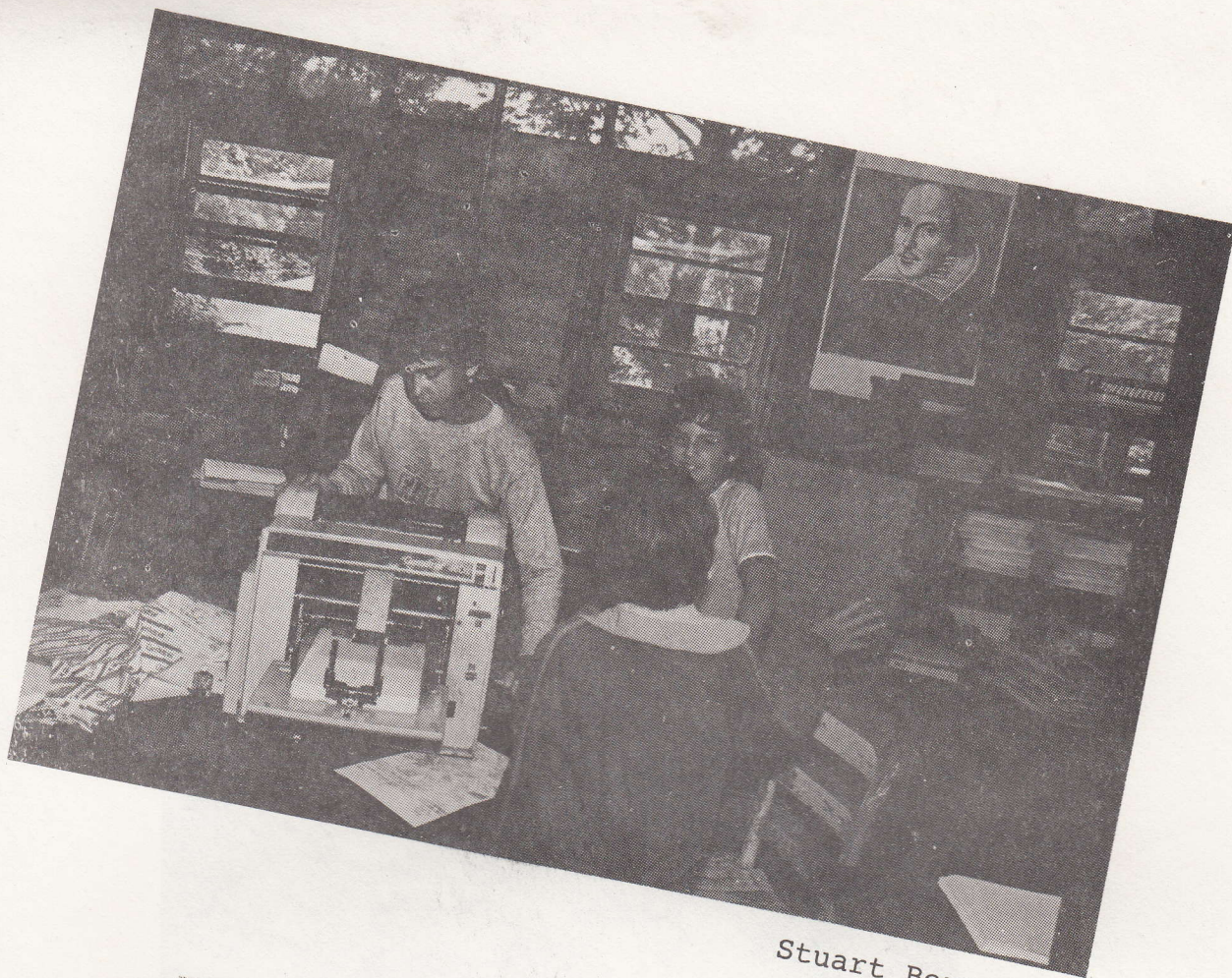
Michael Schron

K1900

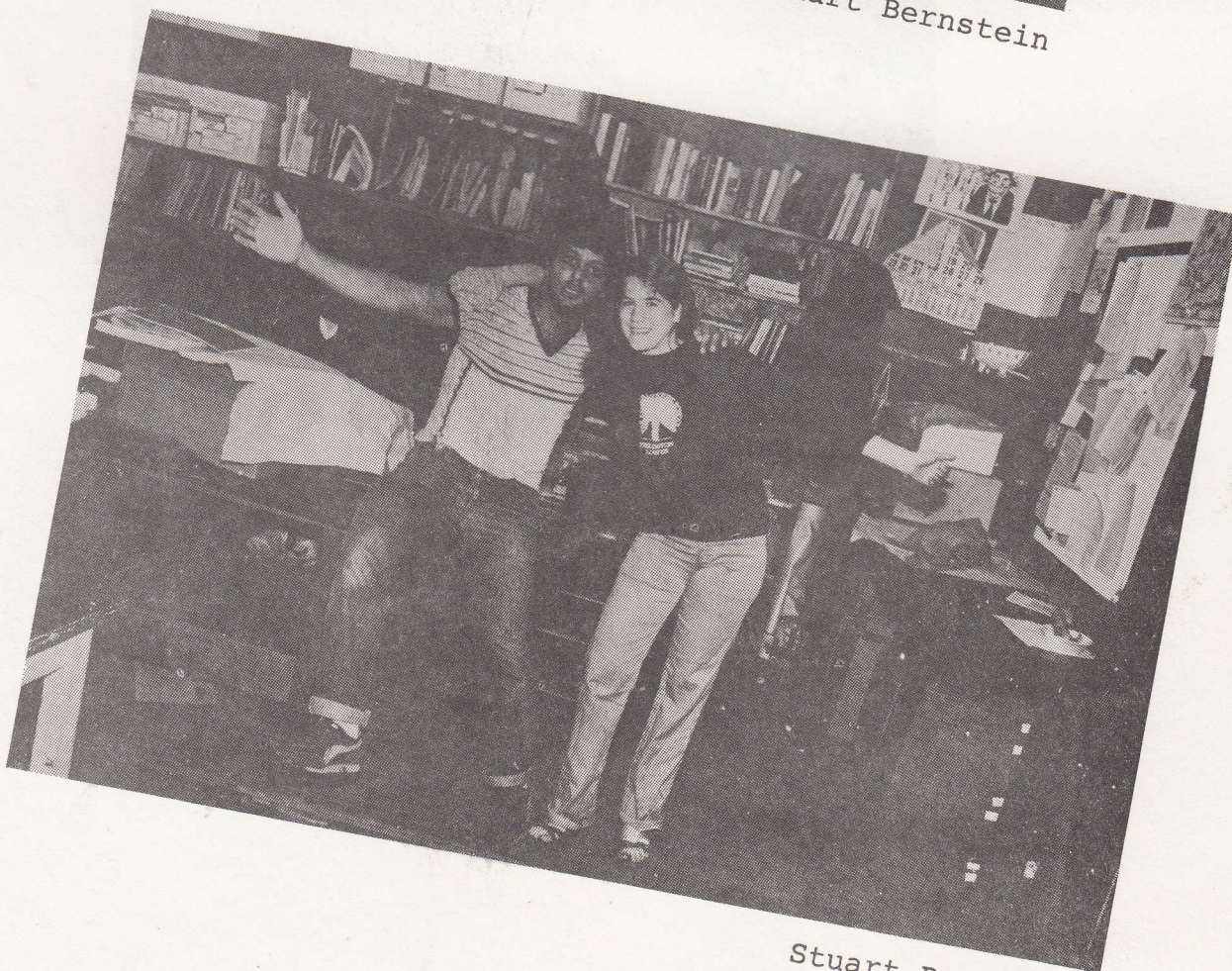
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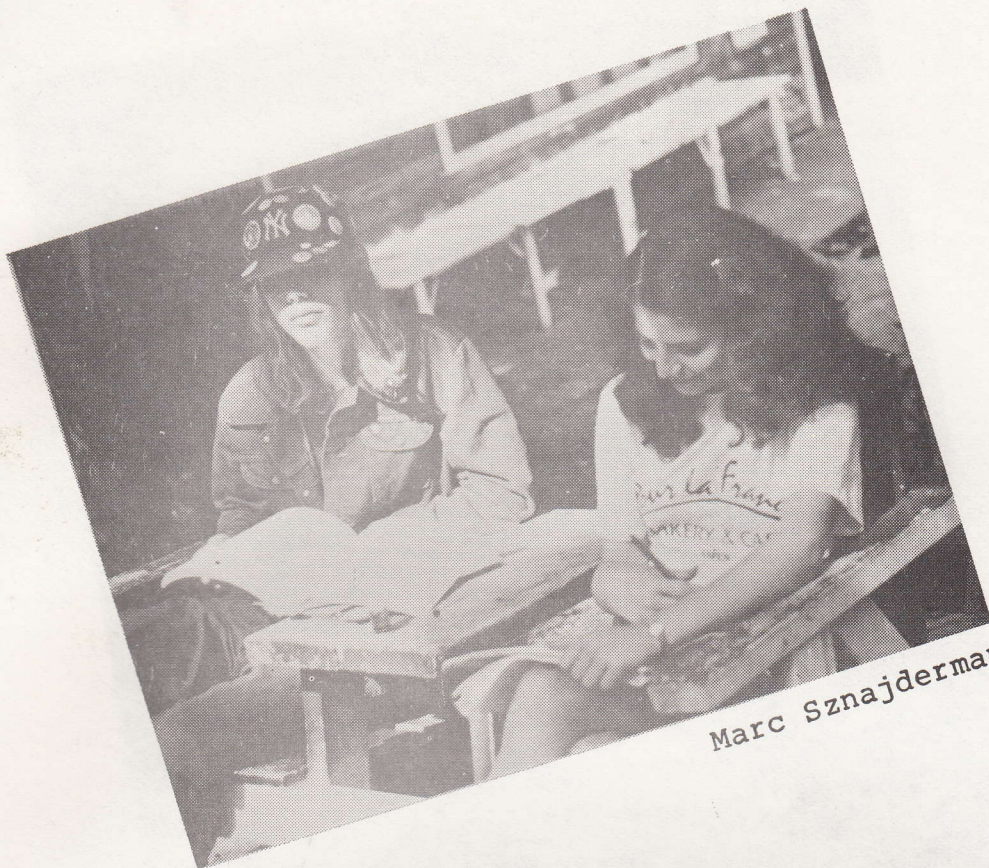
Stuart Bernstein



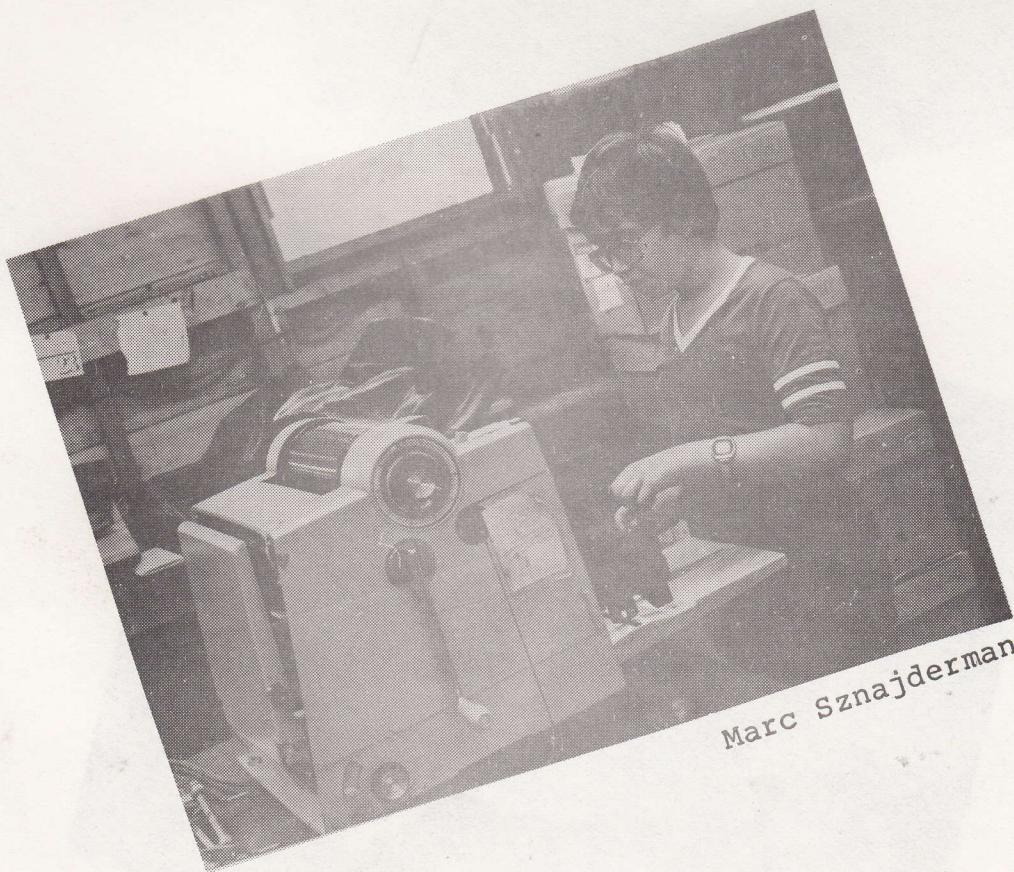
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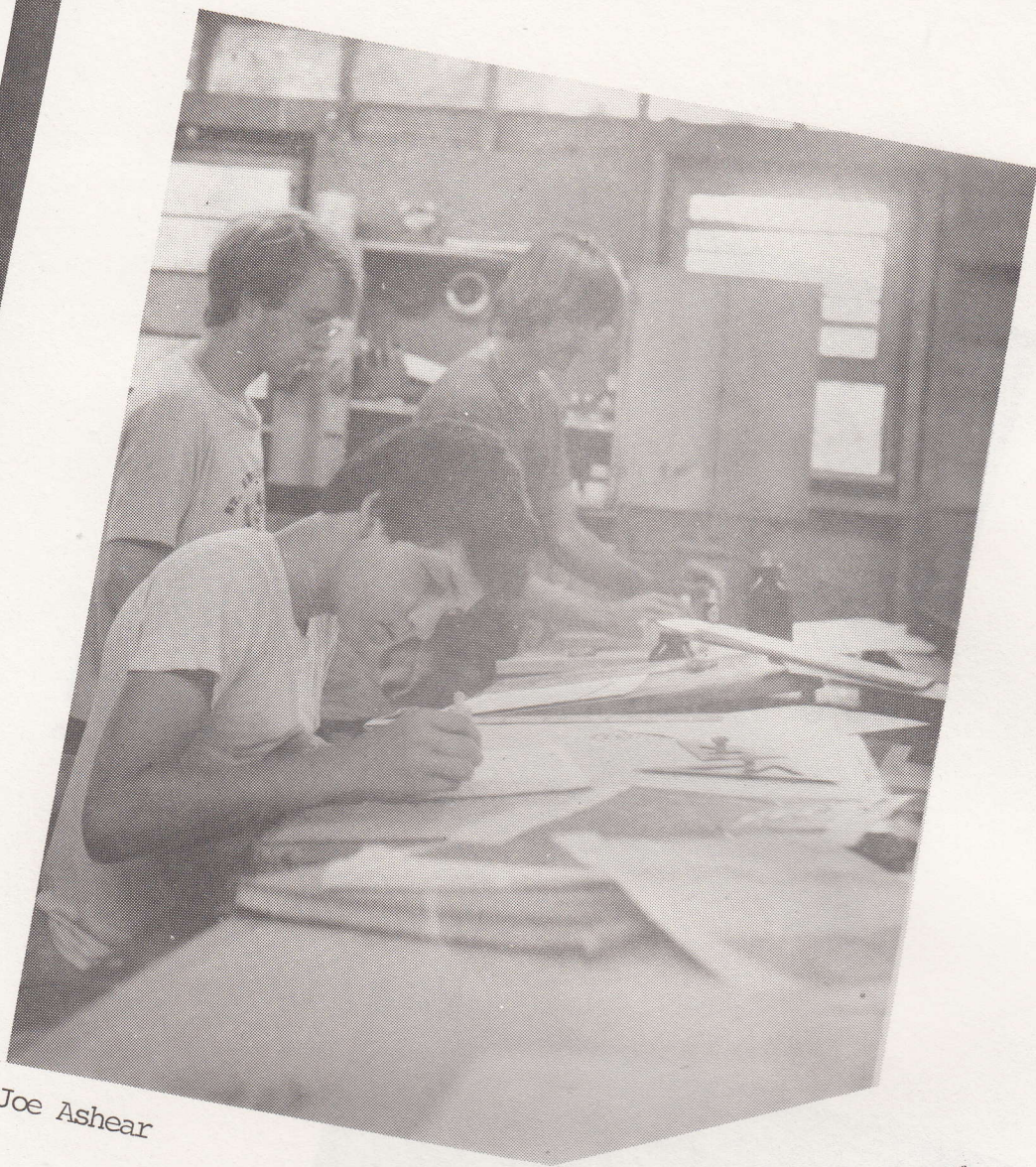
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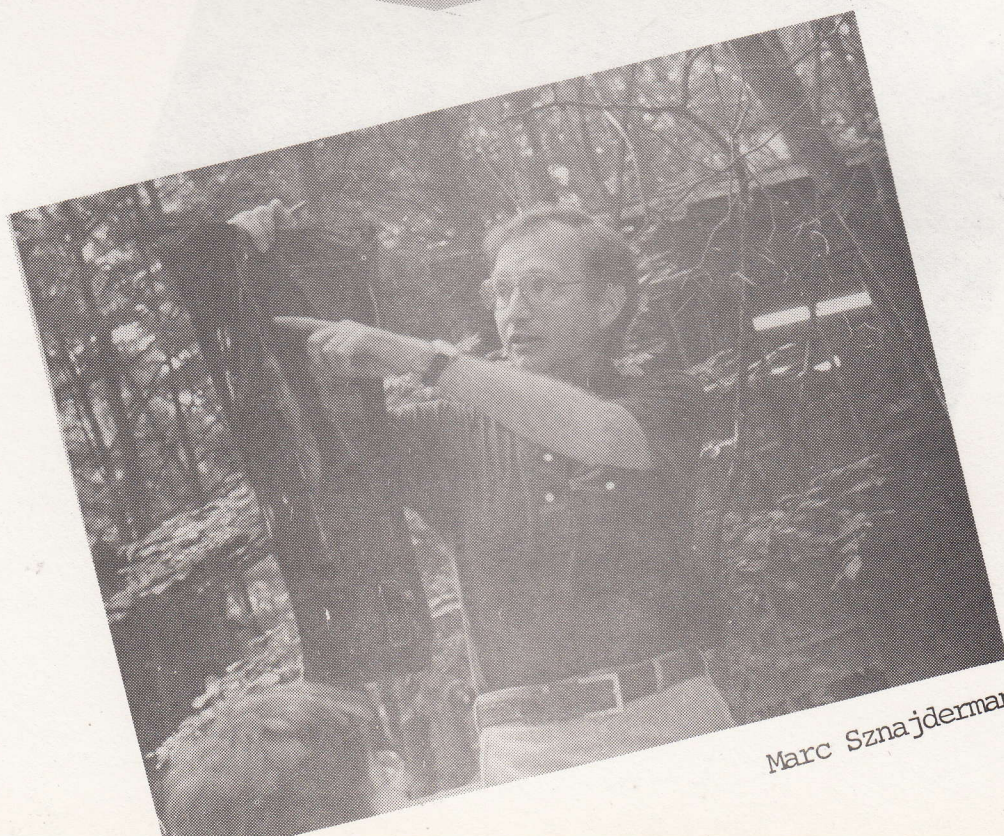
Marc Sznajderman



Marc Sznajderman



Joe Ashear



Marc Sznajderman



Laura Fried



Laura Fried



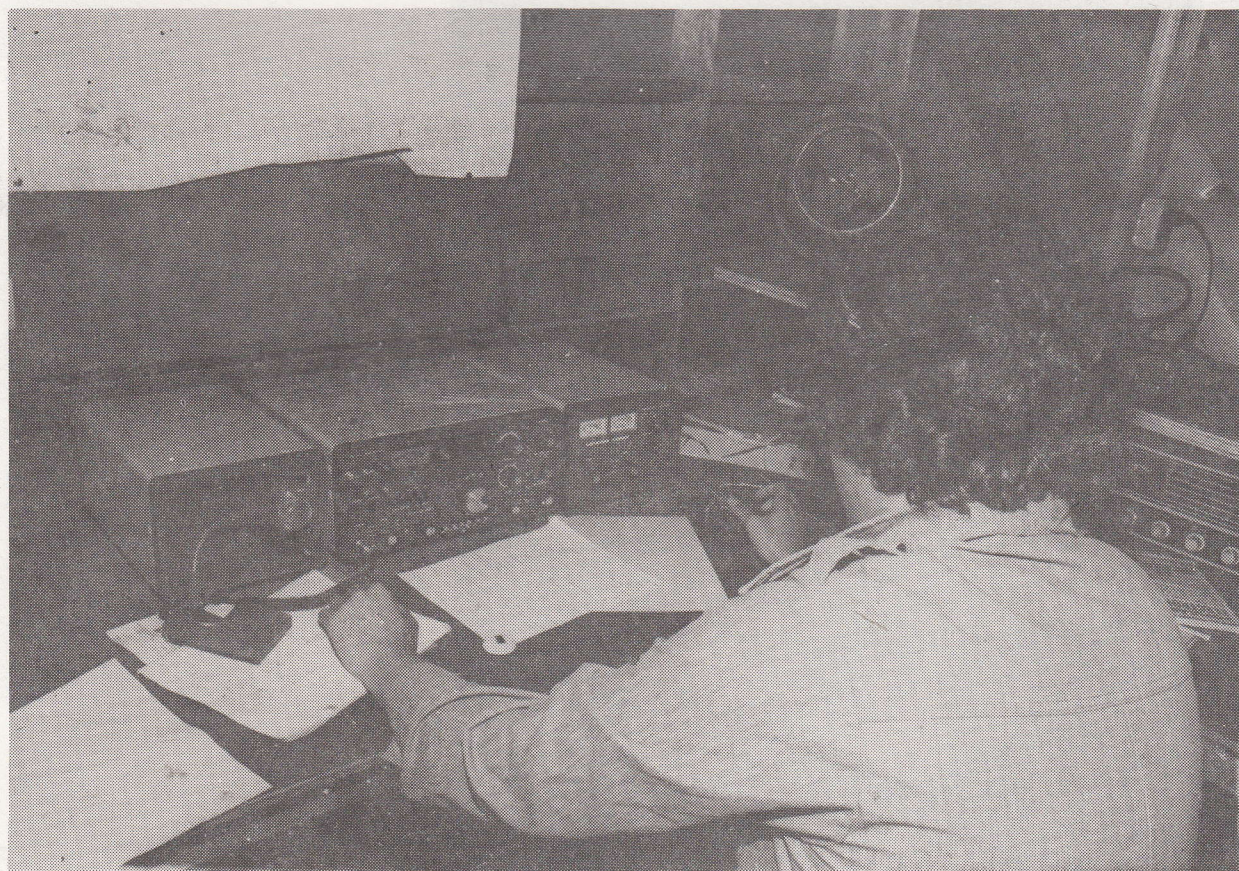
Marc Sznajderman



Marc Sznajderman



Marc Sznajderman



Stuart Bernstein



Robert Bender



Robert Bender

VEGGIE POWER

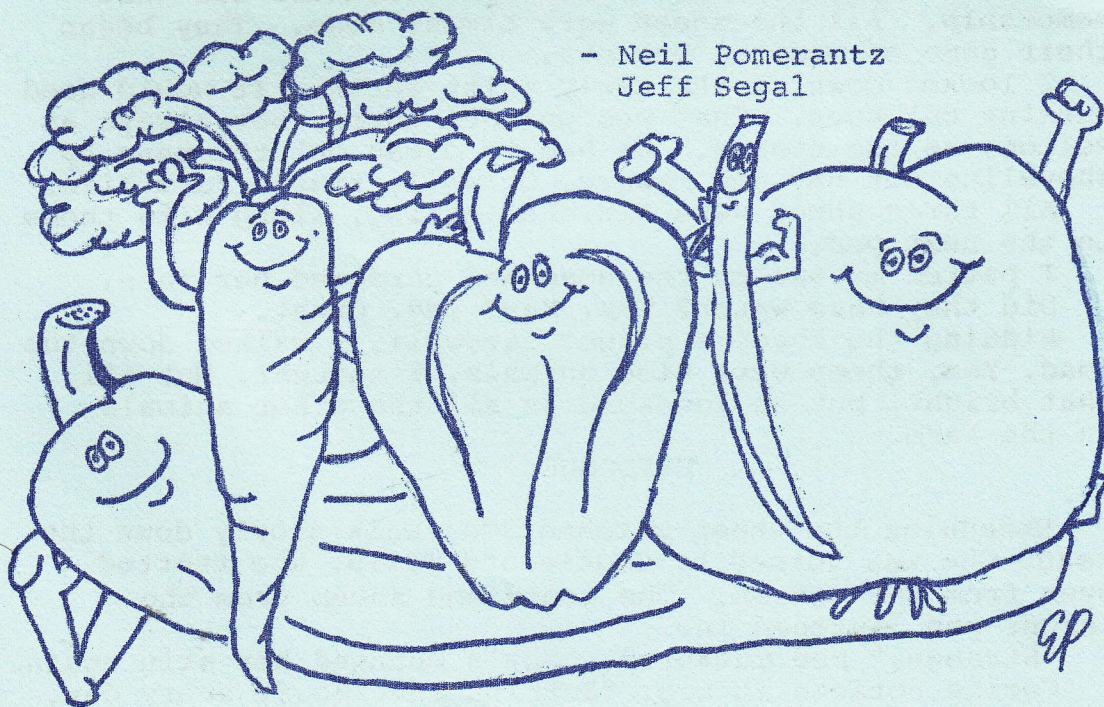
Situated beside the softball field, Bucks Rock's oldest "shop" can be found-the vegetable farm.

A visit to the vegetable farm is an enjoyable learning experience. One has a chance to work side by side with nature, and eat it too. Among the many residents of the farm are: lettuce, spinach, string beans, corn, zucchini, squash, and tomatoes.

Aside from the day-to-day activities at the farm this year, a few others have been planned. One of these is "vegetable snack." Occurring twice a week, this snack usually consists of four or five sliced vegetables, and two or three dips. Roasted corn and potatoes are planned for the near future. Another of these activities is selling at the vegetable stand. In operation every weekend, the stand has accumulated nearly \$100 by selling to visitors. Much of this money has been spent on yet another activity, dinners at the farm held once a week. Among the many foods served at this year's dinners are: salad, raw vegetables with dips, baked potatoes, and most recently stuffed zucchini. Usually between 50 and 100 people can be found eating at these meals.

In conclusion, we must not forget the farm's two counselors, Margery Werner and Lisa Caruso. Without them, the farm just wouldn't be the same.

- Neil Pomerantz
Jeff Segal



FARM LIFE: A Story With Two Views

By Jody Marcus

I walked up the familiar dirt road. It was 8:59 in the morning. I quickened my pace, passing the stables, then the infirmary and then...I was there. I made it. I hurried over to the animal farm's storeroom. I felt at home.

As always, the camp's animal farm was the highlight of my summer. It's a relaxing area for me. This year I had adopted a ewe, or female sheep. Sheep aren't as responsive as other animals, but they're nice enough.

I picked up a bucket and filled it with sheep food, scooped up a small amount and put it back. All around me kids were gathering up food for the other animals, such as goats, calves, and rabbits. As one of the sheep people, I walked over to my pen.

There she was, pale eyes watching me expectantly, greedily. The other sheep ran up to the gate as they, in turn, watched their own feeders coming and joined the rest of the farm in a melodic chorus of animal cries. We all walked in.

I had always looked forward to feeding time. It was an enjoyable responsibility, a little dirty at times, but still fun and rewarding. The whole business was just memorable. All the sheep were almost done. They began their game of musical buckets.

I looked down at the newly moist earth. It would need mucking out soon. That was another chore, not always as welcome as the others. We had to clean out the pens by shoveling out hay and manure. Oh well, that's farm life.

All three sheep were finished eating, along with those in the next pen.

I patted my ewe on the nose and caressed her face.

Did they have water? Yes. Hay? Yes. Great.

Bidding the sheep a silent farewell, I walked down the road. Yes, sheep were nice animals, I thought. Not all that bright, but as loveable as all the other animals on the farm.

EPILOGUE

Erdenhine the sheep watched Jody walk slowly down the road. She was joined by Cookie and Tulip, who trotted over from the manger. The goats and sheep from the larger pen listened in.

"Strange," she muttered. "She's changed her skin again."
Cookie noticed it too. "I think they do it every day."

Odd talent."

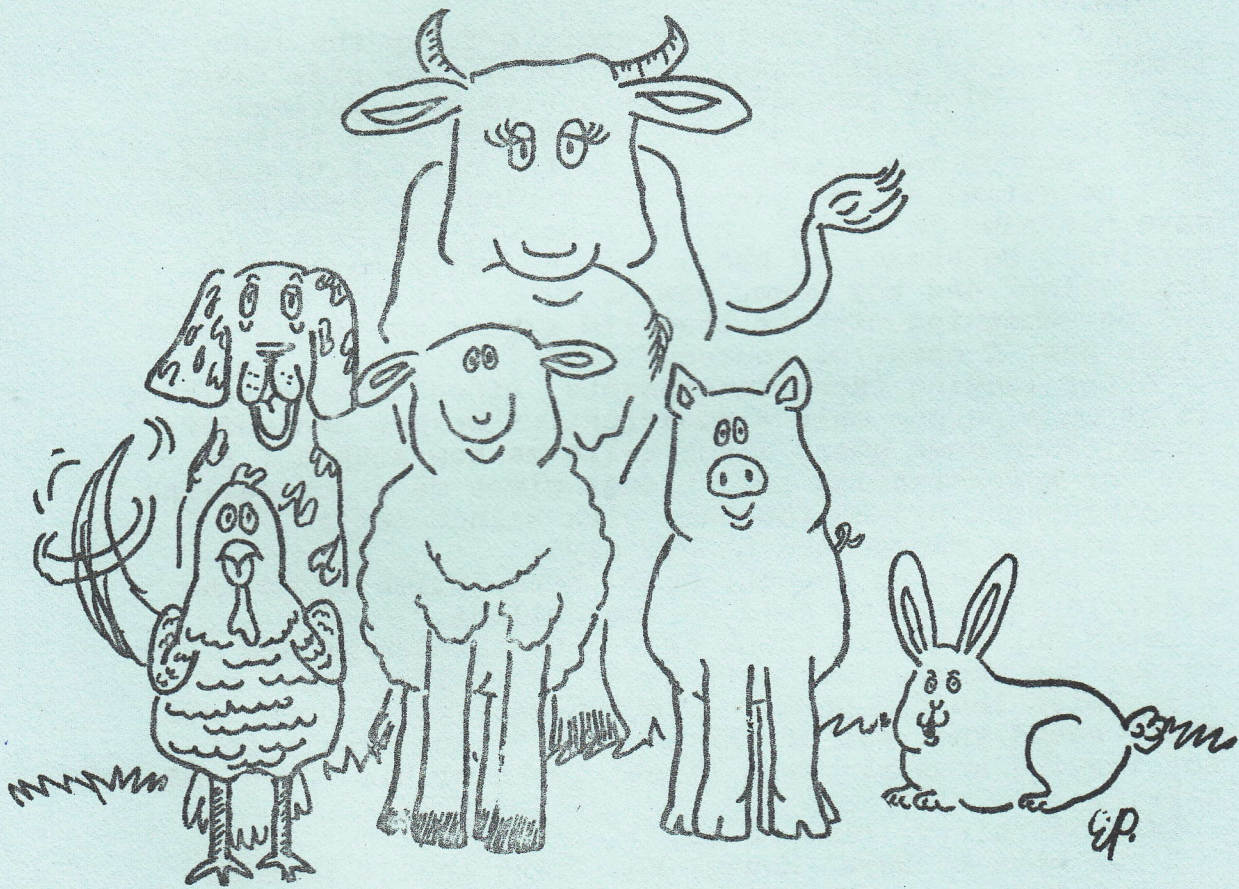
"Humans have always been strange," said Tulip.

Cookie giggled. She was a young sheep. "I don't like the way they look," she declared. Like any normal sheep, she preferred the graceful design of the 4-legged type. And, of course, the attraction of a fine set of hooves. Humans didn't even have any horns to speak of.

Tulip spoke up. "I really think that they have trouble hearing. Everyday, I keep on asking for better quality food and more of it, but they don't respond."

"Try yelling at them!" This snorted suggestion came from Demitas, the goat, who immediately directed a whole bunch of outrageous curses at the human race.

"Watch your mouth!" the others yelled.



Cookie thought for a minute. "Where do they go after they leave here?"

Tulip answered with a mouthful of hay. "Probably back to their pens to do whatever silly things people do. They should spend more time grazing."

"I'm glad I'm a sheep," said Erdenhine. The others agreed. People were such stupid beasts.

CONSTRUCTION

At 9:00a.m., I walk past the ping pong tables. There I come across a battered, old, blue pickup truck with assorted odds and ends in it. I see three martyred children sitting in the back of the truck. One sits on a tire, another one is planted on a 2' X 4", and the last one squats on a power saw. He starts wailing. Then, a red-haired man with a funny hat jumps into the truck, but not before he sees me.

"You, kid," he says to me. "You busy this morning?"

"Uhhhh...Yeah! Yes, I just remembered something I have to do at Pub! Er... I gotta go right now!"

"Bull! Hop in."

As I step in the truck, it roars off, up the lawn, sending people scattering. Fortunately, the ride takes but twenty-eight seconds and we arrive at a wallless, roofless house. This place, which should be finished at the end of the summer, will be the new C.I.T. quarters. As I am gazing at the place, the strange, red-haired man says his name is Lionel and that he will be nice and merciful. He shakes my hand. Then he tells me to grab the toolbox and the power saw or he'd grab the power saw and do something with it that I'd rather not think about right now. I obey, of course.

After lugging these instruments, Lionel starts talking to us in a jargon only a construction worker can understand. Then some smart aleck tells me how stupid I am for not understanding it. Lionel gives me a job nailing nineteen-foot planks together with ½-inch nails. I stop for one second and Lionel says:

"Not challenging enough, huh? Here, climb up on the scaffold and help me hold up the ceiling."

Later on, I try to sneak away. He catches me and I assume the worst. But no! He tells me to go back or I'll "miss the fun part." The fun part never does come, and I spend the rest of the morning hating myself for not leaving sooner. Then Lionel looks at his watch and says:

"Eleven-thirty, time to go!"

I run back to Boys' House, realizing that I learned a few things:

- 1) Construction is a, umm...DIFFERENT way to spend a morning.
 - 2) If you're weak, like me, try not to be near the ping pong tables between 8:45 and 9:15.
 - 3) If living is your thing, do not criticize Lionel's hat.
- and
- 4) It takes more than one person to carry a power saw.

-Daniel Bukszpan

Horseback Riding

If you go to horseback riding you will meet three counselors, Nicky, Ginny, the J.C. Karyn and C.I.T. Rebecca. They are the best you will find. I rode in two lessons a week and had one trail ride per week. The trail rides are real fun. One day all the horses went crazy, especially Zipper. While I was riding him he would not stop and charged right into Sunshine's back, while every single second the horses had to go to the bathroom. But in general it was a fun trail ride.

We went on a trip to Dodd Farm. That was one of the best trips I went on since I came to camp. We saw one of the largest breeds of horses in the world. They were so big that it was hard to get a picture of them, but I finally did after a while. Ginny said. " We were very lucky to see such a marvelous display of harnesses and carriages that these gentle giants used to pull." Nicky's comment about the trip was that it was wonderful to see such well cared for horses with all their equipment in its original good working order.

I am very lucky that they have horseback riding in this camp because I don't have the chance to ride at home.

When I first came to horseback riding I tried to decide which horse to ride. I saw lots of horses but there was one I was drawn to. He was a small brown pony named Zipper. I rode him many times, some rides were good, some were bad. The worst thing he ever did to me was a couple of days ago. When he was trotting fast, he suddenly stopped and ducked his head. I was almost on the ground, but I still love him. I rode four other horses.

Chunky is a horse that people say is thick headed. I only rode him once on a trail ride. He rode so well that I wanted to ride him again. Then there was Shamrock. The only reason I rode him was because a lot of people said he was one of the better horses. They were wrong. He didn't follow instructions. If I told him to go one way he went the other. He made me look a fool, I must have been a fool for riding him. Then there is Sport.

Sport is one of the two horses that made me look good, that was real hard considering that I was a bad rider. I made alot of mistakes, but Sport covered them up. All I can say is that he is a good sport.

I think the best horse is the one and only Sunshine. Sunshine never made any mistakes while I was riding her. She walked well, she trotted perfectly, and her canter, oh, her canter. I can't explain how good her canter was, because I never cantered on her. She brought light to everybody.

The other horses are Quickcharge, Lassie and Skeeter. There are some good horses and some bad, but I love them all.

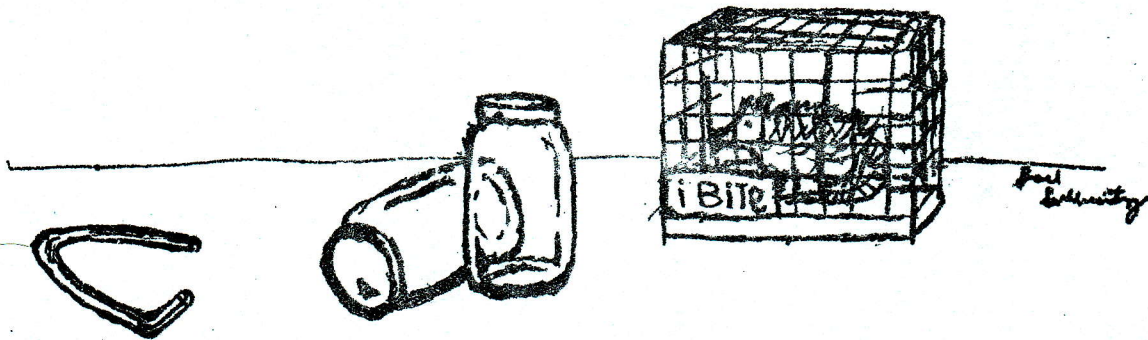
Troy Levine

PICKLED PERSONNEL

What comes to mind when one thinks of the science lab? The unenlightened answer: Forcefeeding eight orphaned fledglings to an early grave with Gerber's Baby Food, the trip to the Audubon in Sharon, Connecticut, where we saw genuine (pronounced Gen-U-Eye-N) Canadian geese, renewing the culture medium for fruitflies, NARP*, a natural dye project, the Narpahaulics, incubated chick eggs, myriad pieces of bent glass, enough rodents to warrant the summoning of a state pest controller, astronomy lectures, and several dissections, including frogs and a dehydrated chick. What people fail to recognize is that throughout all this activity stand the guardians of the science lab, wisened by age, here from time immemorial. If the reader is still uncertain as to what we (the royal we, of course) allude to, than we must condescend and inform him. We speak of our bottled specimens, the formaldehyde fuhrers of yesteryear that reside in the back of the lab. Counselors and campers may come and go, but our pickled personnel never grow wary of Buck's Rock. We commend them, their steadfastness, and wish them many more enriching summers in the science lab.

Alex Wolf

*Nonpolluting Automatically harmonizing colors RARE color ideas probably more challenging because of the element of chance.





Amy Katzenberg



Amy Katzenberg





Amy Katzenberg

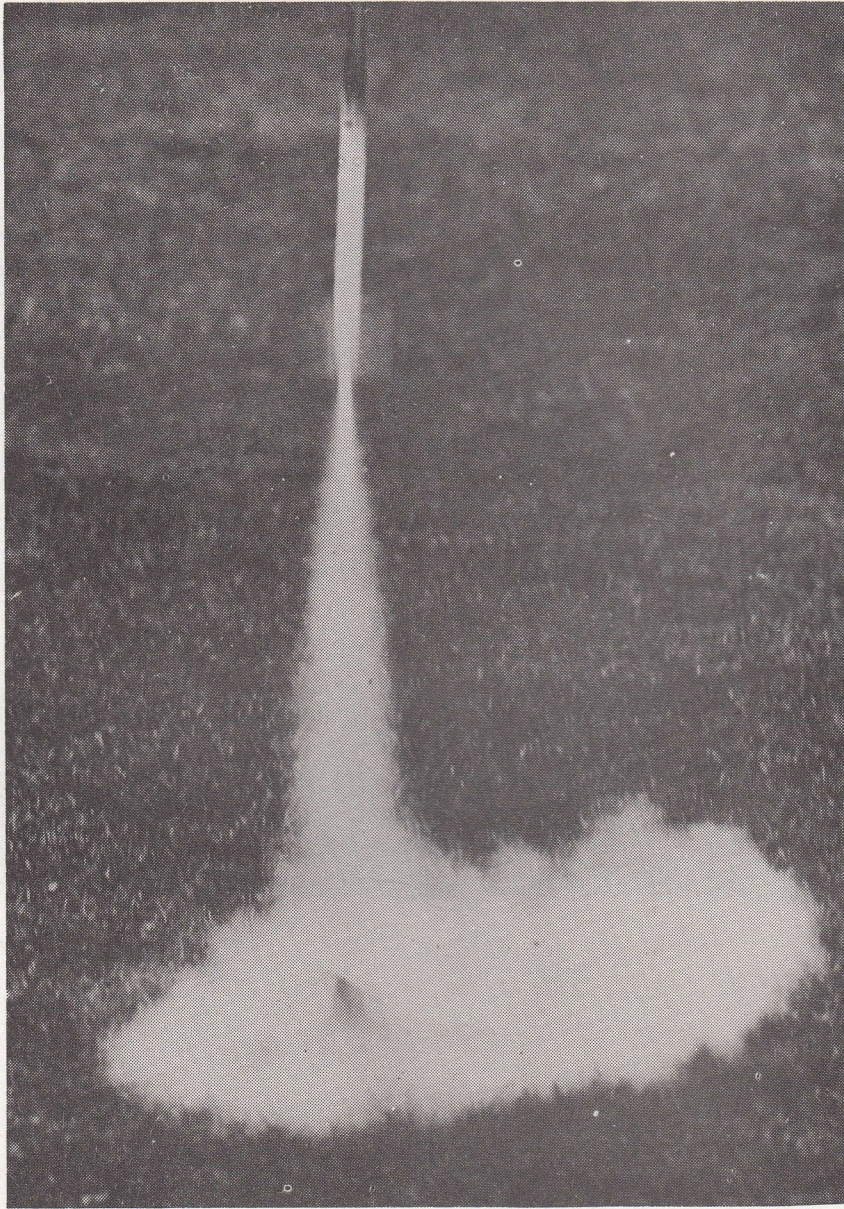


Tony Lazarus



Joey Center

Stuart Bernstein



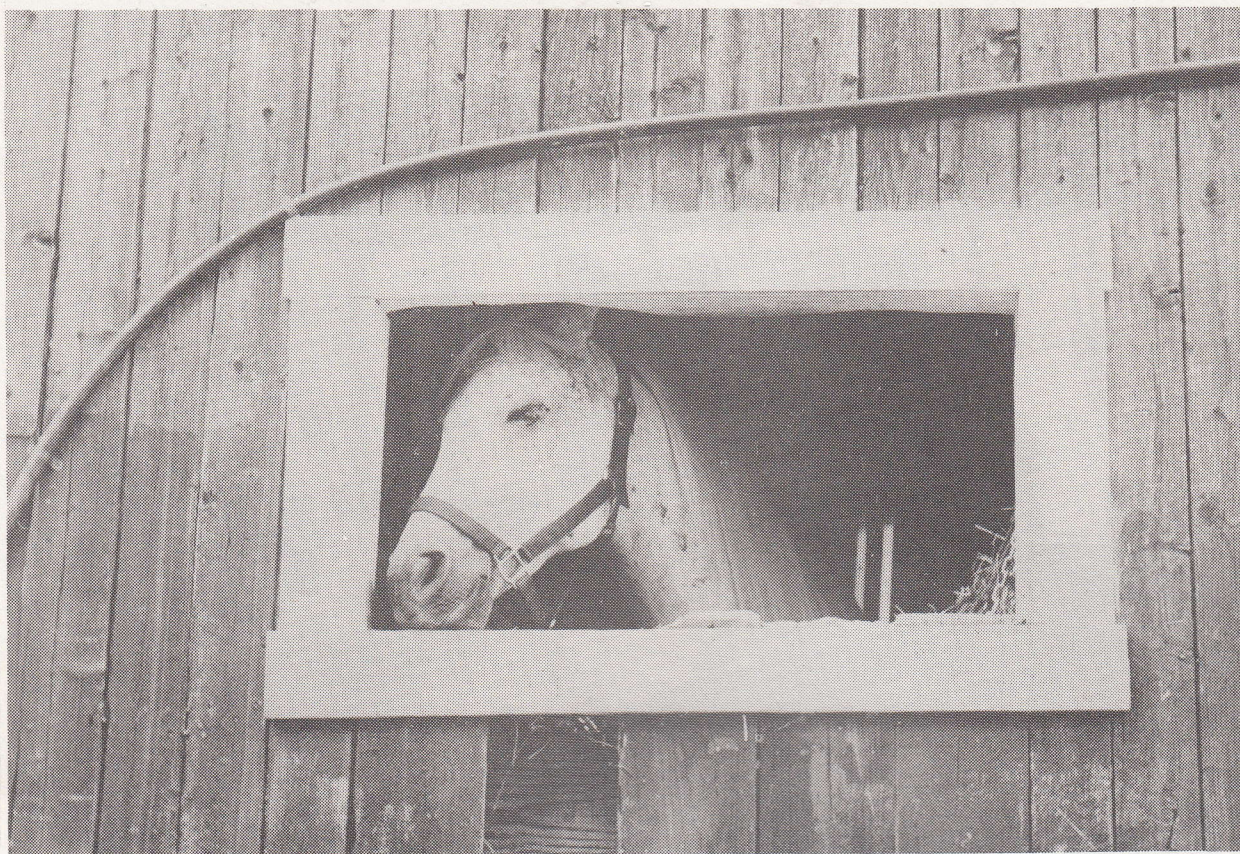
Stuart Bernstein



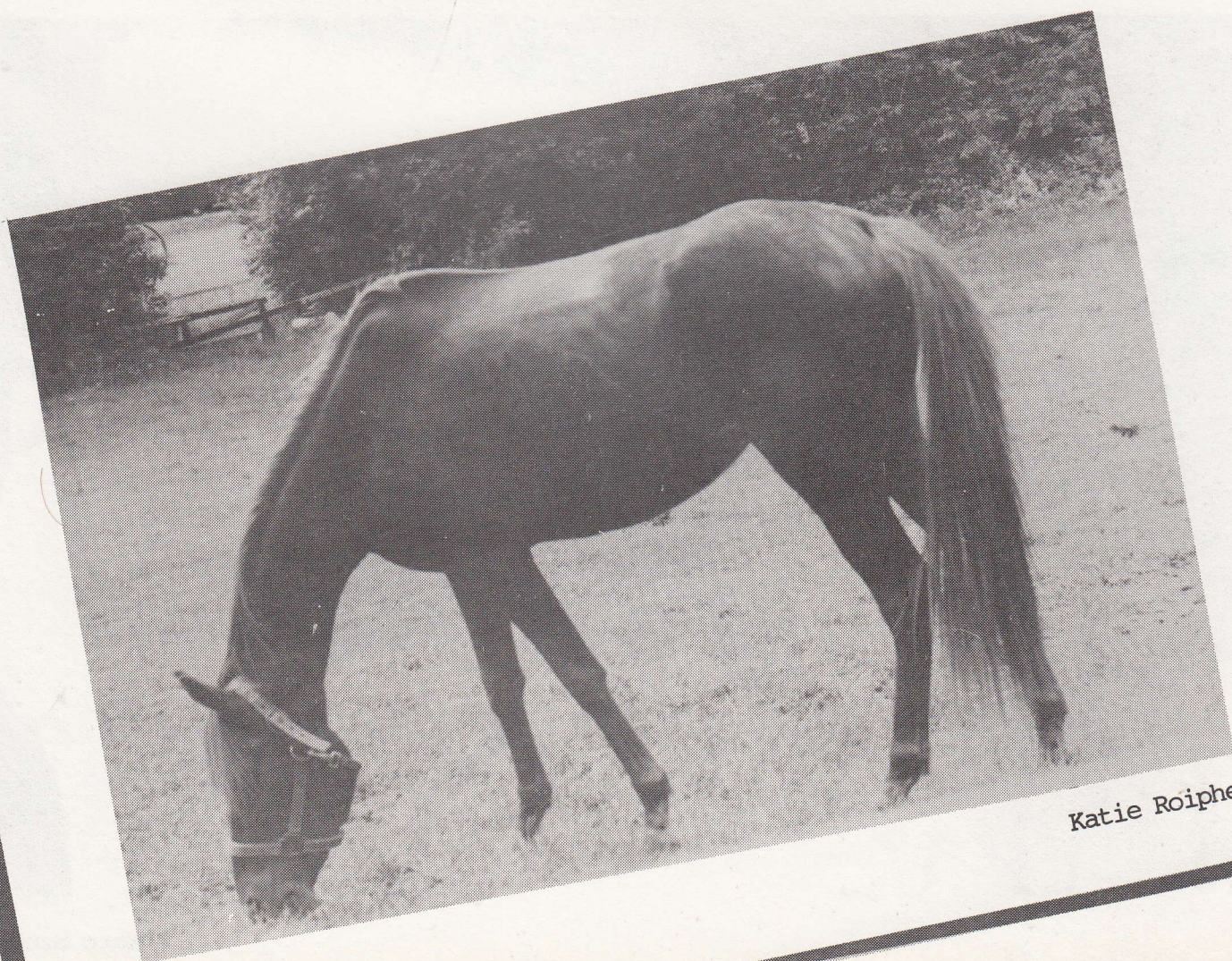
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Michael Schron



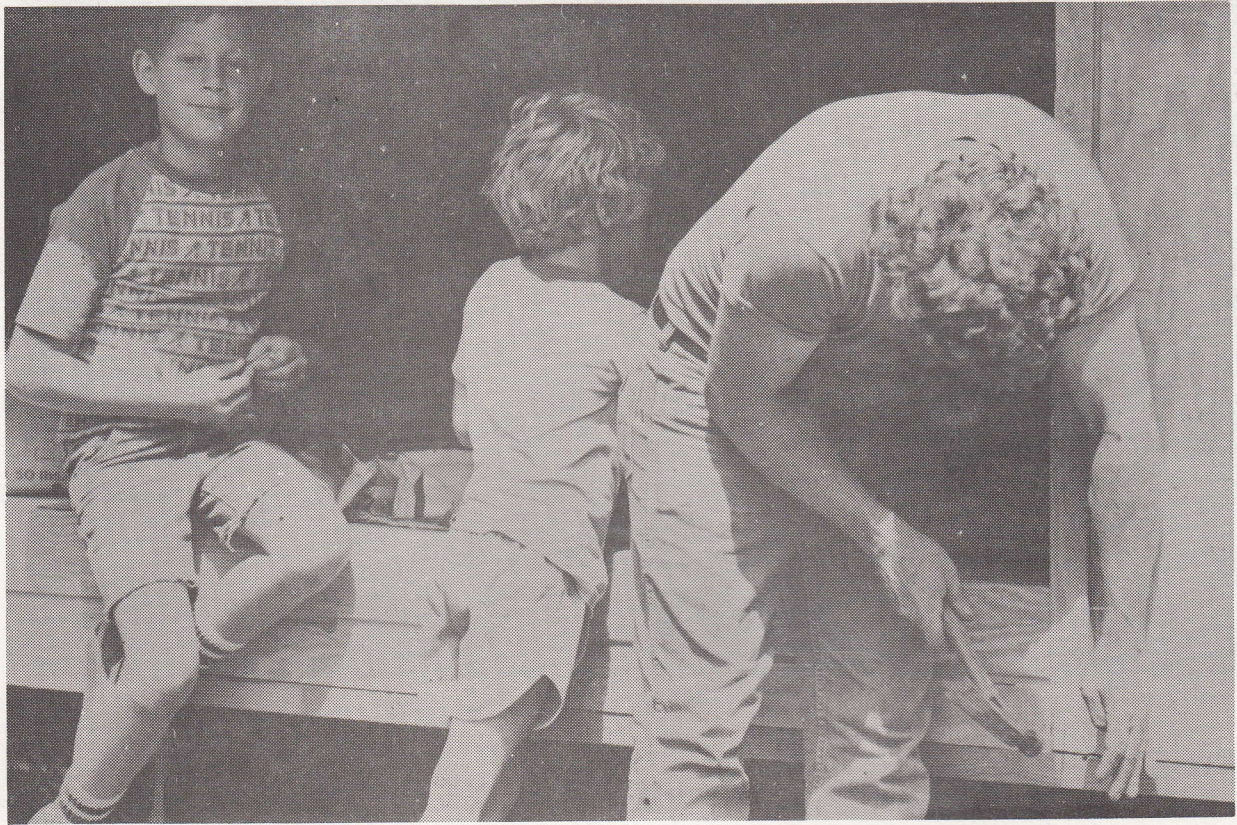
Katie Roiphe



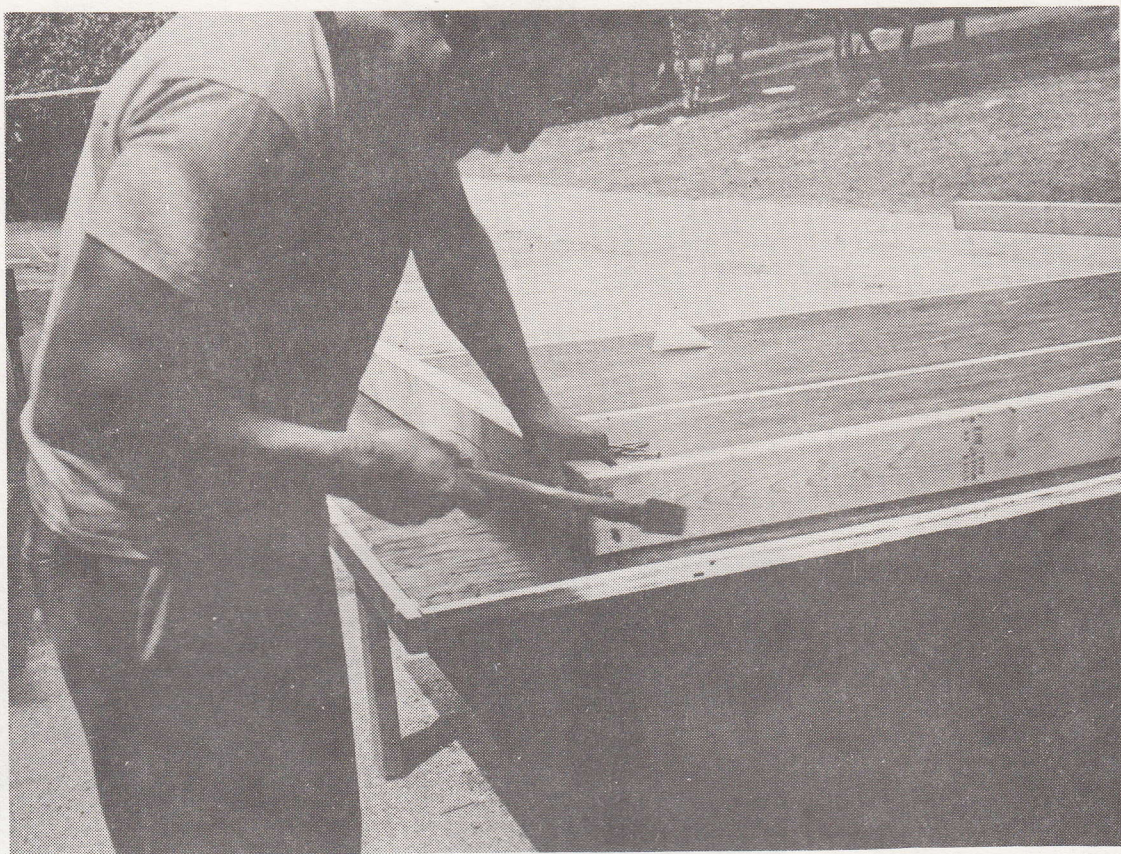
Marc Sznajderman



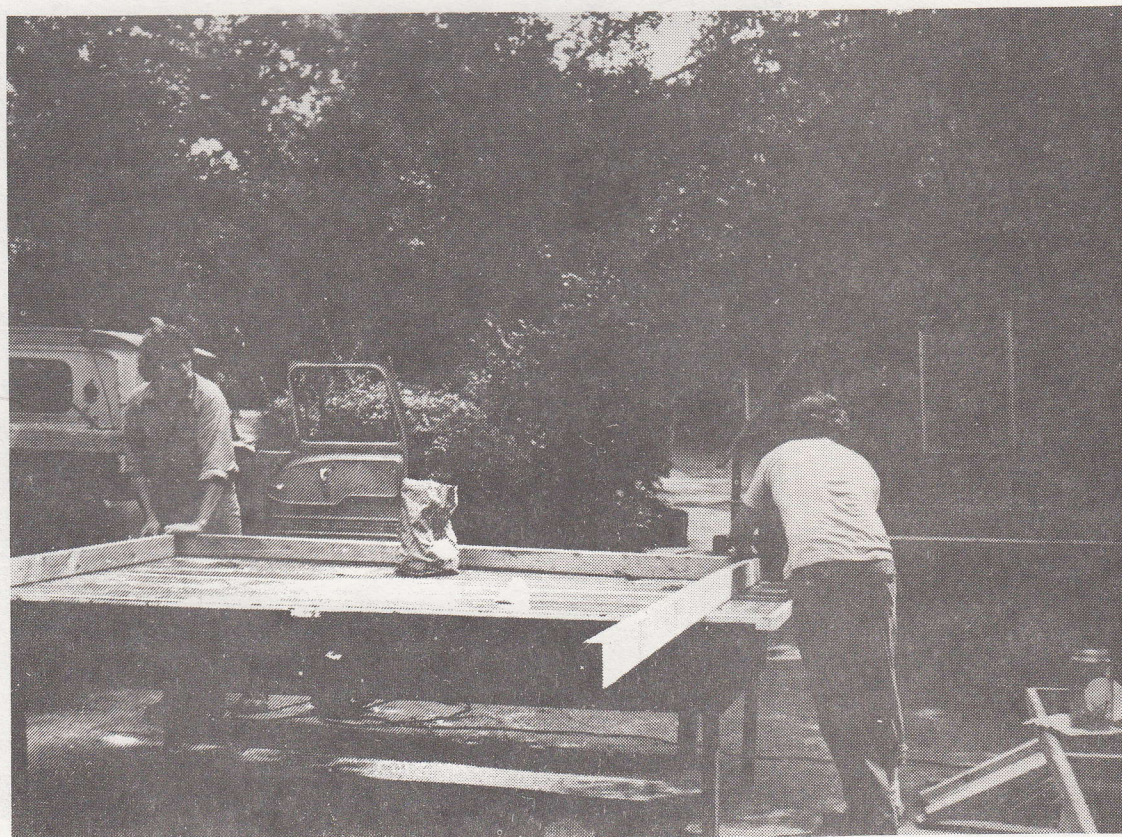
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Zachary Karabell



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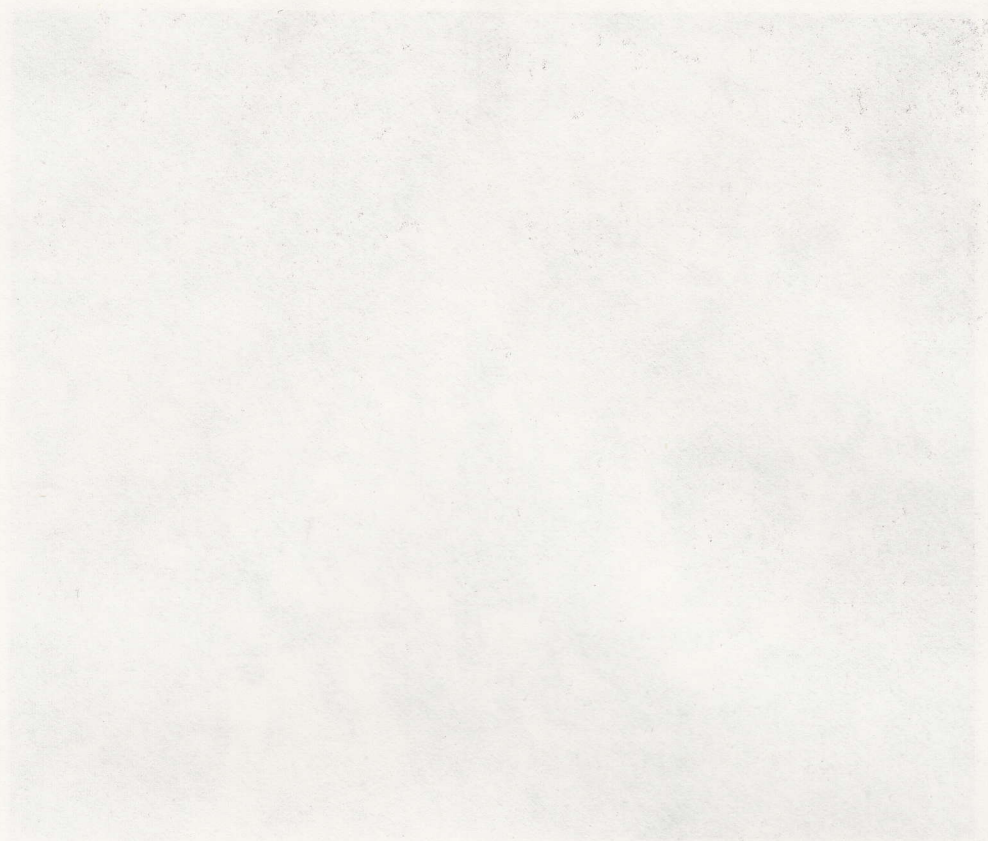
Robert Bender



Julie Mickenberg



Joey Center



SPORTS/GAMES

SECRET/CANES

P-Q8(Kt)

Bravo! What a move! It's this year's pet move at the fantastic, scholastic Chess Shop. Shop begins every day after Jon Lack and I wake up Rich at 10:00. After we play a game, he is ready to give us a lesson. We first work on our openings; the Roy Lopez, English, and Sicilian. Then we work on our defenses; the French and the ever present Polish. Our next task is to work on our middle games, end games, card games, ball games and board games.

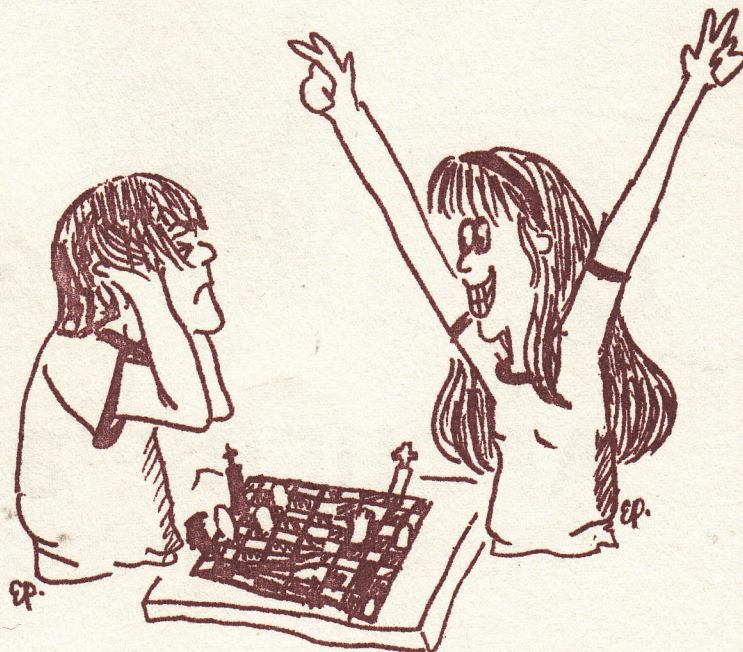
We play many types of chess. There's the conventional game and other variations such as speed chess, Bug House and suicide chess. Speed chess is played with a special chess clock and you have only a certain amount of time to play the whole game. When you make a move, you hit the clock and the other person's time runs. If you run out of time, you lose. In suicide chess, the object is to lose all your pieces but when you can take someone, you must.

Bug House was this year's big game. It is played with four people, two boards, and two clocks. The idea is to have two teams of two and for each partner to play a different color; when one person takes a piece they give it to their partner to use. The first team to checkmate one person wins.

I like the Chess Shop because I enjoy the game of chess, and Rich Biegan is very knowledgeable in all facets of the game. If you come to the Chess Shop, you can say P-q8(Kt) checkmate!

James Eichner

CHECKMATE!



AMERICAN ARCHERS

Jeff Goldstein
Paul Shaderowsky

ARCHERS SHARPSHOOTER

Orin Portnoy
Andrew Simon

ARCHERS FIRST RANK

Aaron Kromash

ARCHERS

Doug Gary
Chris Harper
Jeff Herwitt
John Remy

BOWMEN SHARPSHOOTER

Jason Berry
Jon Ellner
Stephanie Kaster
Brett Kinsler
Steven Leif
Benji Naylor
Alissa Schneiderman
Justin Wender

BOWMEN FIRST RANK

Joey Center
Troy Levine
Steven Meyerowitz
Mitch Remson
Gary Summers

BOWMEN

Mike English
David Goldstein
Daniel Katz
Bruce Lieberman
Stuart Pudell
David Ranz
Rebecca Ross

JUNIOR BOWMEN

Caryn Angelson
Chris Dicke
Steven Pudell
Jeff Weidenborner

...as of 8/2/82

ARCHERY '82

K. Gasen

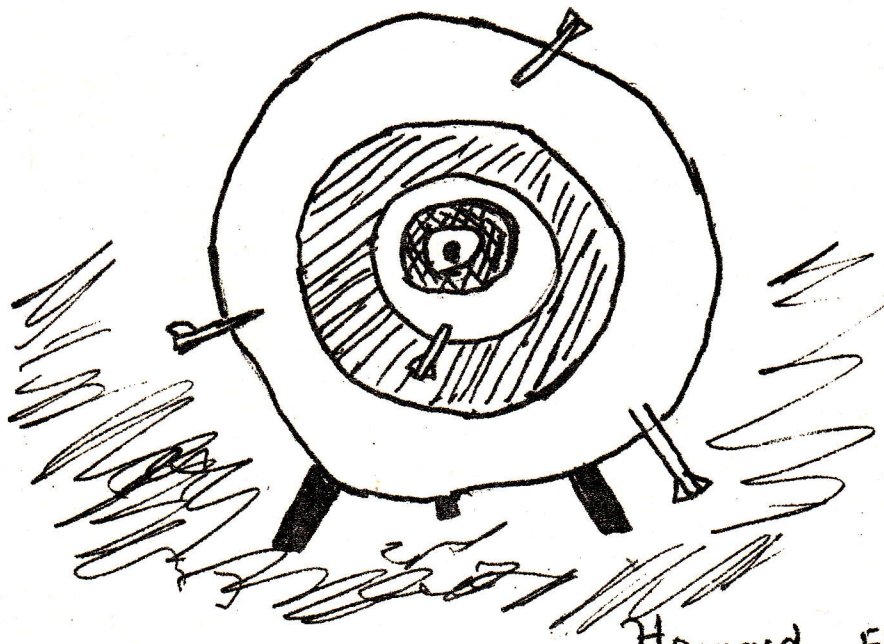
Do you know how Robin Hood started out? Go to archery and find out. Melanie, the counselor, learned to shoot at Buck's Rock. She refers to archery as an art and stresses technique over accuracy. She loves to teach people to shoot. She is also very good at archery; she is an American Archer(100 points at 50 yards with 30 arrows; the highest award given). The object of archery is not to hit Melanie, but to hit the target. But if you learn how to shoot well and get a lot of bull's-eyes, you may be one of the few people allowed to shoot at Jeff, who is the archery C.I.T., and also an American Archer.

The reasons I like archery are you are competing against yourself, and you feel very satisfied when you earn an award. Unlike other sports, no one puts pressure on you.

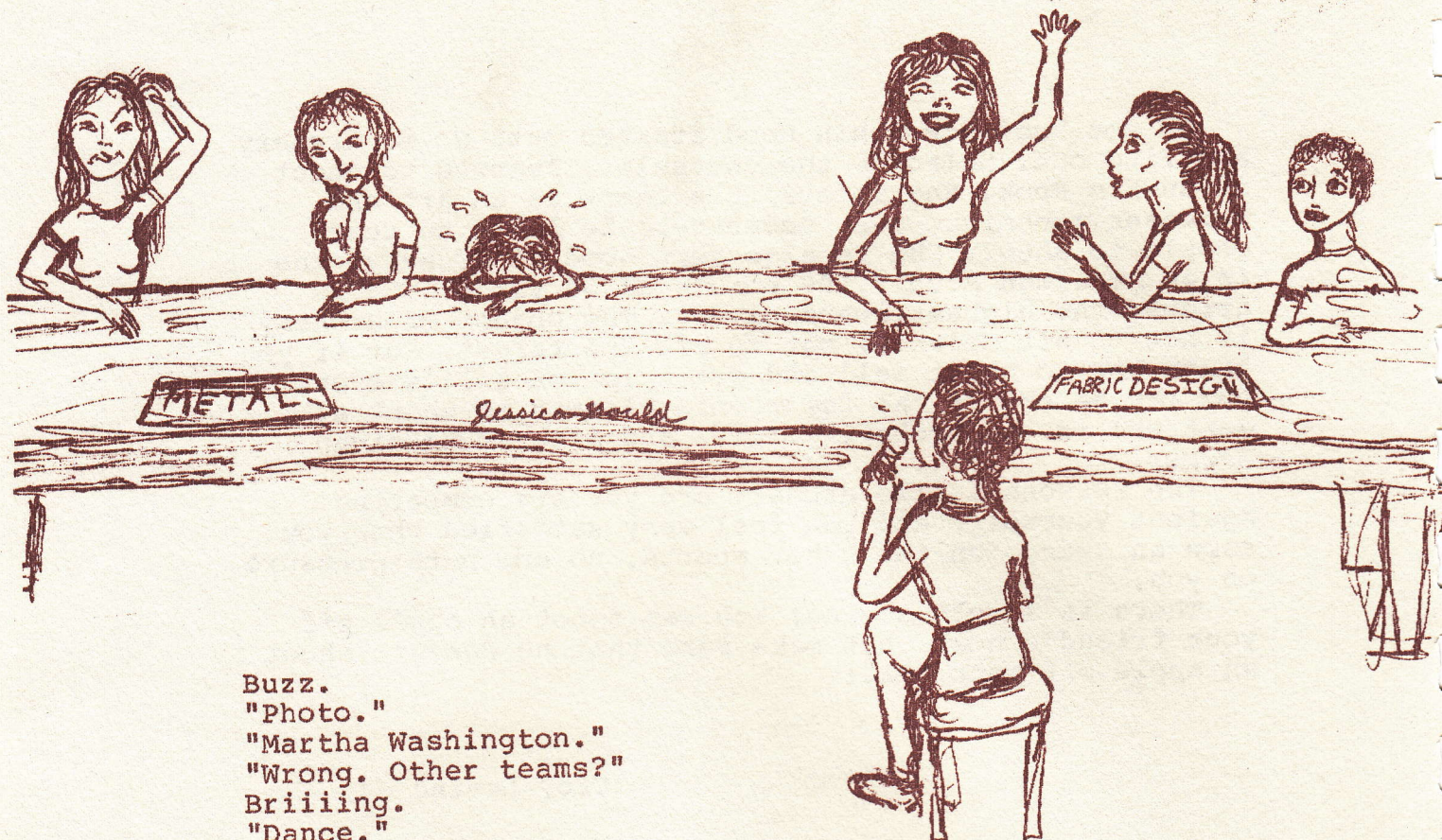
There is an old saying: You can shoot an apple off your friend's head, but make sure that he doesn't shoot an apple off your head!

- Troy Levine

ARCHERY



Howard Fischer



Buzz.
 "Photo."
 "Martha Washington."
 "Wrong. Other teams?"
 Briiiiing.
 "Dance."
 "Rosie Grier."
 "Wrong. Minus five Rosie Grier penalty."
 Briing, briing.
 "Silkscreen."
 "Betsy Ross."
 "Correct, for ten points."

These are some of the sounds of the Buck's Rock Bowl. The Bowl is a quiz game patterned after the College Bowl series in which, at Buck's Rock, three teams compete, each from a shop or activity. In each game there are three rounds of fifteen questions. All four people on the team get buzzers and when they buzz, they get a chance to answer the question. After the three rounds there is a 'wager' question. To answer this question, each team can bet as many of their points as they want.

The Buck's Rock Bowl is run by Rich Biegen and a question-writing committee. They are at 1:00 on the porch and are occasionally an evening activity.

Campers are encouraged to play for their favorite shop, and may the best team win.

BUCK'S ROCK BOWL

Tennis

When you go to the tennis courts you'll see Chris lying down on the table getting a tan. Or you'll see Mike giving a lesson. Then you look at the other court and see Laura and Fiona hitting. Who are these people? The three tennis counselors and one C.I.T.

I have the privilege of working with these four people because I'm on the tennis team. So far our team is undefeated and we plan to stay that way.

I enjoy playing in the matches very much. It's fun to go and play new people and see old friends, but the best part is going to Carvel and Dunkin Donuts after the match.

Seriously, the tennis team is a very good experience for everyone and it offers the opportunity to play in a tournament situation.

All in all, I think this years tennis program has had a lot to offer.

-Laurin Grollman



R.B. 8/17

If you were to stroll casually across the septic field in the early evening on certain days dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, you would be thrown off the field. The reason: CROQUET GAME in progress.

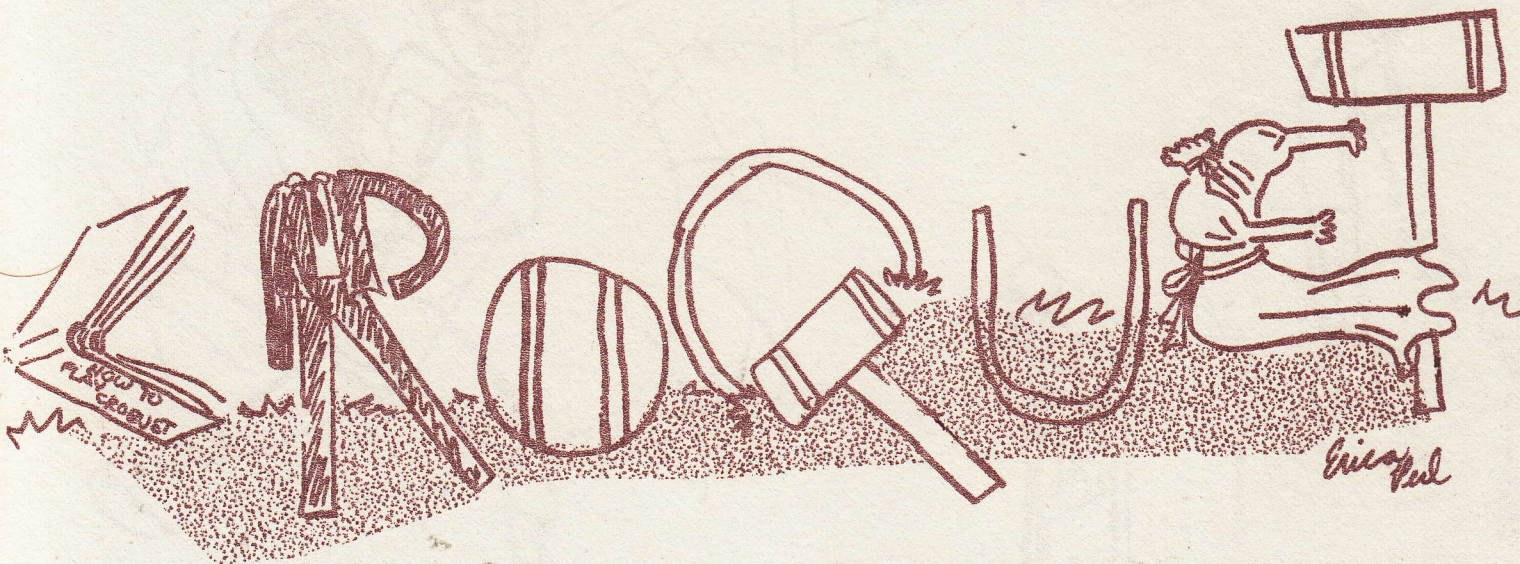
Although the number of meetings was few, all the players thoroughly enjoyed themselves. One of the few rules was that all players had to wear either Victorian or Edwardian costumes, which livened up the game.

But "the game that was banned in Boston" is not as easy as it looks. It takes skill, concentration, patience, and a big mouth in order to win. The basic rules are to hit a ball through wickets in a set pattern, and be the first to finish. You get one stroke of your mallet per turn, but you get an extra stroke if you go through a wicket, or hit another ball. Sounds simple enough. Well, between arguing, complaining, tea breaks, cheating (who, me?) and plotting, the game can go on for hours. Yet it's so much fun, the time seems to fly by, thanks to Lionel and some dedicated players.

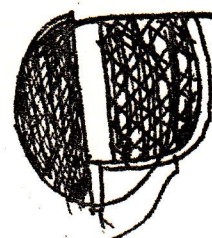
Croquet is best summed up by Alice in Lewis Carroll's Alice In Wonderland:

"There don't seem to be any rules, and if there are -- no one attends to them!"

Erica Perl



FENCING



I discovered fencing because of a desire to get into "Food." As it turned out, I was days late, and had ignored the fact that the cast list had already gone up. While walking away, incredibly disappointed, I noticed a very cheerful bunch of little kids. They wore huge, oversized jackets, masks, and gloves. They carried long, bent swords with rubber tips. I knew that this was the art of fencing.

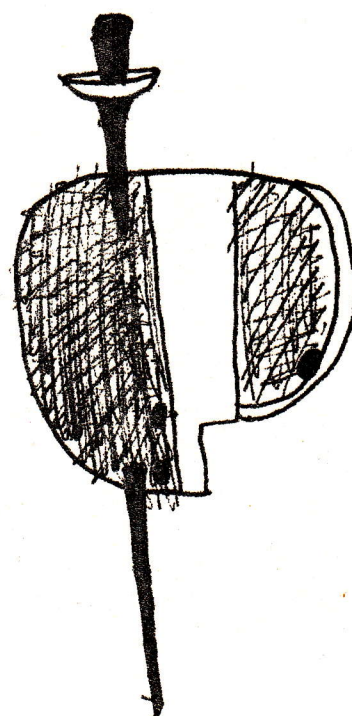
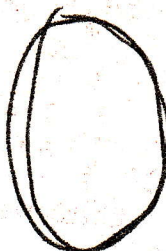
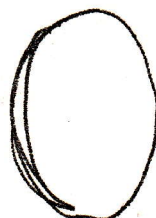
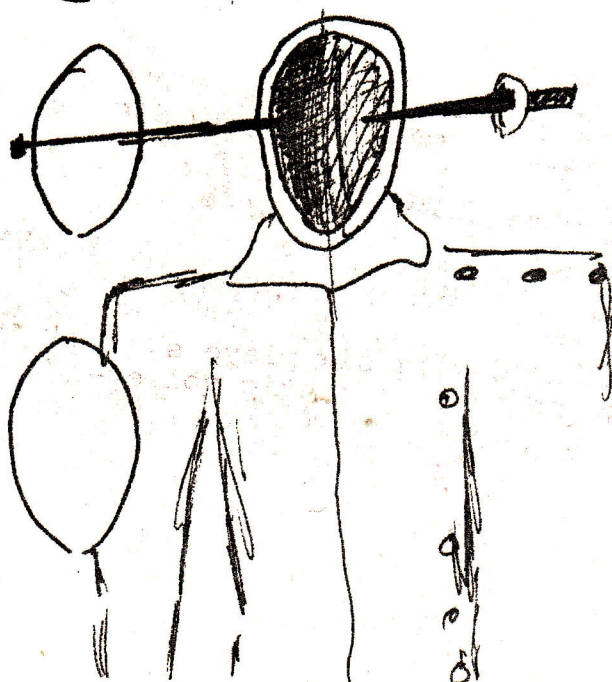
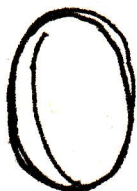
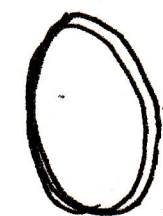
I decided to give it a try. How bad could it be? I reached into the two boxes and got a medium-sized jacket, an incredibly oversized mask, and a perfect sword (called foil). I knew this would be simple. I'd seen my cousin do it before, and it looked pretty easy. I demonstrated a couple of parries and advances that my cousin showed me. Nick Grainger, the counselor, was a little impressed.

"You've fenced before?" he asked me. I decided to impress him further.

"Oh, yes, I fenced last summer," I told him. Then he told me to do a parry six, and I was forced to admit that I did not know what one was, and that I had never fenced before. Nick said it was all right, and that fencing is easy to learn. He was right; I had learned most of the moves and parries by the end of the morning.

Aside from Nick, there is Ben Young, a C.I.T., who is equally willing to teach and show us what--and what not--to do. They manage not only to make fencing educational, they make it fun. So come and see the thrills, chills, and spills of fencing!

by Daniel Bukszpan



VOLLEYBALL

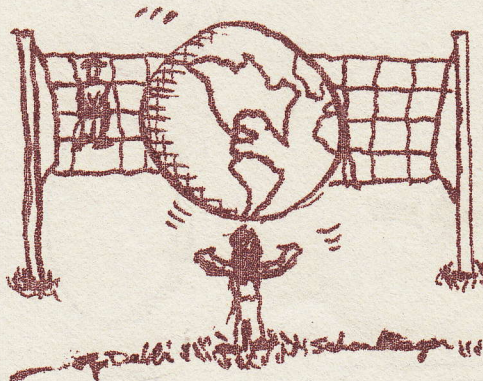
Fun and exciting games at Buck's Rock must always include volleyball. As a member of the junior varsity volleyball team, I can say that this summer I learned a lot about volleyball and had a lot of fun. J.V. played Camp Kent and lost 01-15 and 10-15, but won on a victory over Camp Hillcroft with the scores 21-0 and 21-4!

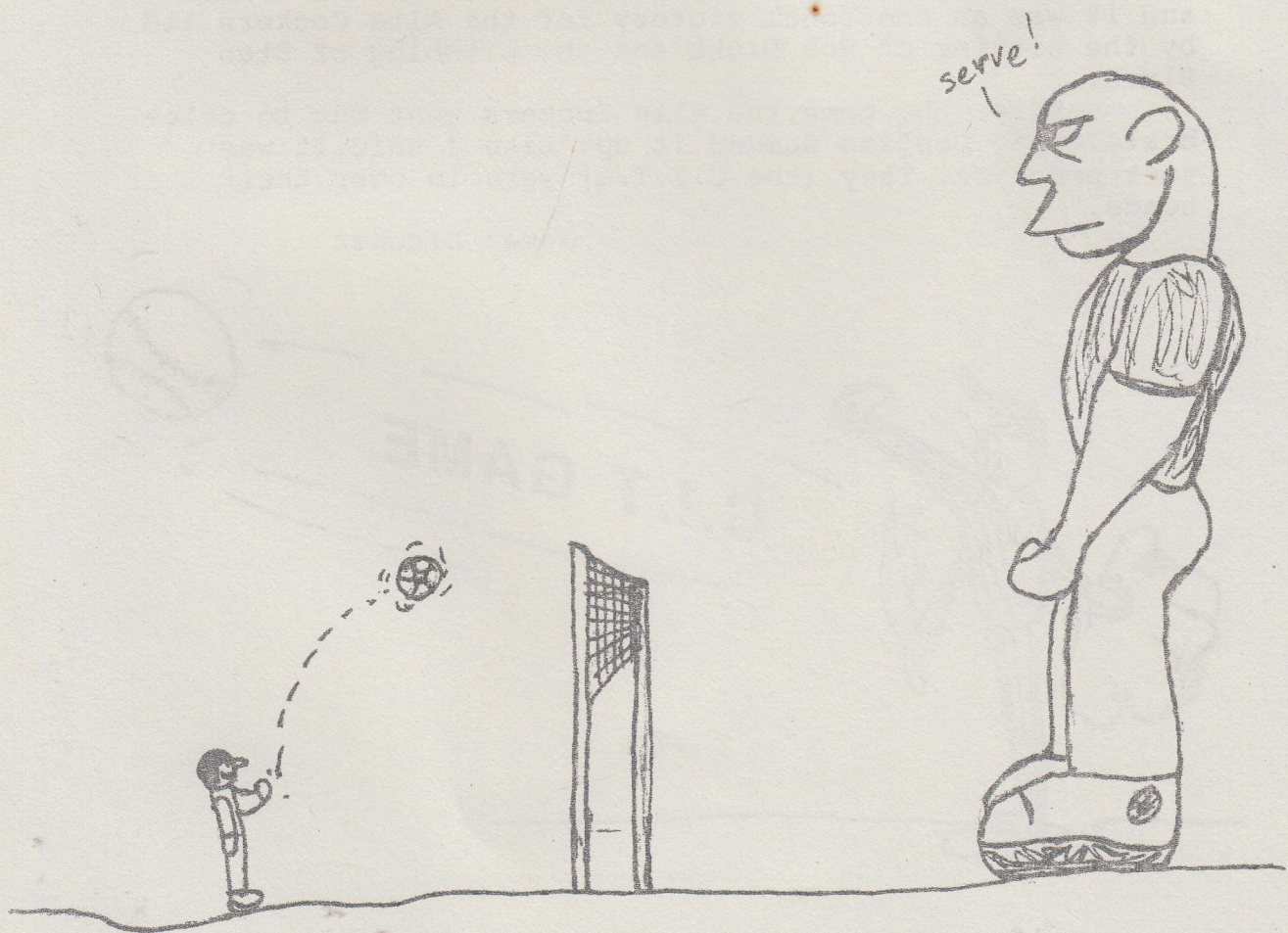
Volleyball usually is played with six players on each team. But there are so many energetic volleyball players that we had to raise it up to nine players. In the middle of the two set up teams is a net in which the players must hit the ball over. This ball must be bumped up with two hands together or one hand in a fist - but never slapped. In a game, if you slapped the ball over, the ball would be retrieved and given to the other team.

As for scoring, the only way you can get a point is by serving. You can hit the ball three times on one side without getting out (if you get it over by the third hit) but if the ball is hit twice by the same person in a row, the ball goes to the other side.

At Buck's Rock, Gayle Winitch is the coach for varsity and junior varsity teams. Volleyball usually meets from 1-2 on various days of the week. In short, volleyball is just a great experience and lots of fun with a great coach. What more could a person ask for?

Jenny Kosarin





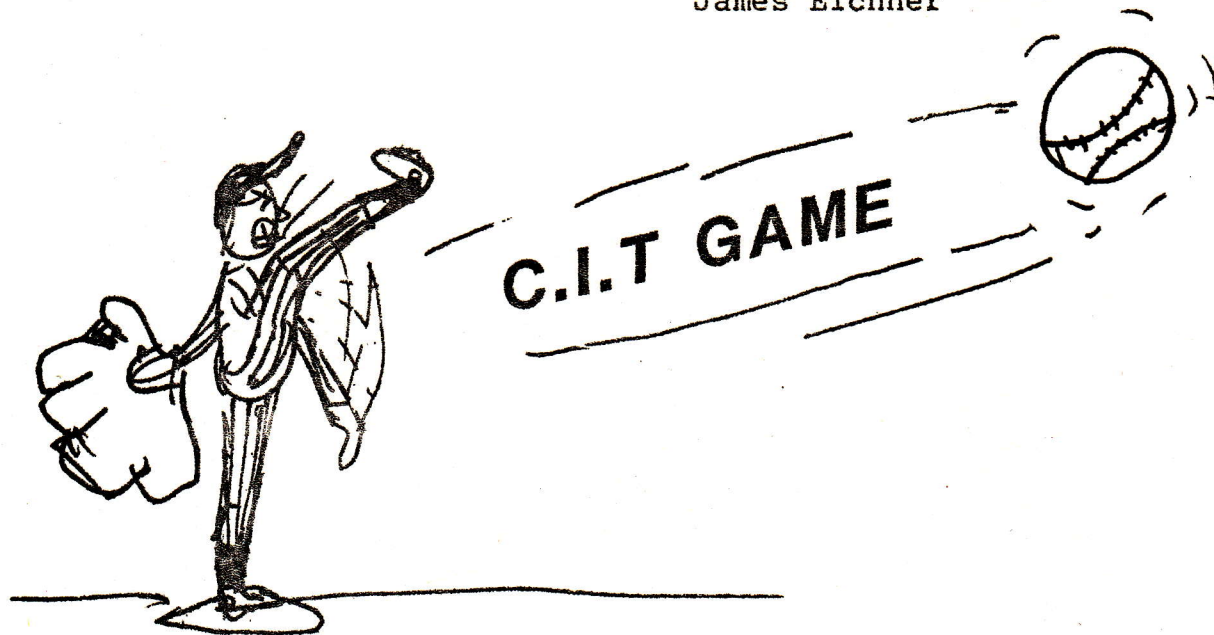
Roger Bailey '82'

When the Camp Kent C.I.T.s had to cancel their softball game at the last minute, a replacement was needed. The new challengers were the Alte Cockers, which is the Yiddish expression for old timers. The Alte Cockers was a co-ed team made up of people thirty-five years and older, led by Ira Weiss. Before the game the confident C.I.T. coach Rich Biegen said, "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi." But the Alte Cockers were also confident and Joyce Greenleaf said, "Experience counts and experience comes with age." Craig Douglas was more confident. "The C.I.T.'s aren't a team, they're warm ups."

After a scoreless first inning, the Alte Cockers took a three run lead on Bob Dicke's double and two C.I.T. errors. After pitcher Stan Simon again held the C.I.T.s scoreless, the Alte Cockers exploded for six runs. It started with singles by Bob and Joyce; Don Pudell took base on an error, followed by run scoring singles by Stan Simon, Craig Douglas, Ira Weiss, and Bernie Unger. Justin DiCioccio got on base on an error and Mike Lirtzman hit a sacrifice fly. The C.I.T.'s got two runs in the fourth and four in the fifth. The Alte Cockers got one in the fifth and the sixth. The final score was eleven to six and it was an emotional victory for the Alte Cockers led by the hitting of Bob Dicke and the pitching of Stan Simon.

After the game, the Alte Cockers went out to celebrate. Craig Douglas summed it up: "Like I said, it was just practice. They (the C.I.T.'s) were in over their heads."

James Eichner



Roger Bailey 82'

SOCCER

Soccer is taking a long time to catch on in the United States, but here at Buck's Rock its popularity can be seen any evening by just taking a walk down to the soccer field. Every evening there are at least two or three teams waiting to play. These teams are switched on and off the field at fifteen minute intervals.

No discrimination of the sexes is made. Many girls have been joining in this fast and enjoyable sport. In recent intercamp games, girls have played and have made their mark in the game.

John, the counselor, is a very good referee of the game; he knows the game inside out. He's also very friendly and puts everybody at ease immediately.

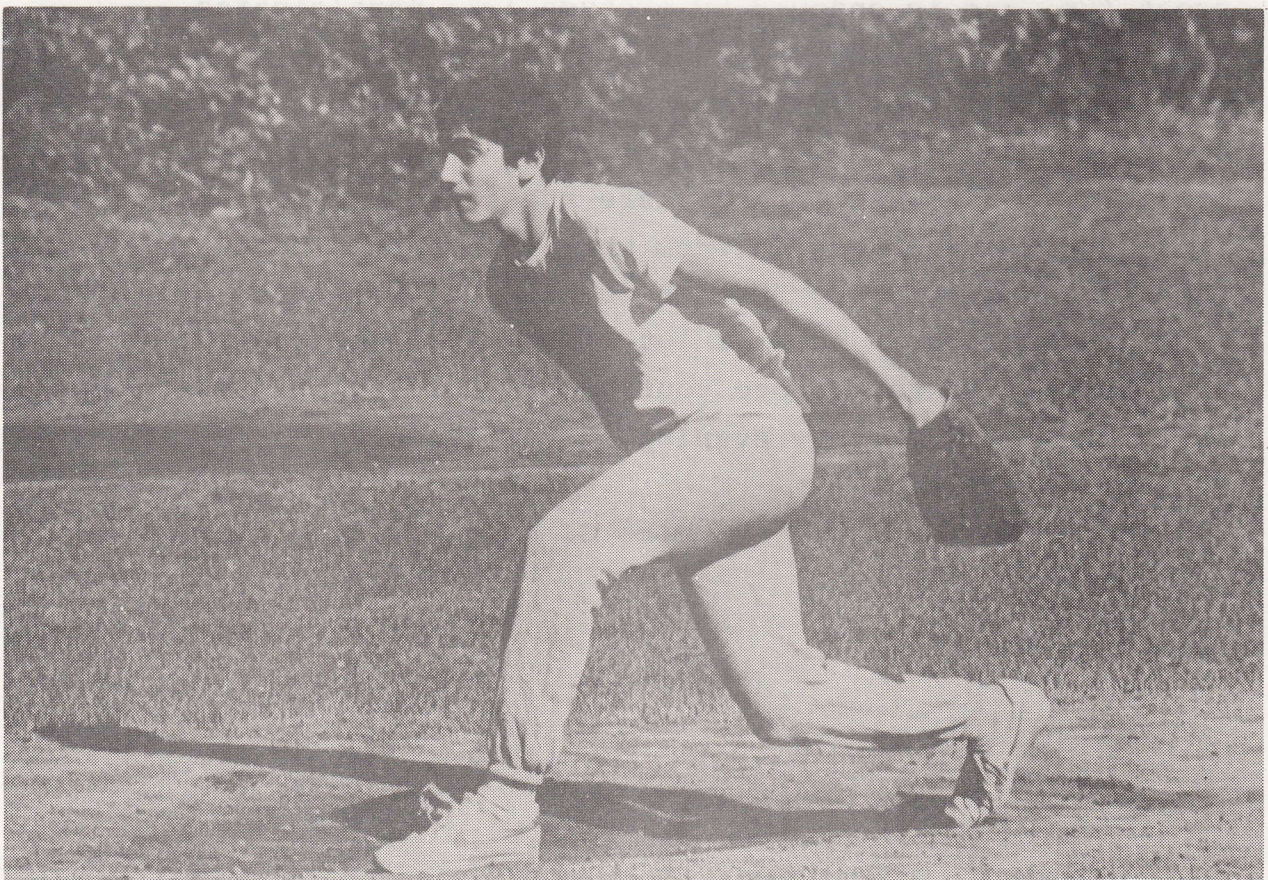
If you are good enough, there are two camp teams you can try out for: the under-14, and the under-16, according to your age. If you are chosen for a team, you get to play against other camps in tournaments. This is great fun, and is enjoyed by everyone who participates, mainly because on the trips back to camp (after we have had a match at another camp), we go to Carvel or Dunkin' Donuts.

I live in the West Indies where the standard of soccer is very high, and judging from what I have seen here, I think I can safely say that the quality here is also of a very high standard. There a lot of skillful players of all ages. So to improve your soccer skills, or just to have a fun time, every evening at seven-o'clock at Buck's Rock is soccer time.

-Marc Goodman



Zachary Karabell



Zachary Karabell



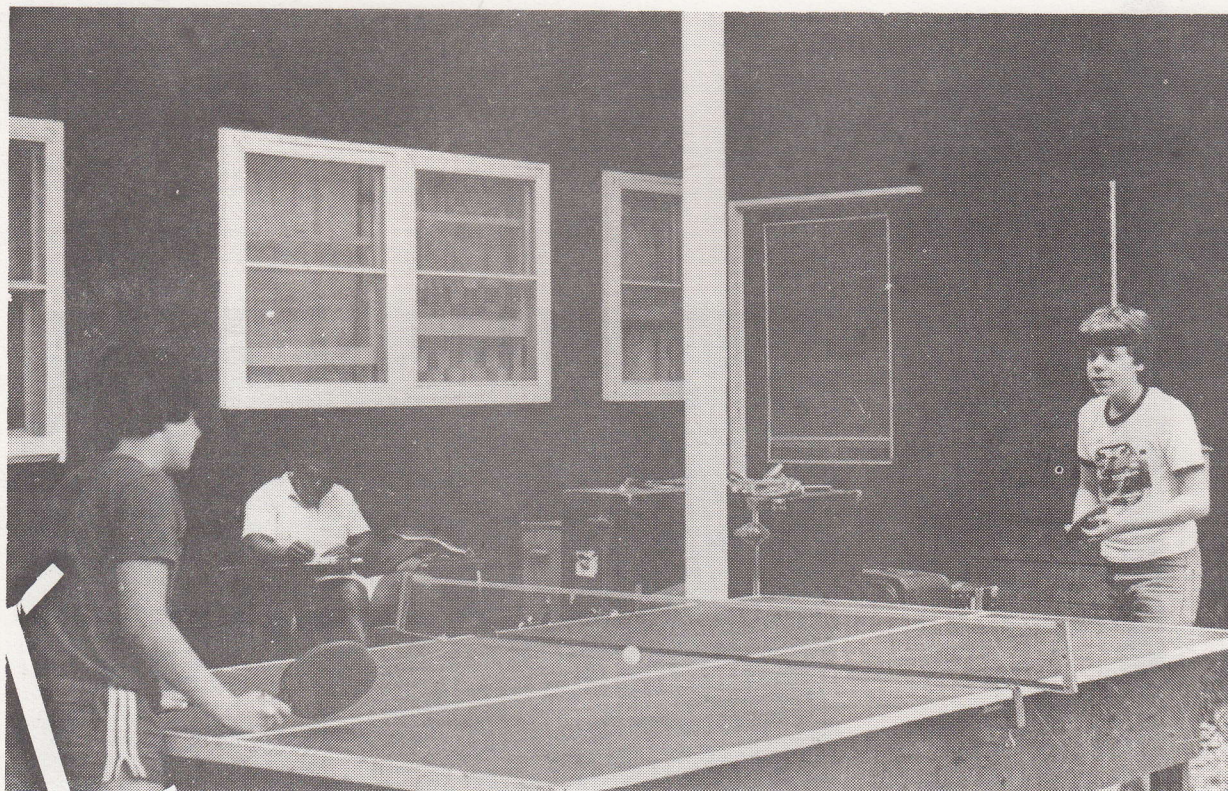
Jeremy Goodrich



Jeremy Goodrich



Zachary Karabell



Kathy Van Deusan



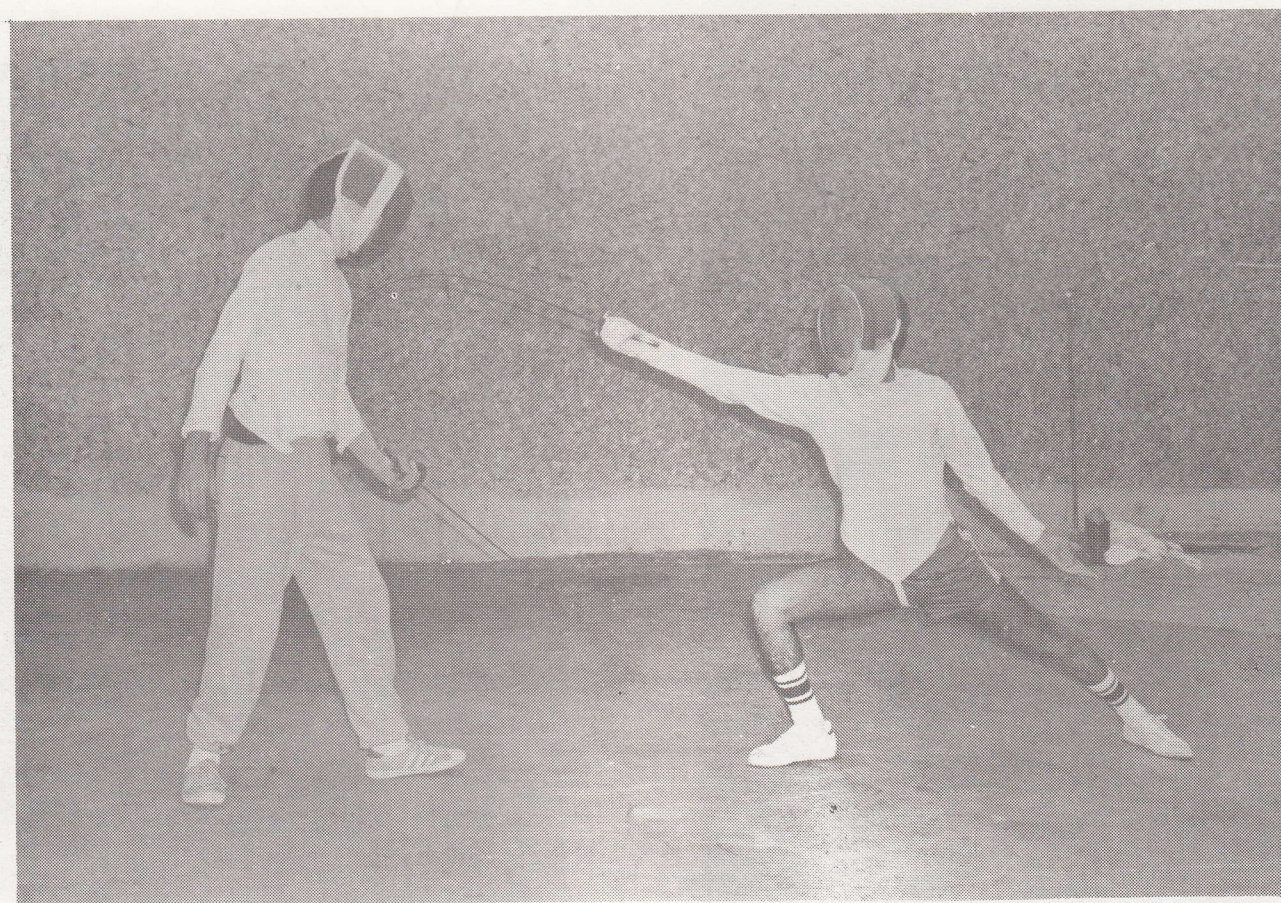
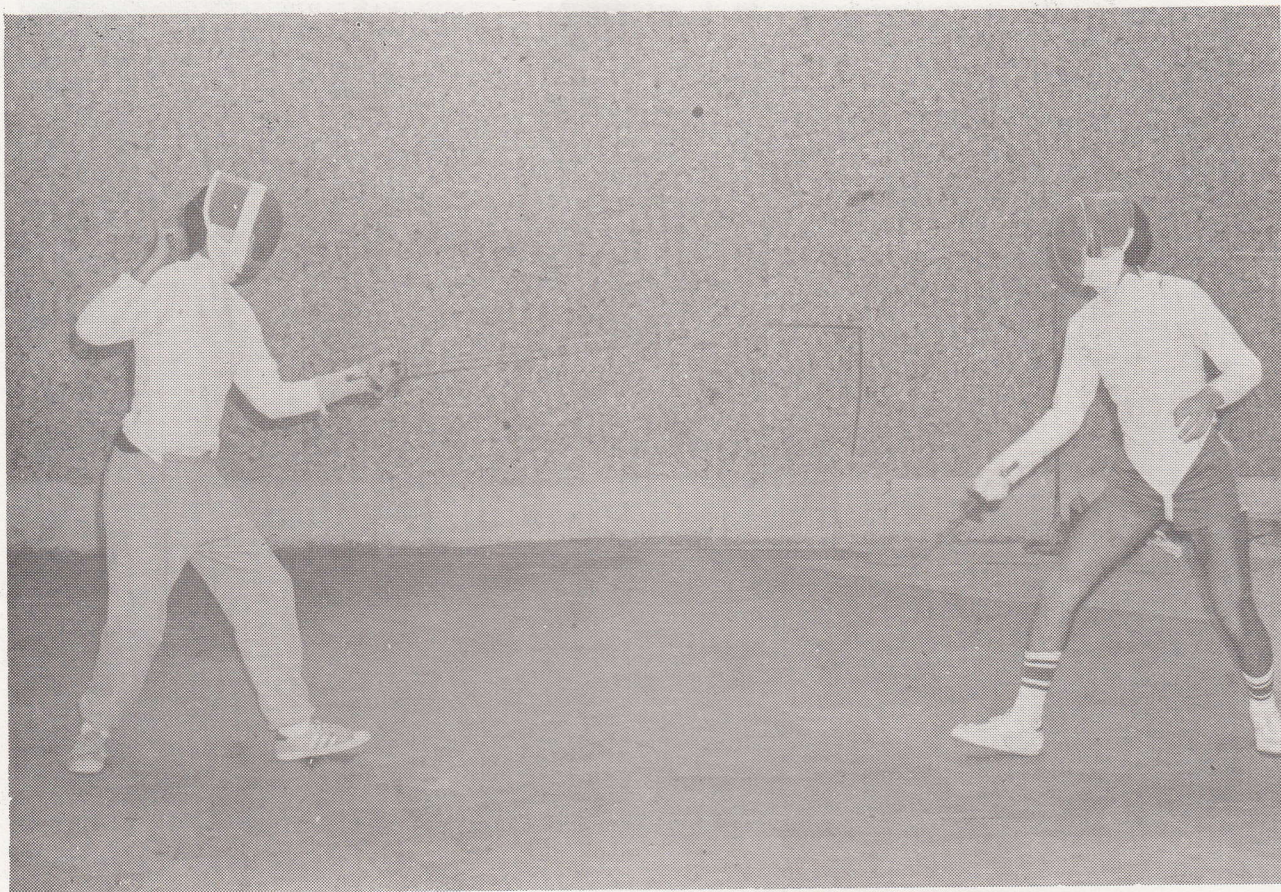
Zachary Karabell



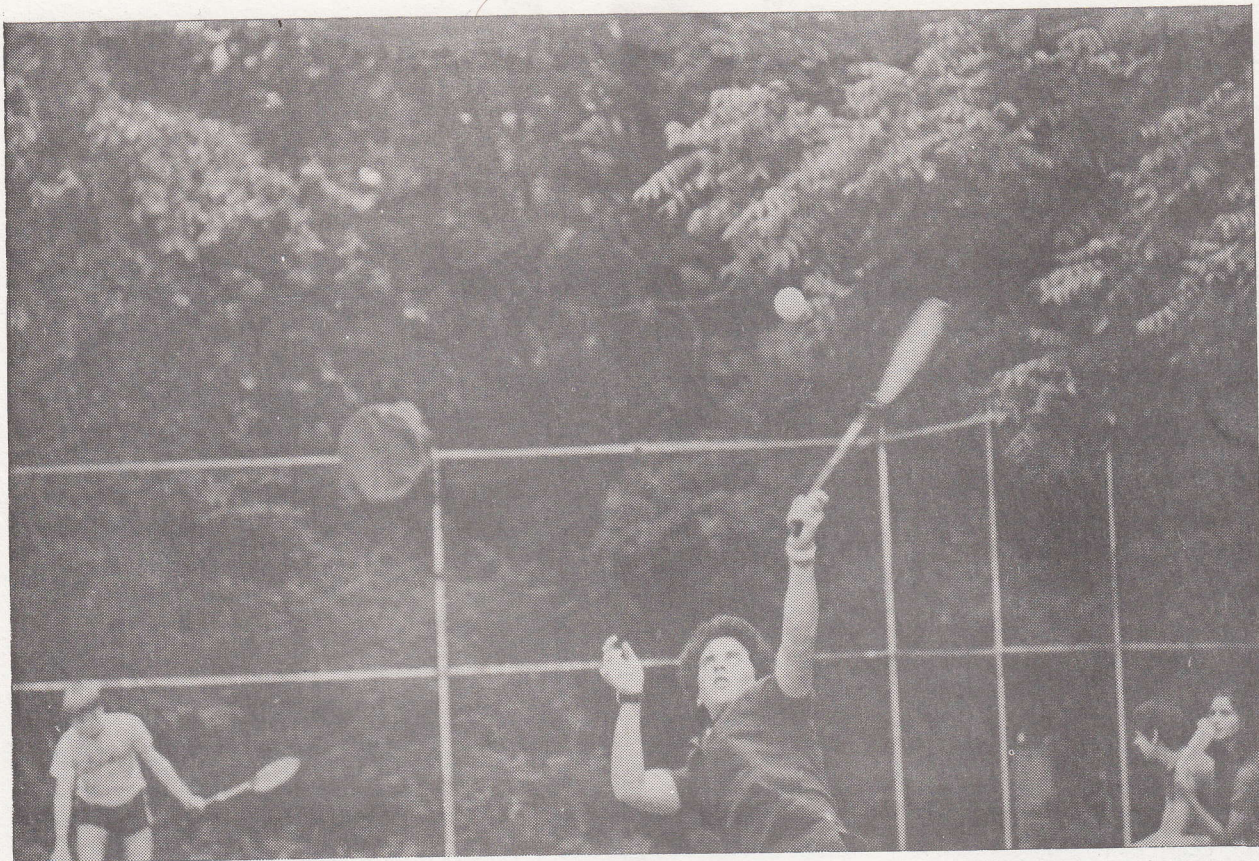
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Zachary Karabell



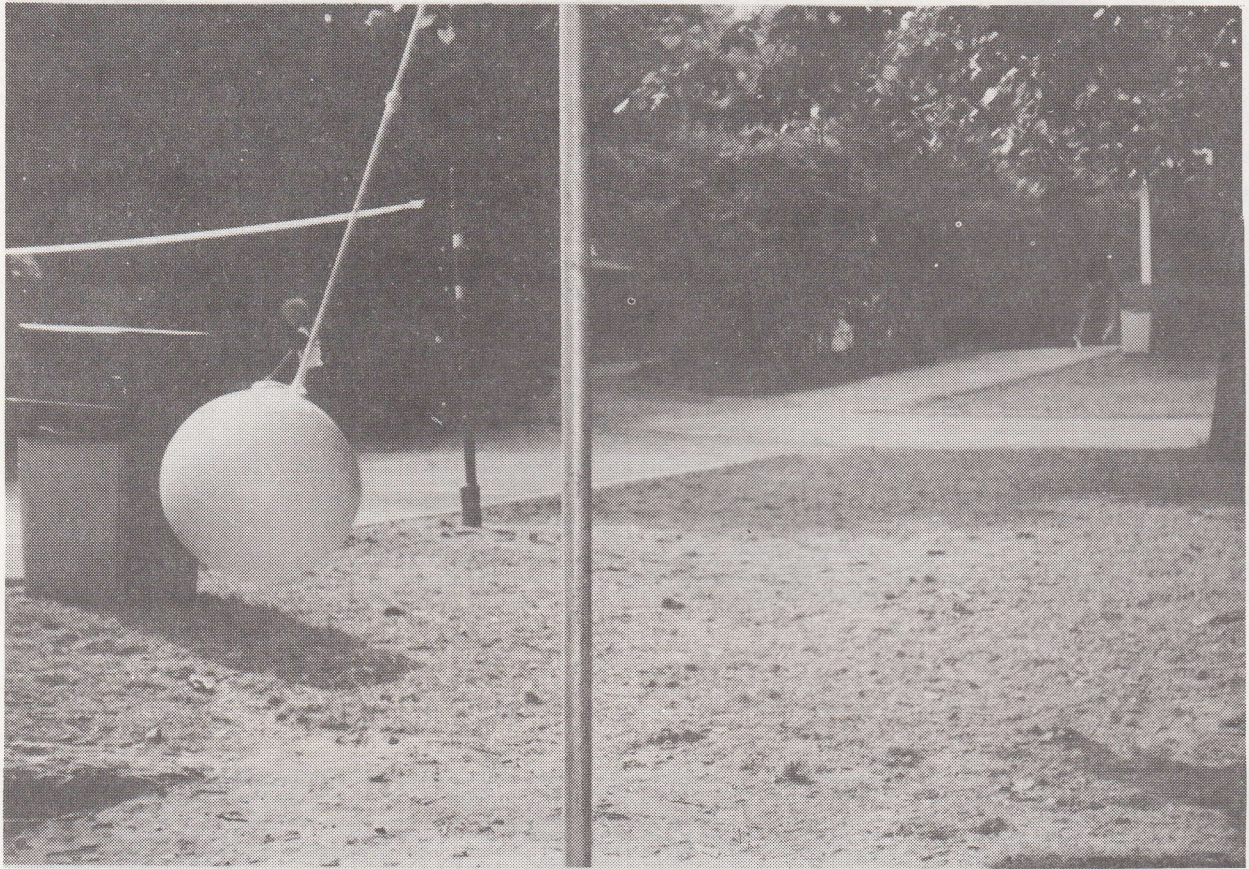
Marc Sznajderman



Zachery Karabell



Jonathan Ellner



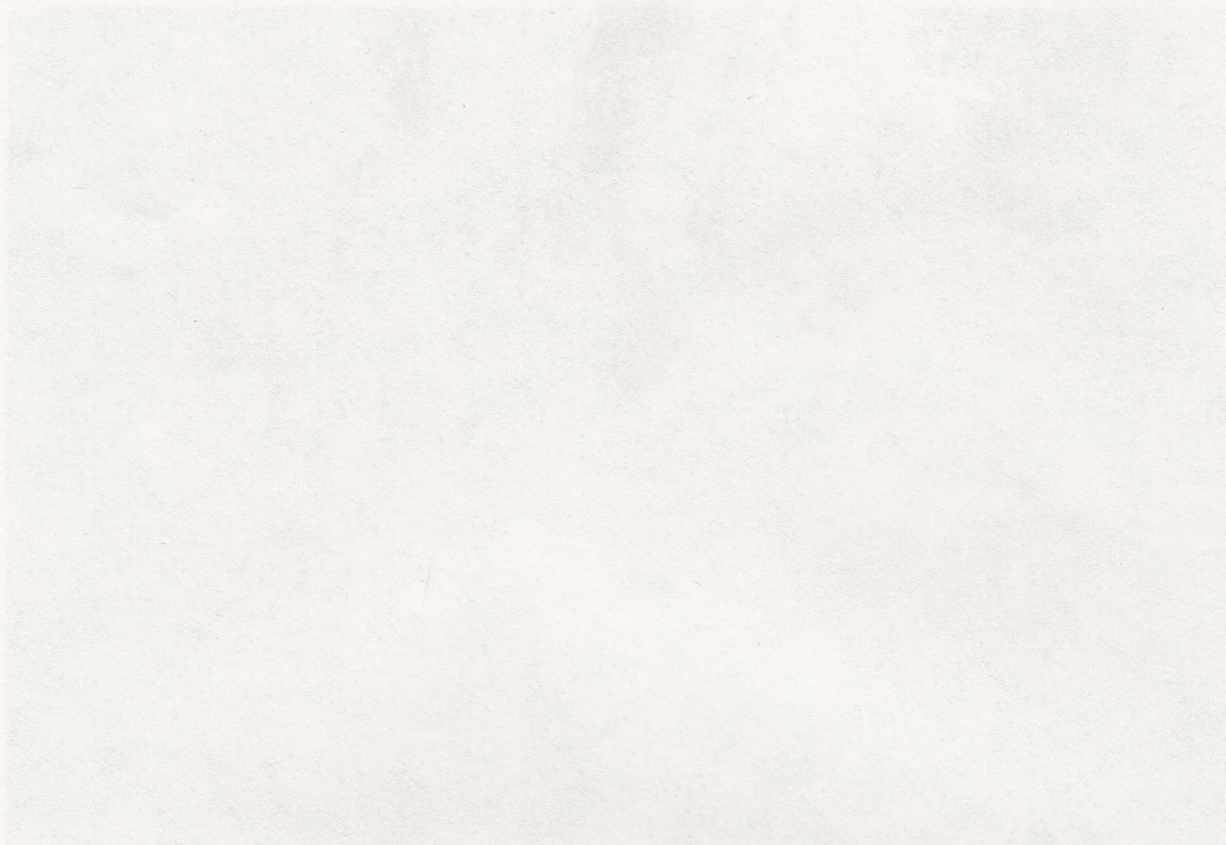
Laura Fried



Kathy Van Deusen



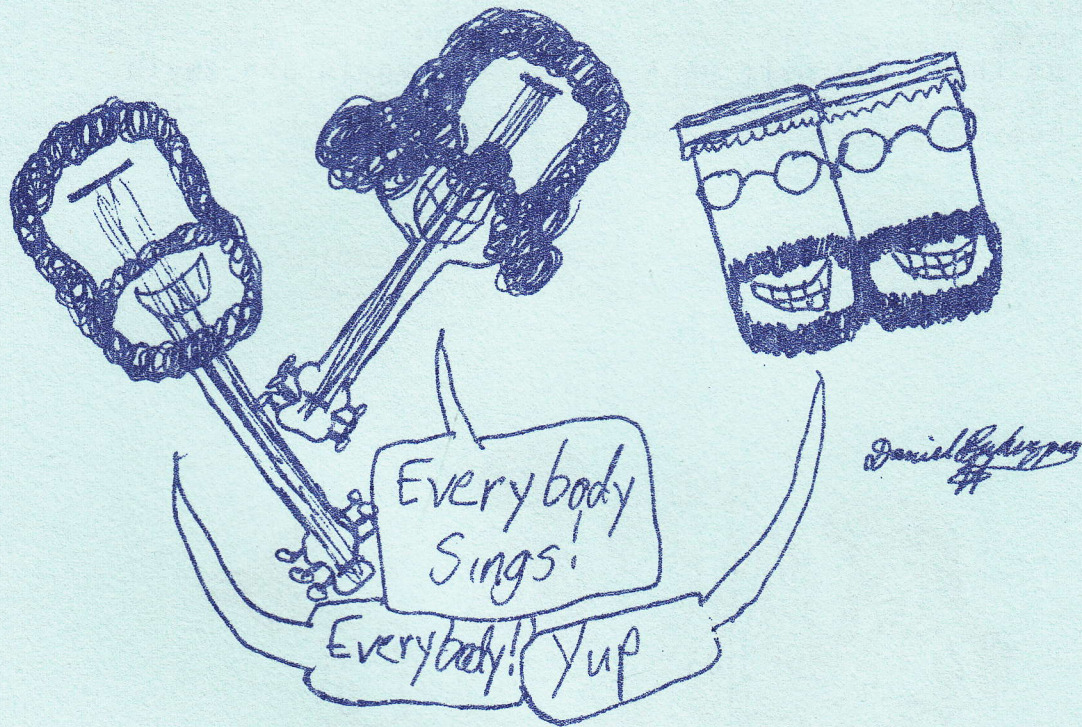
Kathy Van Deusen



Stuart Bernstein

PERFORMING ARTS

FOLK MUSIC



"Everybody sings!" That's the motto of the Folk Music Department. If you don't want to be a part of their craziness, don't go around singing or they'll claim you as their own. Neil, Dave, and Shelly give guitar lessons, and you have probably heard them shouting chords, trying to get them into the heads of 'tone-deaf' children. Lenny gives electric guitar lessons.

Every Wednesday, there's the big (well, big in spirit) folk sing. All of the campers and counselors get together and sing songs such as "Eight Days A Week," and "The Watermelon Song." Dave conducts the slurps.

The campfires have been great successes this year due to the fantastic folk music. The folk music counselors begin until it becomes contagious and "everybody sings."

-Becky M. Roiphe and
Lauri R. Goldberg

FOLK DANCING

Anyone who goes to the square dances with Karl Finger will know dances like Pata Pata, Good Old Days, Salty Dog Rag, Snoopy, and our favorite, Amos Moses. But you don't have to wait 'till Thursday night at 8:30. There is Folk Dancing 4 nights a week at 7:15 and some afternoons. Andrea Jason teaches folk dancing on the dining room porch. All the new and traditional folk dances are done with a smaller crowd and at a slower pace.

When Andrea was little she was taught folk dancing by her mother, who had a lot of dance experience. Andrea not only teaches the dances, she joins in as well. Once you go there, you will want to go back again and again. That's why the same group returns, as well as new people who hear the music and want to join in.

- Michael A. Robbins
- Andy J. Williams



It is a beautiful Sunday morning in Paris, Ohio. To the East, the ever faithful sun; to the West, the magnificent Circus Bigtop. The ticket line grows long with innocent circus lovers, unaware that inside is the most evil creature known to man.

During the second half of the show, men, women and children watch with amazement as the tight-rope walker performs incredible feats of skill and daring. Oh, no, the monotonous background circus music begins. A horrifying scream.

Aahhgg! No, a laugh--Ha-ha-ha! No, both--Ha-Ahg-Ha-Ahg! The entire crowd flees in panic, exiting as quickly as possible. The ringmaster appears at the site of the so-called "Laugh-Scream." A young woman lies dead missing an arm, a leg and her cotton candy!

The ringmaster and an amateur circus-ographer study the body and finally deduce it was the work of a 35-foot Great White-Face Clown.

The circus-ographer, being lowered in a clown-proof cage off the side of a rented circus wagon (equipped with an old "Clown Terminator", readies his poison cotton candy pellet gun. Listen, the background circus music. In the distance the clown appears with his hideous bright green hair. The clown attacks, bashing in the cage with his big red nose. Luckily the circus-ographer escapes, finding shelter behind the seal tank. The clown heads towards the circus wagon eating everything in his path: the wagon's wheels, roof, the old "Clown Terminator," and even the kitchen sink.

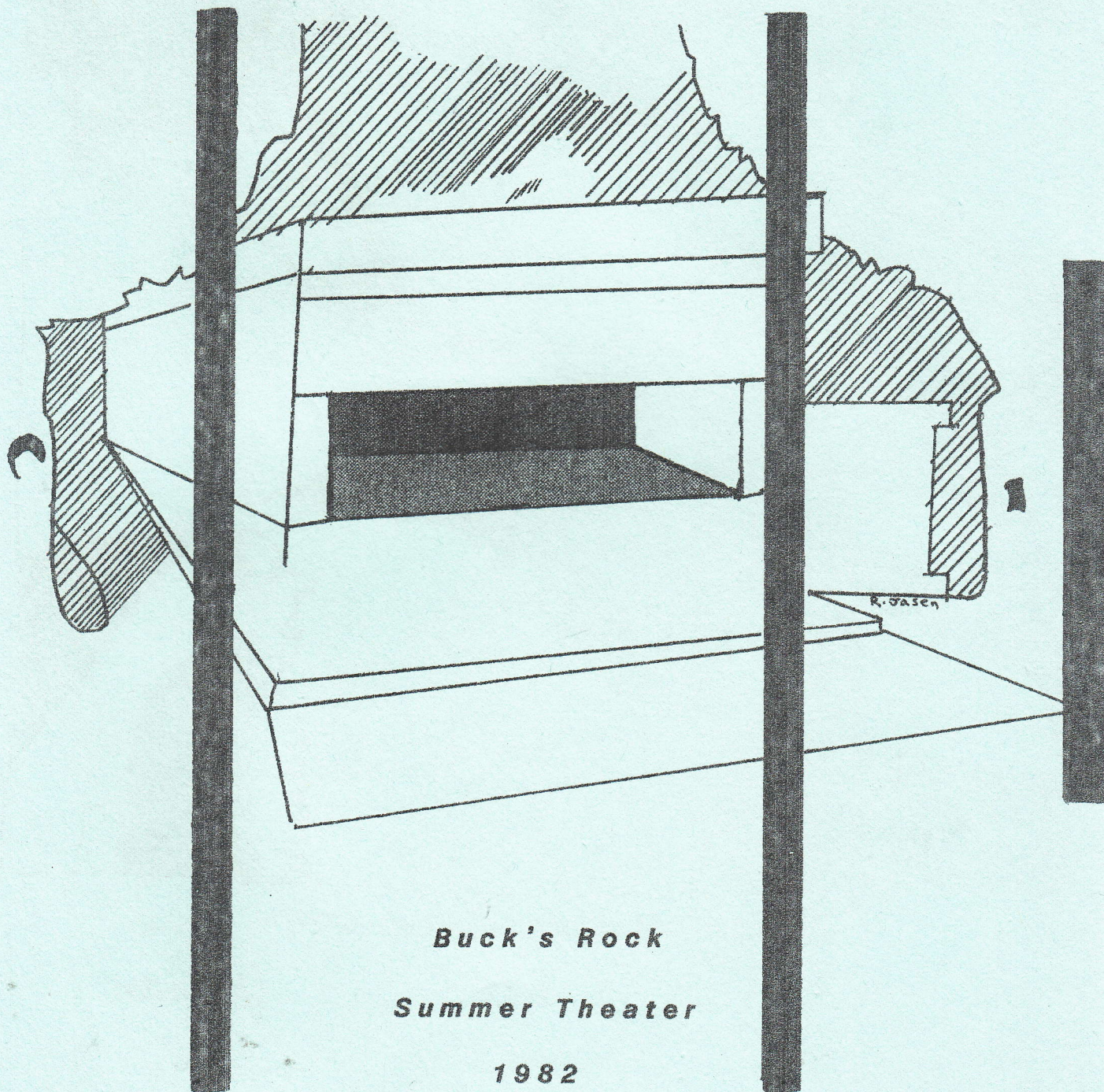
The ringmaster, reacting quickly, pulls over a cotton candy machine, hoping to distract the clown. Spotting the machine, the clown halts his rampage and eats the machine without any difficulty. The ringmaster, using his

LOWN

P. Straus

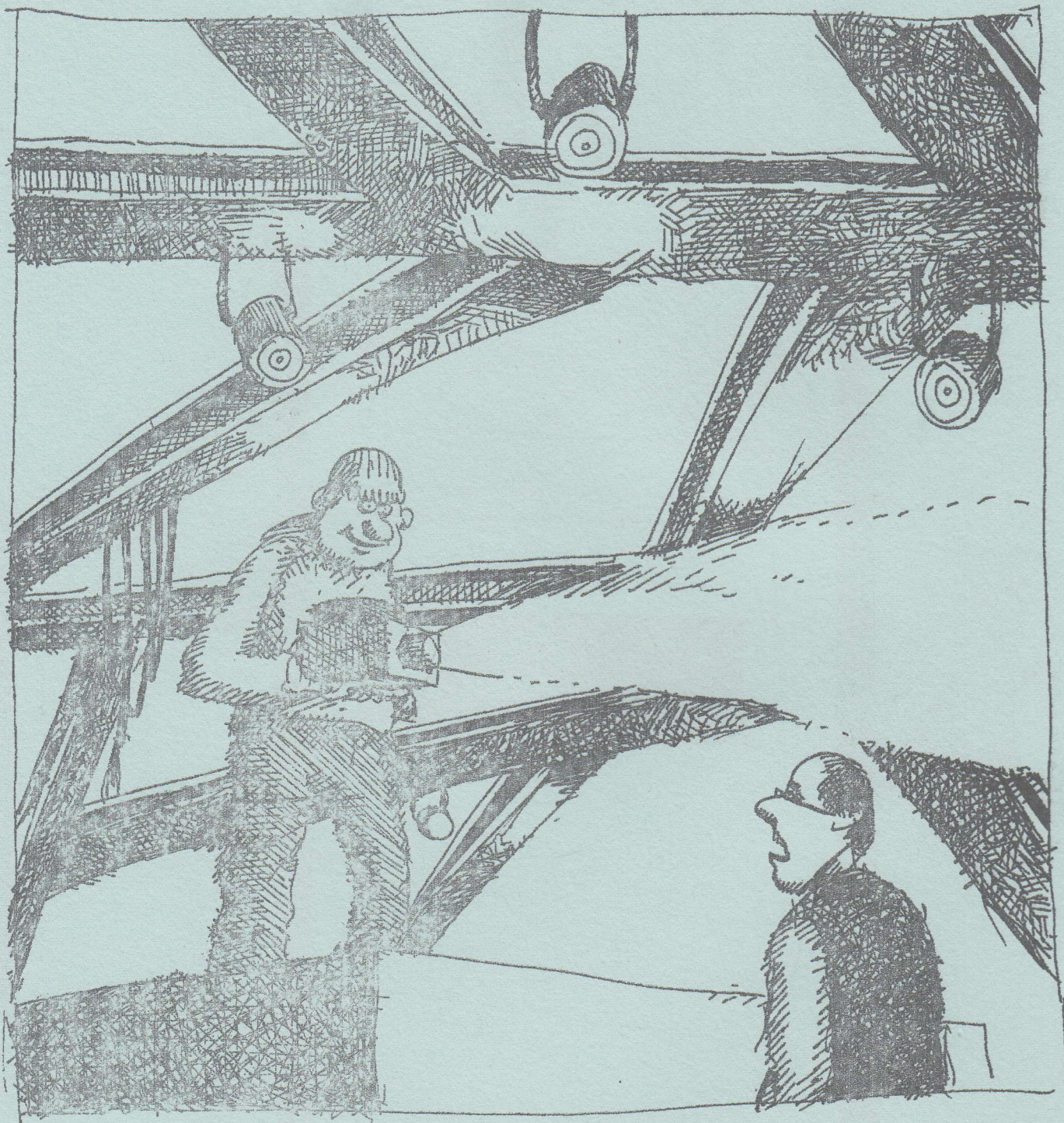
quick reflexes, pushes the tired clown out the circus wagon door. The clown, full of cotton candy, creeps back to the stands. The ringmaster finds a banana peel on the circus wagon floor and, in a last desperate attempt to destroy the clown, he tosses it right at his feet. The clown slips and falls flat on his face creating an enormous "BURP!!!" His body explodes becoming a huge mass of cotton candy.

Peter Straus



Buck's Rock
Summer Theater

1982



"That's not what I mean when
I say 'project' "

David Foster

The Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie is a complex play about a schoolteacher who struggles with idealism and eventually cannot handle reality. I play an artist who has a love affair with her.

All right, I must get into character, but what does that mean for me? It means that I must try to have the needs and then the feelings that this man has. This is not an easy task for me. I must first stop "thinking" about how I should "act" and simply feel without analyzing the role or interjecting sarcastic and judgmental tones where they are unnecessary and irrelevant. The character which I must "become" is a schoolteacher who is a direct, amorous 36-year old with a wife, five children, and a one time schoolteacher/mistress with whom he is obsessed. I, on the other hand, am 15 years old and going to school, and have no real idea of what it is like to be married. So, in order to fully "act" out this character, I have to feel emotions and experience situations which have not arisen in my life.

By the time of the performance, I started to feel and act like this character. If I had had two more weeks or months I would have learned more and more about the nuances and idiosyncrasies of my character. Although more could have been done, the performance was the end, the completion.

- Zachary Karabell

Once Upon A Mattress

As I walked into Chorus that day, I was greeted with, "You're the Queen." Blank stare.

Mike Lirtzman repeated, "You're the Queen." "Huh?"

"The girl playing Aggravain quit and we need you to fill in." To say that I was thrilled was the understatement of the year. As a vocal music C.I.T., I had known for months that the Music Shed would be putting on "Once Upon A Mattress." And since I had been in a school production of "Mattress," I was literally counting the days until camp and the auditions.

The auditions came, and so did the cast list. I was awarded the role of Lady Debbie (all Chorus members took their own names). Being told that I now had a lead role after resigning myself to a chorus role was slightly unexpected, to say the least.

Rehearsals began immediately. I had two definite advantages: I was already familiar with the show and my character, and I was in only one musical number. This left me more time to study my lines, especially the mammoth "Mamalogue."

Mike began teaching the chorus the group musical numbers. Everyone had a great time singing and dancing, and once again I fell "in love with a girl named Fred."

Hour-and-a-half singing sessions quickly turned into two-hour blocking stints, which were in turn replaced by three-hour run-thrus. The rehearsal reminded me of a jigsaw puzzle: we had to fit a "Mattress" together out of song, dance and dialogue. At times it was really frustrating to go over a particular step or line a dozen times, especially since we were working in the middle of an intense heat wave. But rehearsals were often rewarding too, like the days we got "Shy" and "Opening for a Princess" down pat.

Before I knew it, the three weeks of rehearsals were over and we were up to tech and dress rehearsals. Again I was reminded of a jigsaw puzzle: the orchestra pieces and the singing pieces needed work before they'd fit together.

Saturday was performance day, and as we polished the last rough edges, I could feel the tension and excitement building. Finally it was showtime. I loved knowing that we were putting on a hilarious, lots-of-fur show for about two hundred people. We all really hammed everything up. I almost caused a communal heart attack, though, when I accidentally did scene six after scene three. When I realized my goof I was stunned and horrified -- I'd just skipped my solo scene. Somehow I was able to continue the scene without letting the audience know the mistake, and we went back to my scene right after. Heavy sigh of relief.

The rest of the play went smoothly, and there was a cast party afterward. Hard as it was to believe, everything was over: the "Mattress" puzzle was completed.

Debbie Cooper



COSTUME SHOP

Lauren Rosenthal

Costume Shop is a very different place. The people down here are quite unusual. Wendy is wonderful, witty, and wild! Lorna is lovable, loony and loquacious! Toni Nanette is nice and nutty! They make it a fun place to be in.

I come here because I enjoy helping out with making costumes. On the machine, I sew sashes and hem skirts. When I sew by hand, I sew diamonds on dresses and stripes on pants. Circles and long rectangles, which I cut out of fabrics, are used as decorations.

This summer I also got involved with make-up. I went to a meeting where Tom the clown taught us how to apply all different kinds of make-up. I use my fingers or a brush or powder puff to apply base, blush, eye shadow, eye liner, lipstick, and mascara to the faces of the performers.

Janice Greene

Down at the stage there is always something going on, from building acute-angled flats to impressive thrusts. A thrust is part of a set that is built out of the proscenium (you'll have to look that one up by yourself). Other favorite activities are redecorating flats and lugging them in between the "Studio" and the "Amphitheatre." Then, of course, there is the "S.M." - Slave Master (really Stage Manager). This position is held by power-hungry C.I.T.'s, even breathing off-beat will upset them. Many campers have been threatened by growling SM's with the ultimate in punishment, scrubbing the amphitheatre with, you guessed it, a toothbrush. I've enjoyed working on sets all summer, but it leaves me with one question. If, "All the world's a stage," can we make the campers-build it?

-Rebecca "Becky" Mison, C.I.T.

CONSTRUCTION

SET

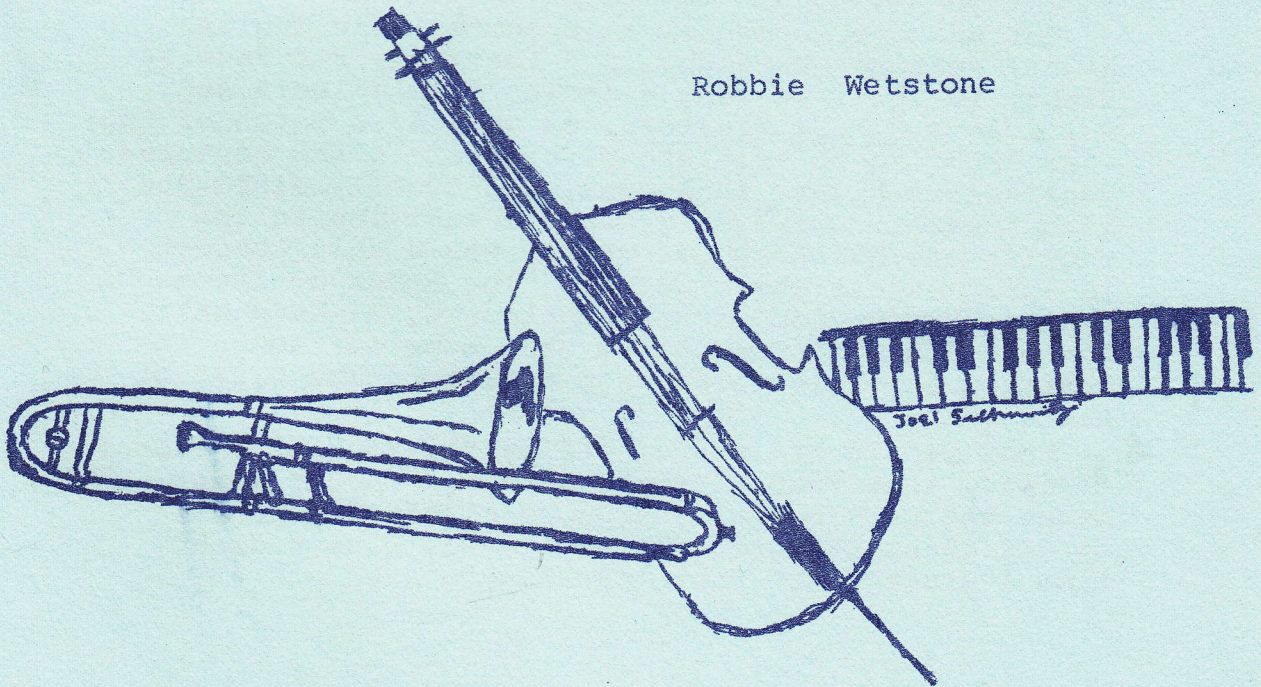
ORCHESTRA

I walked up to the Music Shed extremely tired. I didn't really feel like playing today, but I knew it would be fun, it always is. The atmosphere at Mushed is such that anyone can be comfortable there. I walked into the instrumental room and put together my trombone. Bob Zimmerman carried his bass out and Alex warmed up on the piano. I found a stand and put out my music. Richard lit his pipe and talked with Davis. A typical day in the orchestra.

"Okay everybody take a seat," Mike announced. Paul took out his 'troomput' and sat down. "Take out Masque," Mike said. A slight groan was heard. We got through half of the song and he stopped. "Beginning," he said calmly. Paul cracked a joke and Richard added to it, Mike started the orchestra again, same as always.

Mike Lirtzman is the director of Mushed and conducts the orchestra. Although he takes his music seriously, he has a sense of humor, not a good one, but he has one. No experience is needed to be in the orchestra. All you need is a desire to play.

Robbie Wetstone





"Now listen banana-heads, this is how it goes!"
 Anyone walking past the Music Shed during rest hour might hear the above comment spoken by Mike Lirtzman, leader of the Buck's Rock Chorus.

I first joined chorus last year. This was not because I was dying to sing, but because a friend dragged me there to lift me out of a temporary depression. Although I was angry at her then for bringing me someplace against my will, it turned out to be the best thing she could have done.

This year as a vocal music CIT, my attendance at chorus is automatic. Although some things are different this summer (such as my being the one to set up and clean up), chorus is very much the same: we have fun singing while we learn. One aspect that has always impressed me is although no knowledge of music is required to join, the chorus always sounds as if all its members read music.

Our main performances this summer were English Night, Renaissance Night, and Festival. For English Night, in July, we sang a medley from Gilbert and Sullivan's H.M.S. Pinafore, as well as a batch of English "pub" songs complete with soloists and costumes. Renaissance Night, in August, was equally elaborate with separate madrigal groups in addition to the regular chorus. Also noteworthy was a Gala Concert in early August where we sang "The Reeds of Innocence", written by our Composer-in-Residence, Richard White. For our Festival Concert we sang some new songs in addition to selections from our "greatest hits" of the summer.

Many people are scared off by the idea of a chorus, claiming they "can't sing". This is exactly what makes the Buck's Rock Chorus so different: people of all ages, backgrounds, and levels have a great time learning that they "can sing".

-Debbie Cooper



Jazz Band

I've always like jazz, I always will, so when I heard that a jazz specialist called Justin DiCioccio from Princeton University was coming up to the camp, I was thrilled.

At 2:00 every day a bunch of people go to Mushed to rehearse for the big jazz night. Complete sections of saxophones, rhythm and brass make up the Jazz Band. Justin picks up his baton and starts 'doo boppin'.' The Shed quickly fills up with vehemence and fire. We go into choruses of improvisations in a couple of songs and carry the beat through the entire hour. Some of the songs are "Stompin' at the Savoy" written by Benny Goodman, and "Shaker's Song." At 3:15 we pack up and leave.

Buck's Rock is lucky to have Justin as the new 'Jazz Guy.' He is also conducting two jazz combinations and the jazz choir. He is teaching Buck's Rockers how to improvise and how to get the feeling of playing jazz. After all, jazz is found in two places, the ear, and the heart.

- Robbie Wetstone

At 3:30 everyday, Justin DiCioccio and his jazz vocal choir bopped to an intense beat, and spent an hour having a wonderful time singing and learning the many meanings and forms of the concept "jazz music."

While the rest of the chorus would sing organized back-up figures, each individual had a chance to experience and develop their imagination and spontaneity through a form of improvisation called "scat singing." Justin also spent hours explaining jazz concepts: what makes it different; how to interpret the beats and broader topics to help people in music and any other things they may want to undertake.

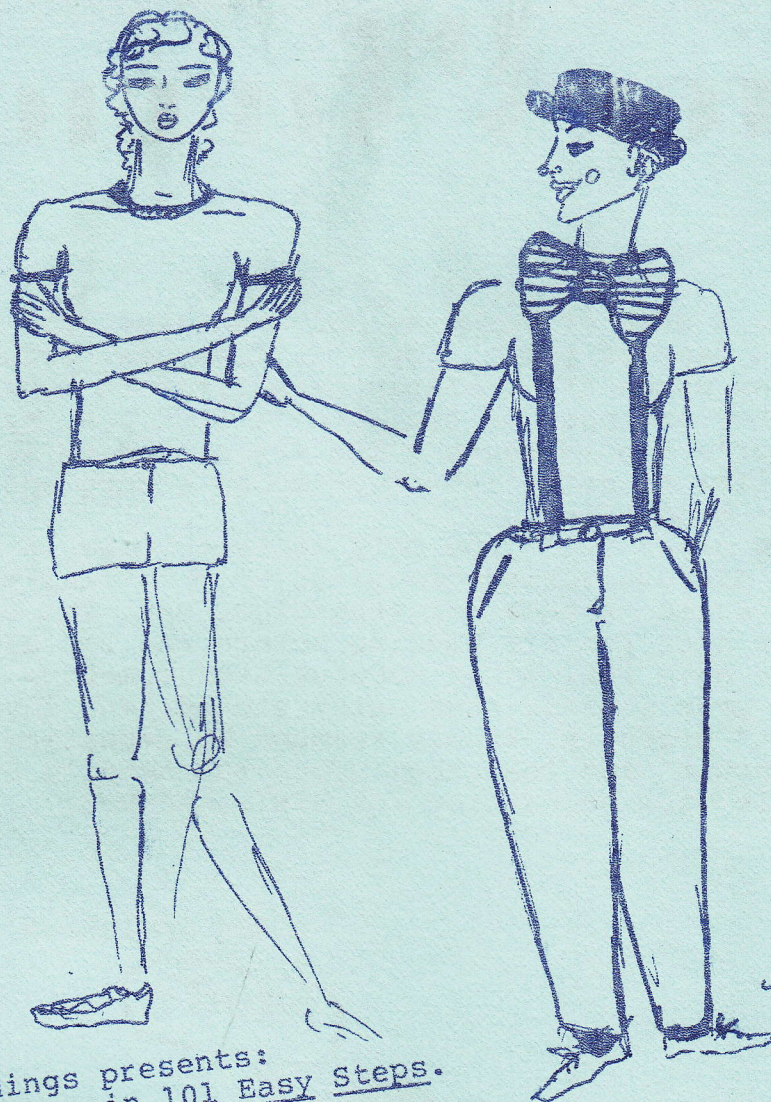
The styles of jazz we sang ranged from the fast, bouncy "Everybody's Boppin'" to the slow, heavy style of "Melba's Blues."

Even our mistakes turned out to be nice experiences when tensions were broken by Justin's gruff voice saying, "Ya know what I mean, man?" The laughter that followed accounted for the relaxing and enjoyable atmosphere of the 1982 jazz vocal choir.

-Rachel Lirtzman

JAZZ
Chorus

MIME



Laura Rosenthal

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Step #22-Choose any unhuman position with one part of your body leading. This is the brain of the creature. Get down low... lower... no, lower. Now try to slither toward the center of the room without using your feet, (don't forget to lead with the brain of the creature).

Step #6-Get as far away from a partner as possible. Run towards each other with all your might. But before you get there...

Step #90-Look at the rope in the middle of the room. You don't see the rope, but it's there. Try climbing up. As you climb, don't look down, you might get dizzy. As you slide down try not to get a rope-burn.

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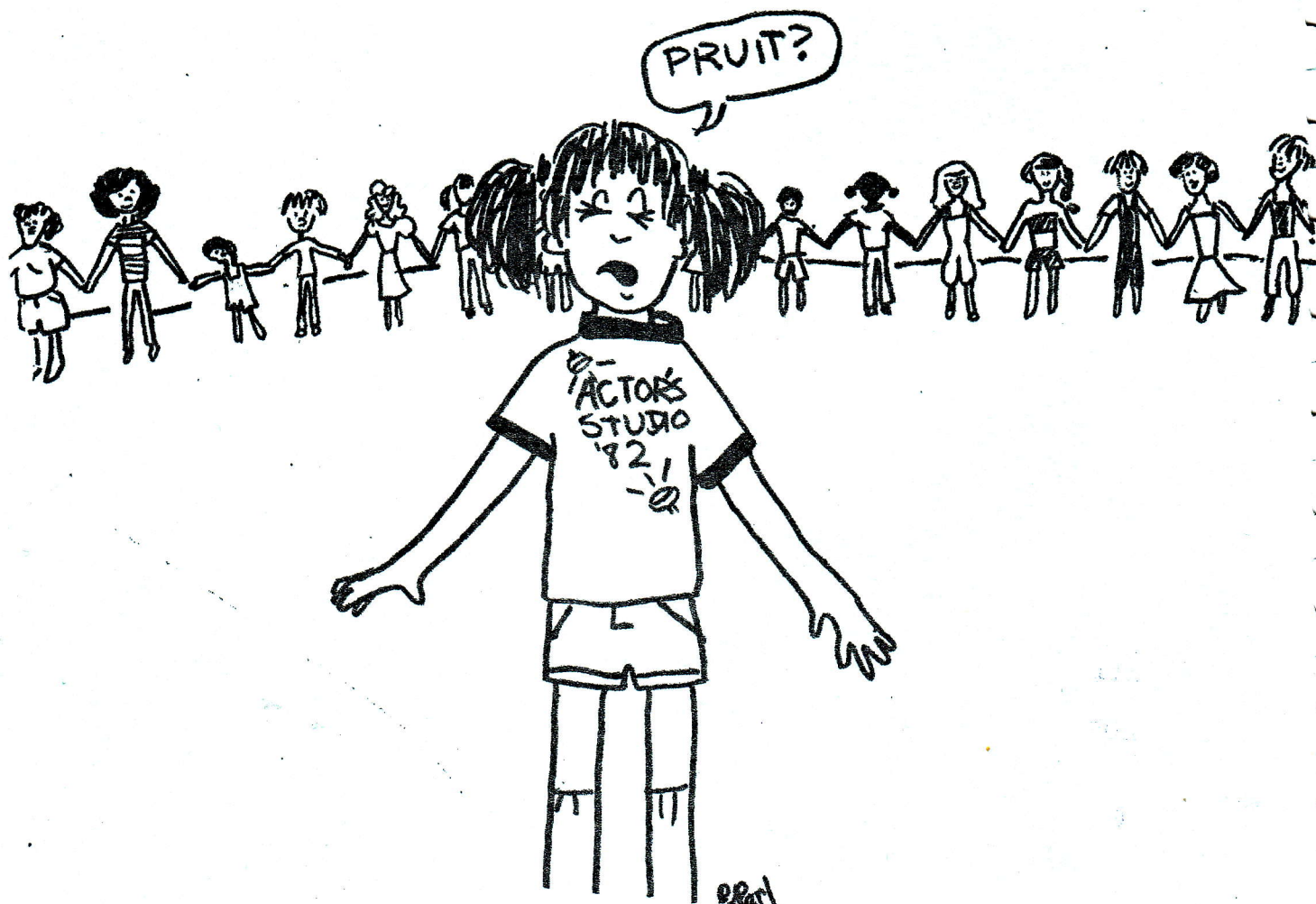
-Nicole Cajou
 Peter Straus

THE ACTOR'S STUDIO

Zoom is a game of currents and headfakes. The Actor's Studio is a game of pruit, Improvs, Freeches, Scenes and Skits. These names are probably unfamiliar to many Buck's Rockers. They are part of the Actor's Studio's jargon. In the Actor's Studio these games are played to develop acting skills; to establish trust among actors and to just have a good time.

Playing games isn't the only activity done in Actor's Studio. We discuss various emotions, how to deal with them and how to build on them for theatrical use. The Actor's Studio is a home for all budding actors and for all people who like to have fun. So if someone ever comes up to you with their eyes closed, arms outstretched, and saying the word "pruit" urgently, kindly respond by repeating the word "pruit" and lead them up to the Actor's Studio where people will be waiting for him...and you.

- Cara Applebaum





DANCE Modern Jazz Ballet Tap

Buck's Rock's Dance Studio offers all these techniques to those interested in the art of dance.

Through classes, rehearsals, choreography workshops, and excellent helpful counselors, we, the dancers have learned new skills as well as developed our old ones.

In the past few summers, the dance program has expanded to include both new forms of dance (tap, boys' class), and has stressed a more professional attitude.

All the dancers this summer have put a lot of hard work into creating and choreographing dances for each of the three performances. Midsummer concert, Dance Night, and Festival are constantly worked on while classes are still being taught.

"Dance is not just standing up and moving your tushies to the music." This has been stressed by our counselors who have also taught us to appreciate that Buck's Rock is here for us to be creative. As they say "choreograph ideas and expand your knowledge of the art; we as dancers must inform our audience that we are not a simple chorus line or cheerleaders, but dancers."

- Nina Lesser
Kathy Paltrowitz

R. Jensen

Expression Through Movement

"Smile!"

"Look at the audience!"

"Flat back -- I want to be able to eat dinner on it."

"Point your toes."

"Sixteen jumps in first position!"

"A five, six, seven, eight!"

"Flex, hard, point, flex."

"Table top-hands."

"SHUT UP AND DANCE!"



DANCE NIGHT



These quotes can be heard in any rehearsal in preparation for Dance Night. In spite of the last quote, the dancers still have the enthusiasm to keep drilling and working to make this year's Dance Night "the best Dance Night ever". On those hot, yicky days at nine a.m. or one in the afternoon (the best hours of the day), you can see these performers coming to and from the Stage or Dance Studio in tights, legwarmers, and leotards while others are cool in bathing suits and shorts.

Don't get discouraged by this. Dance Night is still exciting and brings the dancers close together, as a family. Together we survive the pitfalls and wonderful times that are shared during the making of this performance. We, as dancers, are prepared to make the commitment to performing, and try our best to please both the audience and ourselves.

Through all the anxiety, tension, nervous stomachs, practices, warm-ups and late rehearsals, the love of dance bonds us all. We hope Dance Night has brightened your summer as much as it has brightened ours.

Kathy Paltrowitz
Nina Lesser

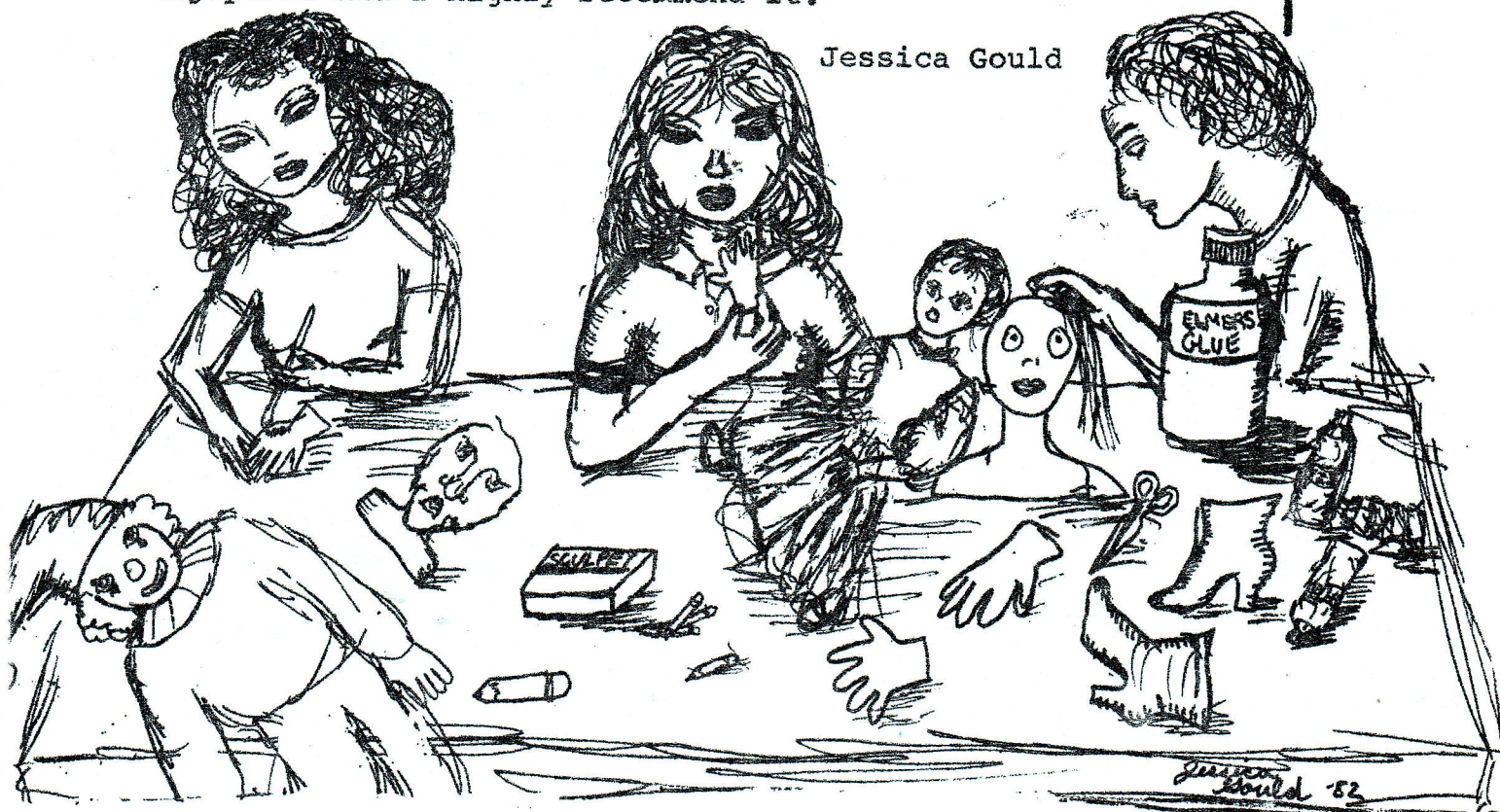
As one climbs up the steps of the Girls' House, the smell of clay and acrylic paint fill the air. They combine into a smell which is truly recognizable as that of the puppetry shop.

In the far corner of the Upstairs Lounge against the windows, is a table. This table could be called the "center" of the shop because between the hours of 2:00 and 4:00 it is usually filled with about ten people working on puppets. This year people have made puppets ranging from Shakespeare to E.T. to a rock star to a drunk.

The procedure to make these puppets is as follows: you make a round ball out of a special modelling clay called "Sculpy", and pinch a neck, shoulders, and nose out. Along with the head you make two hands, claws, paws, pinchers, etc. To this add a matching set of feet. All of these parts get fired about two days after they are made. Once they're fired, it's time to paint. To make a simple flesh color, you must mix Burnt Sienna with Titanium White, although I have seen people make various puppets whose skin color needed a unique mixture of Thalo Blue and Vermillion Red! After painting the final task of making the costume arises. To draw a pattern for a rather simple dress, the front and back of the garment are drawn on a piece of paper with arms outstretched, in outline form. Then the pattern is cut out and pinned to the desired fabric to be used as a sort-of stencil. The fabric is cut out and both sides are sewn. The puppet is stuffed, a rod stuck up the body, wires in the hands, and your puppet is finished.

I have found the Puppetry Shop to be particularly enjoyable and I highly recommend it.

Jessica Gould





Marc Sznajderman

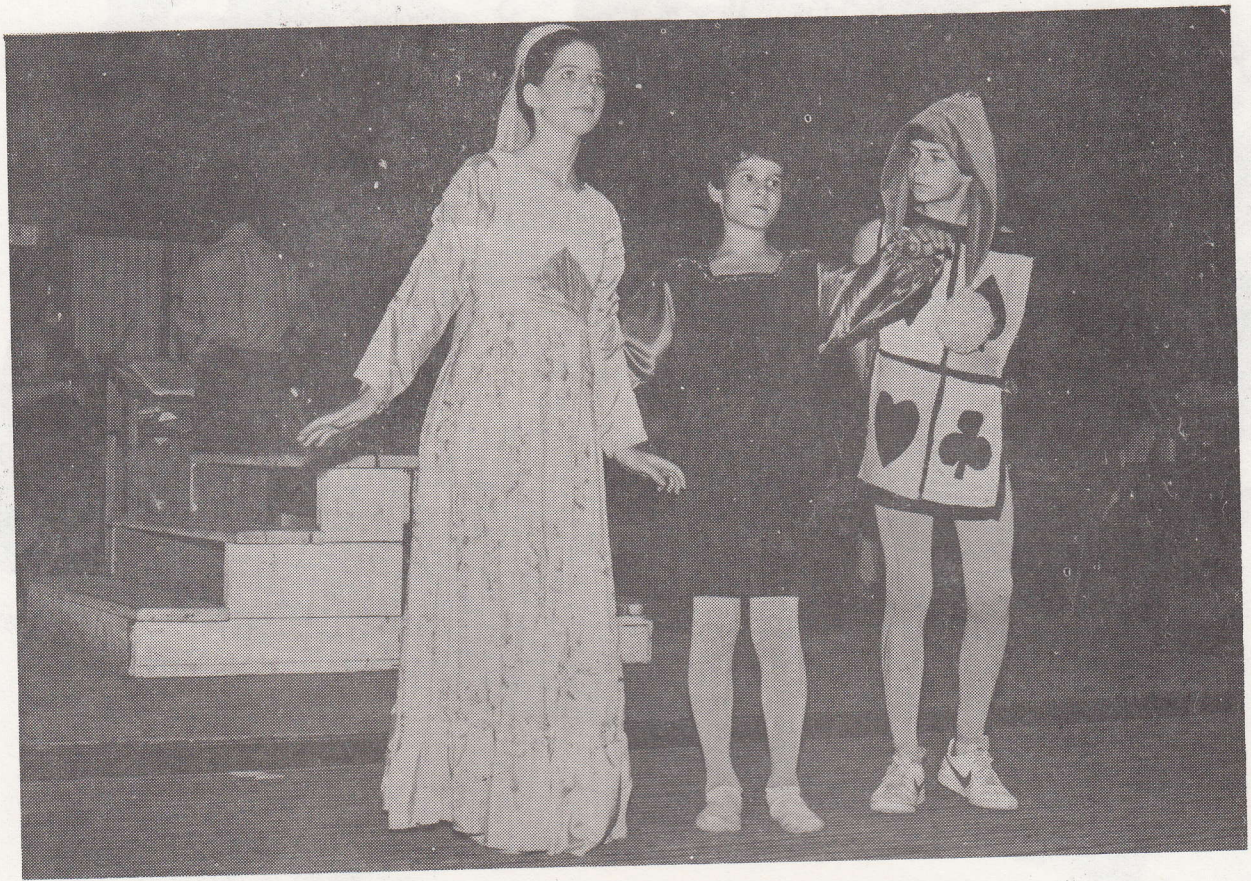


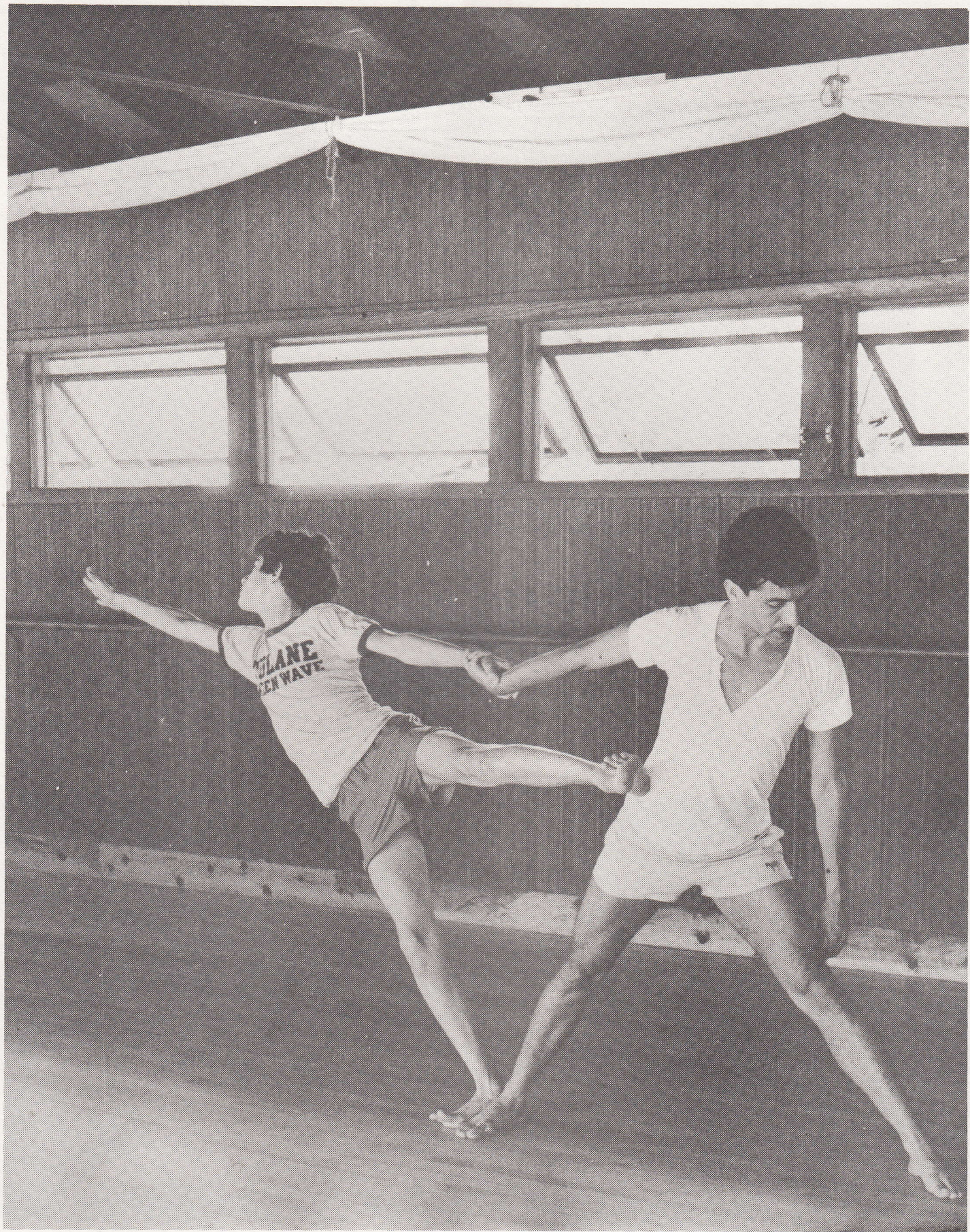


Robert Bender

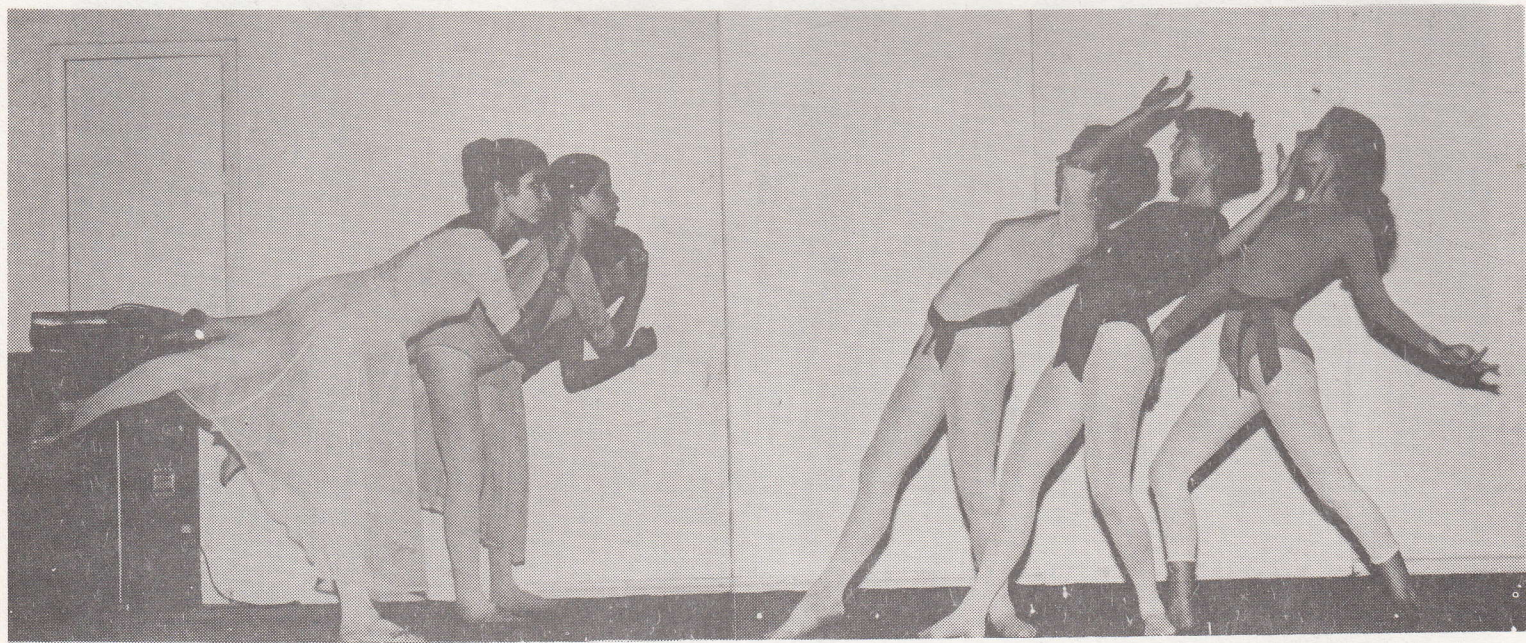
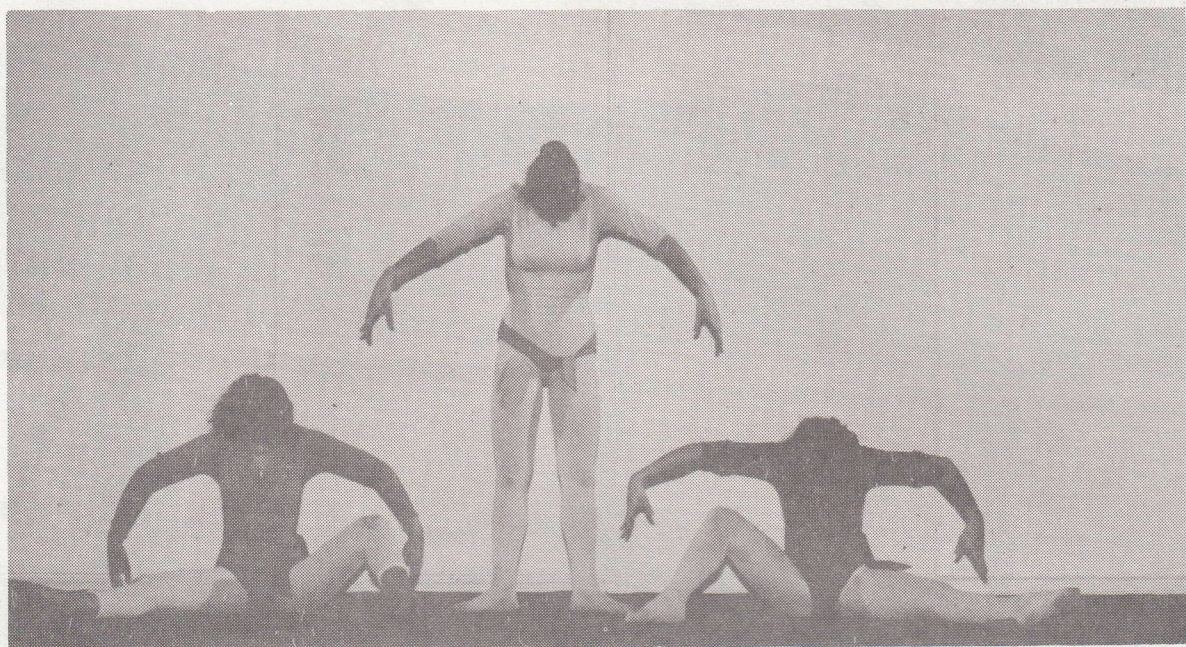


Aaron Kromash





Marc Sznajderman

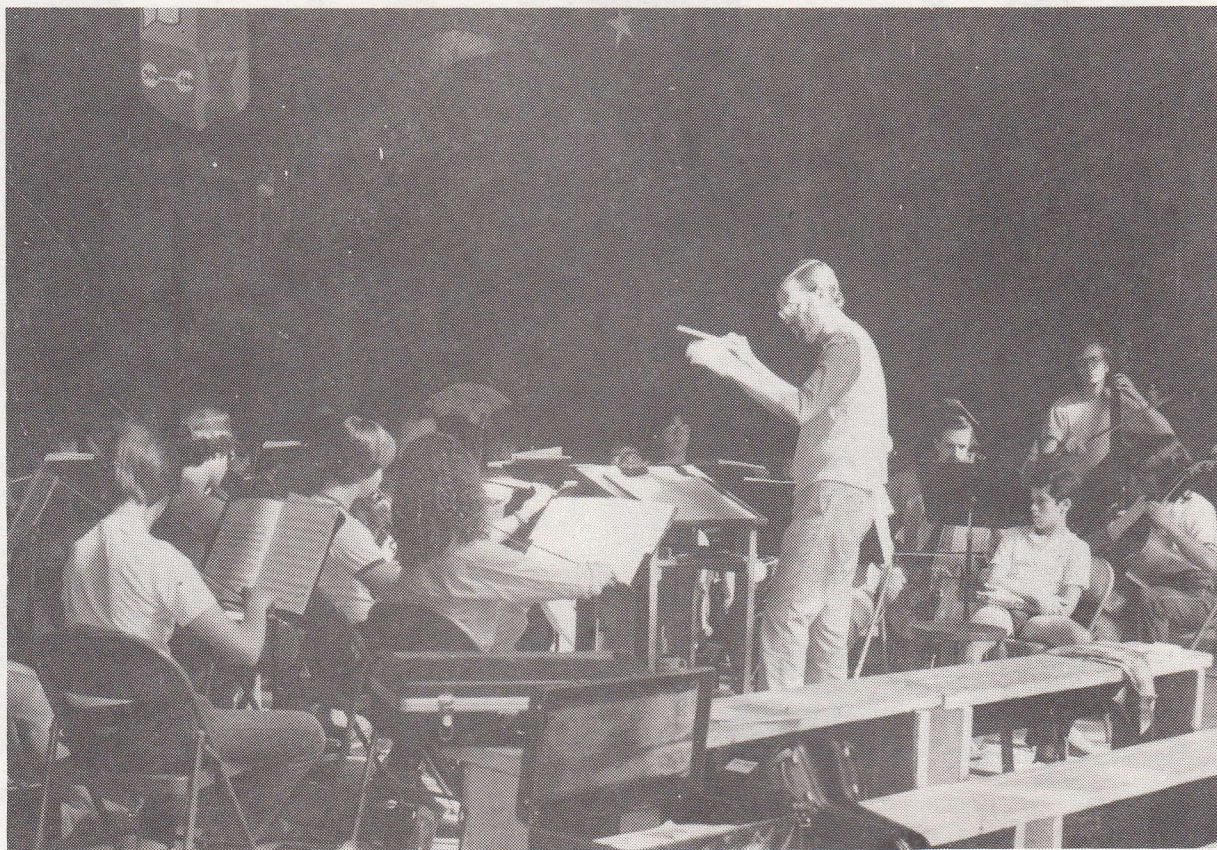




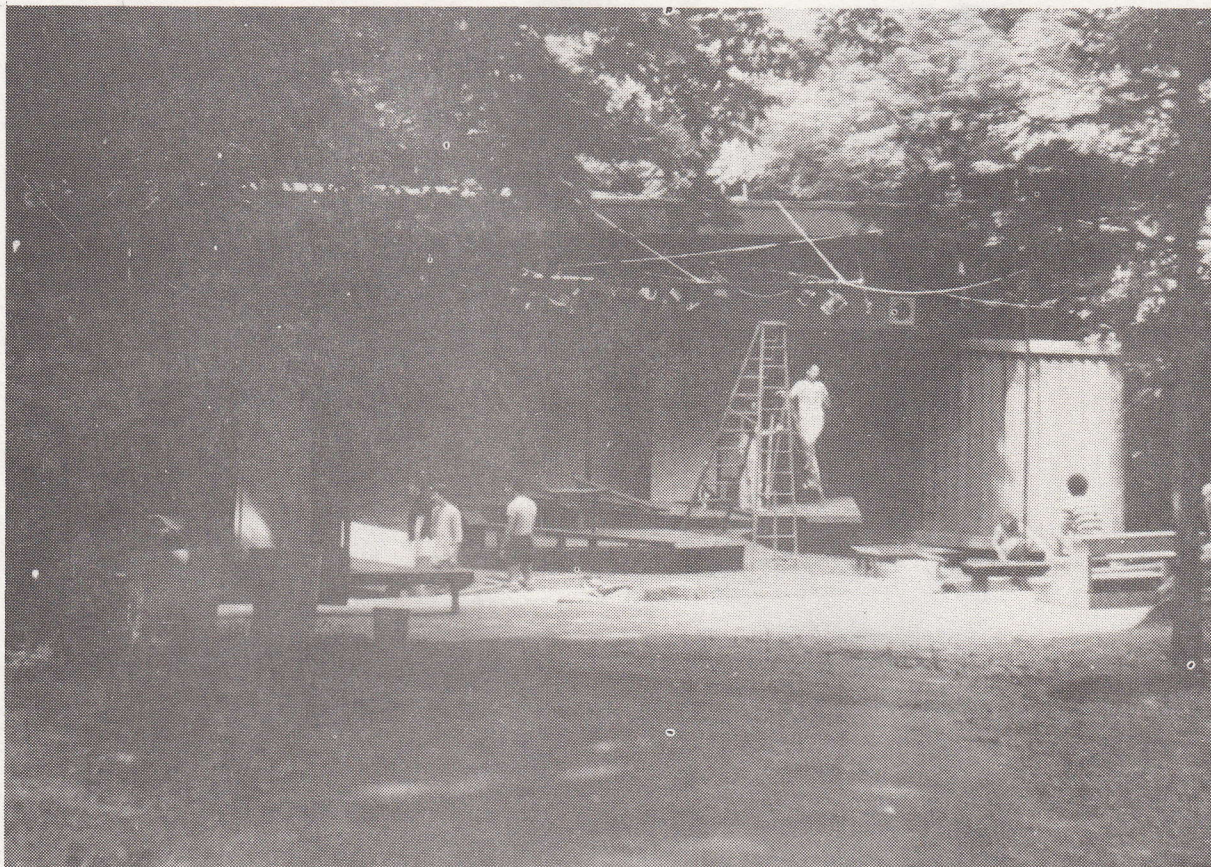
Andy Williams



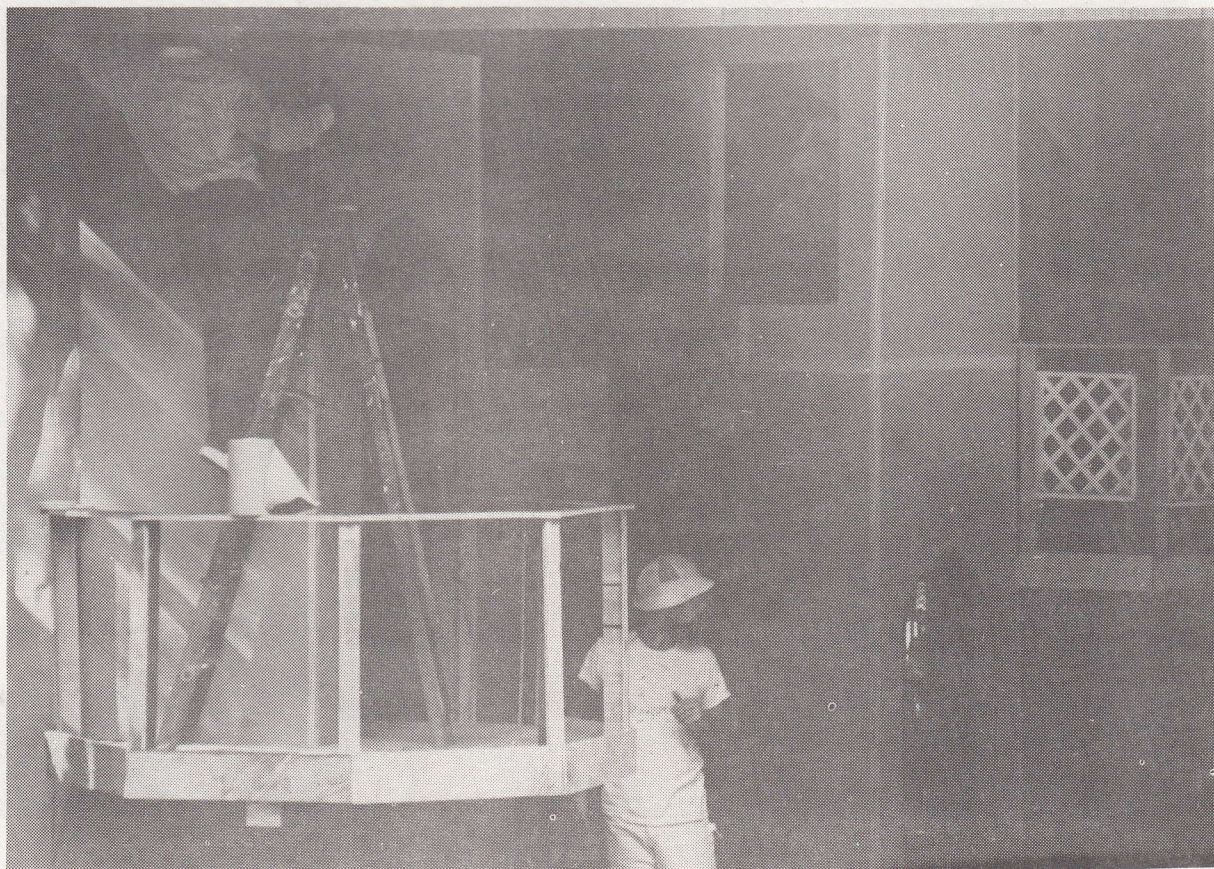
Steve Pudell



Marc Sznajderman



Robert Bender



Zachary Karabell



Robert Bender



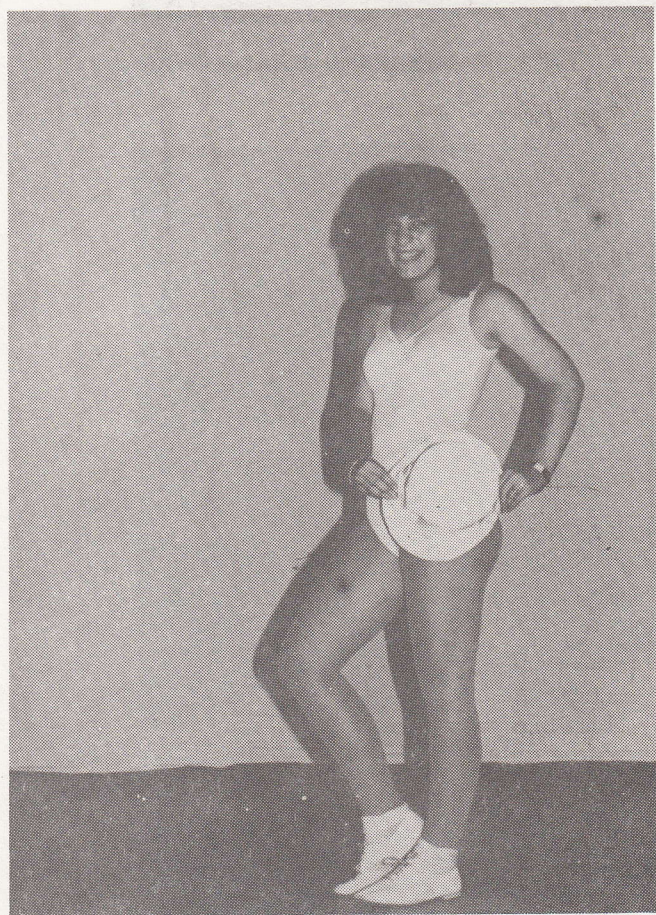
Robert Bender



Stuart Bernstein



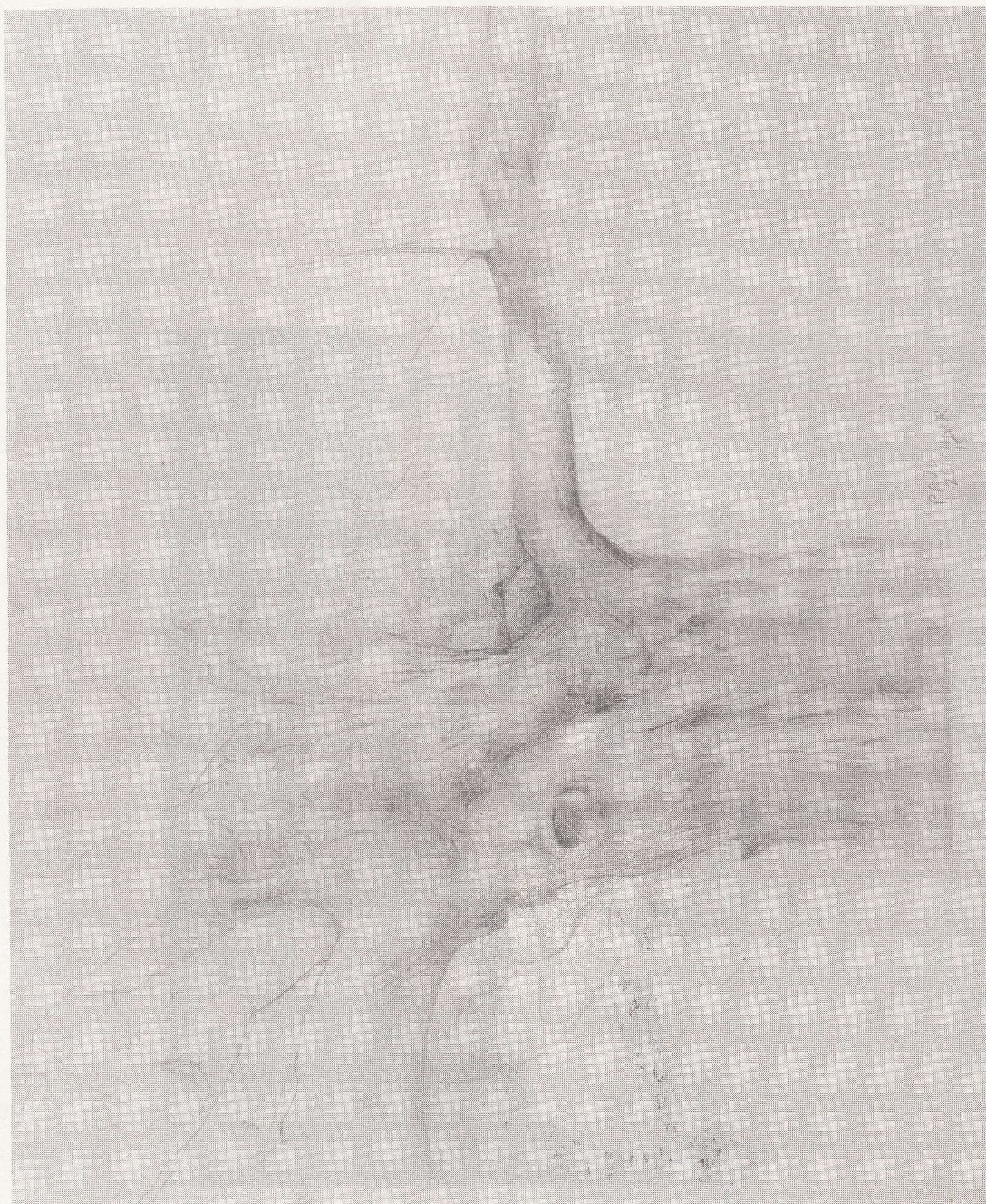
Stuart Bernstein



**DANCE
NIGHT**



Mary Zamore



1904
2/11/04

LITERARY/ARTS

The word "CODA" means the final part of a piece of music, a fitting name for our yearbook. However, this title also has a special meaning for me, because this is my last year at Buck's Rock.

I have tried to express my feelings about leaving in poetry because it does not impose as many restrictions as prose. Often poetry will simply express a feeling rather than tell a story, whereas similarly plotless fiction is labelled a "vignette" or "slice of life" piece, sometimes even called a "prose poem." Last year I wrote a poem about saying goodbye, because I felt badly about leaving my friends. This year my pain is deeper - I have not yet found a way to say what I want.

At our Squantz Pond workshop this year we discussed the differences between prose and poetry. People cited the lack of restriction ("poetic license") in poetry, as well as the rhythmic quality even non-rhyming poems often have. Indeed, most of the talk was about structural difference. I sat in silence, trying to figure a way to describe the real difference, the difference in the feeling of poetry. I could not. Perhaps by reading these poems, it will become clearer to you. Of all the pieces in yearbook, the poems may be the most personal. As this piece of music comes to its end, our memories remain.

Jennifer Deissman

Poetry Editor

A piece of fiction is a literary work whose content is produced by the imagination. It's not necessarily based on fact, but the writer does draw from the world around him.

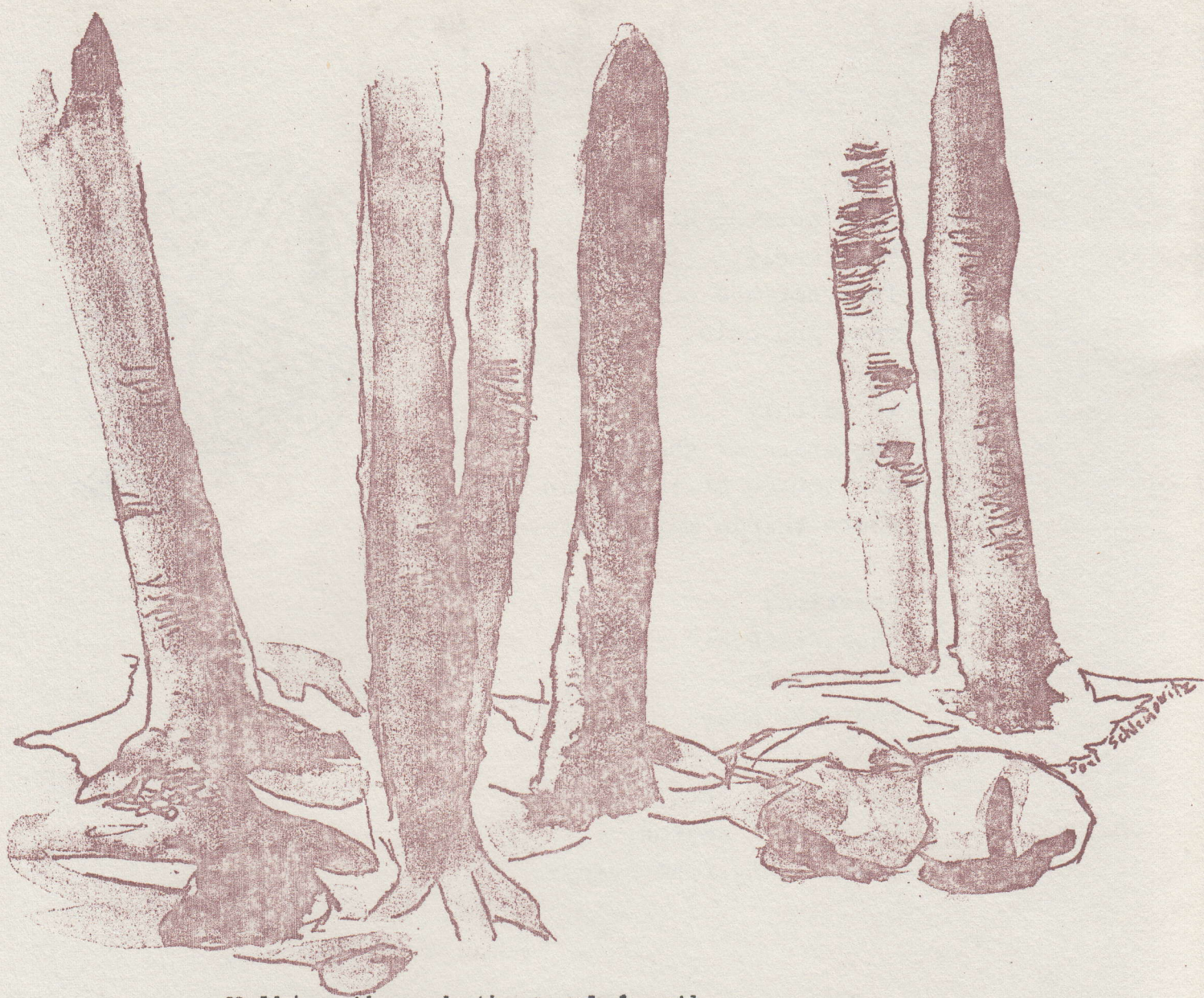
Portions of this summer have been rendered immortal in CODA. In the fiction section, portions of the creative mind have also been rendered immortal.

The bench I'm sitting on to write this is crisscrossed; wood ingrain and human carvings. "Amy '79" may have inscribed her name out of boredom, but inside was the desire to have it live forever. The problem is, this bench will be sanded, or painted, or rotted away, and "Amy '79" will disappear.

Buck's Rock "Summer '82" will not disappear. In writing about it, we have expressed concretely what would otherwise just fade into memory. This yearbook will survive, Summer '82 has been captured. A copy will lie in, say someone's dusty attic, or, less romantic, a crate, a bookshelf, a basement.... Certainly CODA will lie in one of the drawers of the Pub Shop file, where Buck's Rock's literary works are preserved. The 1982 drawer is about to be closed, filled with pieces of our summer, and pieces of our imaginations.

Vanessa Moss

Fiction Editor



Walking through the wooded path
Enjoying pleasures of Winter
Icicles dripping from the frosty green pines.

Crunching of snow
Not so noisy, more quiet
Pleasures of Winter
Undergoing destruction.

Glimmers of melted ice caused by the sun
Realizing pleasures of Winter
Almost done.

-Jon Aronson

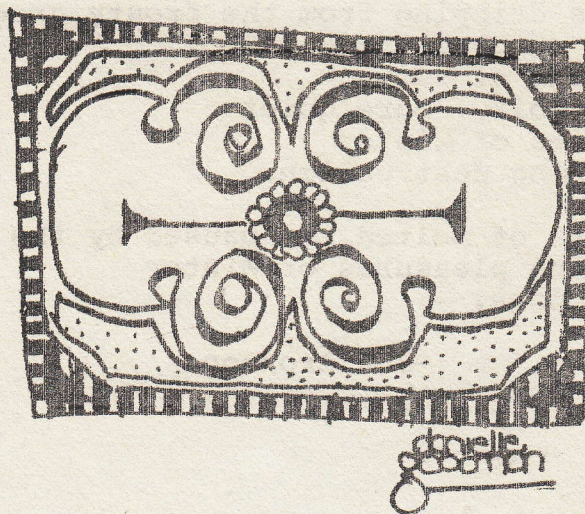
It's not the sky I want.
too lonely.
It's not the ocean.
vast and cold.

It is only
The stars of the sky.
The bottom of the ocean.
Where things may settle.

Sometime,
when stars are closer,
I may turn
and race away.

Even now I know,
wherever I search,
I will only find myself.

-Gail Kupferman



As I sat here writing muse,
I realized that I had to choose,
What shop to go, where to preside,
To fulfill my creativity lurking inside.

I sought this spirit, and finally caught her,
As my impatience grew shorter and shorter,
I questioned her, on where to go
But no answer came from down below.

At last, on two, I made up my mind,
Certainly the finest you could find,
'Pub and Print were the pair,
But the question was, which one to fair?

At last, reeling, from troubled thought,
Print was the one my conscience sought,
But a delicate problem made me hype,
Stationary or envelopes, and what kind of type?

While I battled against this difficult query,
A feeling inside of me grew contrary,
Strangely, I felt like a ghost was leaving,
What was it? I thought, as I left for weaving.

by Marc Goodman.




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~~~~~  
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There once was a frog. He liked his life. One day one of his relatives, a snake, was scooped up and taken to the zoo. All the people watched the snake, but thought the snake boring and left. The snake didn't think the people were so interesting either, after a while I mean. At first, of course it was interesting, but it's not like the snake could tell the people apart; it's not like the people put on a show or anything.

The snake got smart to the fact that this was where he was going to spend the rest of his life, so he decided to try and escape. He missed his wife so much you see( well, not his wife, they were going out, snakes don't get married you know), and he was curious to see some of his own kids. He wanted to live his life, and he couldn't do it here, in a cement box. After a while the snake realized he wasn't smart enough to escape.

One day the snake was just lying there and this punk came along, and when no one was looking(except the snake and a couple of other slimy creatures), the punk pierced the snake's tail with a safety pin.

It hurt the snake, who instinctively tried to bite back. It hurt the snake physically, but also emotionally that that is what people would do, inflict pain upon each other. The snake then felt happy. He was glad there was a change in his life. He needed something to make things interesting; this was just the thing to do. The snake was happy.

Then the punk came back, the snake didn't recognize him until he noticed how illegally close this person was, and the colors of this person, and the smell of this person. The snake didn't really want any more safety pins, one is enough he thought, mainly because of the pain. When he slithered on the hard cold pavement, his tail clicked along, dragging behind him.

The punk spray painted the snake, except for his head and the area around the safety pin. He sprayed it orange, then purple, and a tiny bit green. It felt neat and the snake didn't resist at all. The punk was his friend, and he would visit and feed the snake hot pepper candy.

Nora Daniel

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
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Ellen Blakeley-A Girl with M.S. *by* Samantha Sherman

The six months Ellen had spent at the Green Oaks Hospital were finally up. The medical staff contacted Kandi, Ellen's sister, and told her the good news. Kandi was so overjoyed that she went to Green Oaks to pick up her younger sister immediately.

Ellen was enraged when she didn't find her mother there to greet her. Kandi told her that their mother had been unable to cope with the situation of Ellen's disability and of her own divorce.

"I can't understand why mother deserted us. It's unbelievable! How could someone I love and trust desert me when I need her most?" Ellen screamed.

Ellen, I'll always be here if you need me. Don't worry, I'll never desert you," Kandi said quietly. "We'd better get you unpacked and settled, and then let's talk."

Ellen, unable to control herself, burst out in tears. "Kandi, let's try to become sisters again. I need you." Kandi was overwhelmed by the feelings shown for her by Ellen.

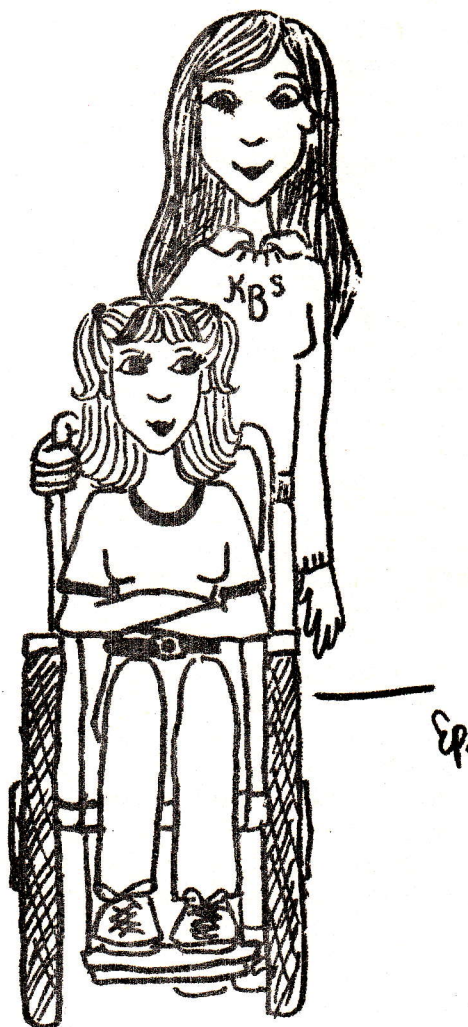
* * *

Three years ago, when she was nineteen, Ellen developed M.S. Her parents had been separated for several years and Ellen lived with her mother and sister. For the first year, Ellen's mother was constantly taking her to hospitals for tests and therapy. This naturally took up all of her mother's time. Kandi felt rejected and unloved because of the overwhelming amount of time her mother devoted to Ellen. But when Ellen entered Green Oaks,

Kandi had her mother back. Unfortunately, their mother was unable cope with the confusion in her own life: the separation and her daughter's disability. Finally, a month before Ellen was discharged from the hospital, her mother couldn't handle it anymore, and left.

* * *

Those first few weeks at home were good ones for Kandi and Ellen. They talked all the time and became closer than ever. They were both furious at their mother but at least they had each other.



THE CHALLENGE

By Claire Gueron

The sun was blazing. As they trudged up the slope, their breath grew shorter and their pace slower. They had been walking for nearly three hours but to Karen it seemed forever. She knew that her four cousins were better hikers than she was but she had accepted the challenge. Now she regretted it. She wondered how she could have been mad enough to think she could keep up with them. Her heart was pounding frantically and thoughts were jumbled in her mind. If only they'd slow down...should she ask them to?

"Are you okay, Karen?"

"Sure."

No, she'd set herself a goal and she had to stick to it until the end. She tried to focus her thoughts on something besides how tired, hot and thirsty she was. She thought of yesterday's T.V. show. That guy with the glasses had really made her laugh...What time was it? 1:30. They'd been walking for about four hours now. They stopped for lunch. Pretty view. "Hey Karen, leave us some water, too." Oh God! She couldn't even drink! They weren't going to leave now, were they? She pulled herself up. 2:30. She usually loved hiking more than anything else but she had never gone with real hikers. This was something she wasn't accustomed to yet and she didn't understand what had made her do it. The people she usually

hiked with were much slower than she was and she could take her time and enjoy the walk, the countryside, the flowers at her own pace...

If only she had stayed home.. The others didn't seem tired. Well not as much as she was. At least she wasn't too far behind. She wondered how long she'd be able to go on like this. At five o'clock, the sun started to set, the shadows grew larger. They suddenly emerged from the forest and came upon a clearing from which they could look down on the valley and gaze across at the chain of mountains that spread in front of them. Below them, tiny houses, isolated or grouped together were scattered. Flocks of sheep and herds of cows were grazing on the grass. The setting sun coloured the sky and the whole countryside seemed afire. Jim and Becky stopped. "Only a half hour downhill from here. Let's finish off the lemonade and watch the sunset." They dropped their backpacks and sat down on the grass. Karen leaned back against a tree. That was it. She'd done it. She looked up at the pink sky and let the breeze blow through her hair. Becky turned to her, "Frankly Karen, I didn't think you'd make it. You walk well for a city kid."

As the sun was about to disappear, the sky flashed a bright green.

THE LAST MARTIAN

By Joanna Sucherman

The last martian walked down the dusty street. He was alone. All alone.

He went down to the rocket lot hoping to catch the 5:30 rocket. No one was there. Everyone had gone.

He went to the town square where everyone went to socialize. In the corner the instruments lay dusty and out of tune. He picked one up hoping someone would hear his note. No one did.

At 7:15 he watched the one sun on Mars rise. After the moon-rises he decided to fix himself some supper, there was plenty of food. He went to bed early, and cried himself to sleep.

When he woke up (his name was Jim, yes they have human names on Mars) he went over to see his neighbor. Then he realized he

no longer had a neighbor.

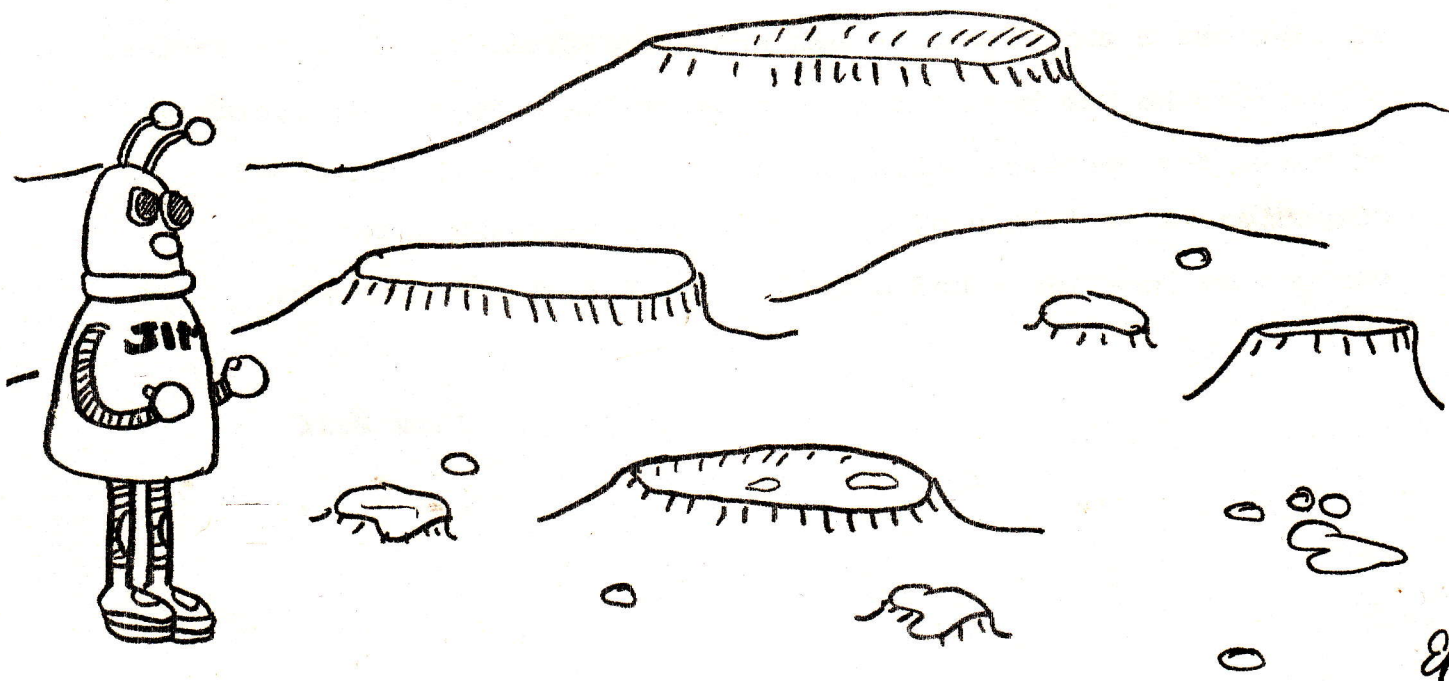
Jim went out onto his porch and started to recap the events as they had happened to him.

Two weeks ago Earth declared war on Mars. No one took the threat seriously. Only Jim did. Only Jim lived.

Venus, Jim thought, wouldn't be too bad. He had some friends there. The rocket wasn't that hard to operate. He knew he could somehow figure it out.

Jim went to the rocket lot, and read all of the instructions, and started count-down. The only problem was that the sign that said, NEVER USE THE AUTOMATIC POWER SWITCH BEFORE THE STATION IS FULLY OPERATIONAL, had been blown away during the war.

Jim hit the automatic power switch, and the last martian was no more.



Mr. S., the Unwanted Companion

I don't know quite when I met Mr..S., although I do know his acquaintance wasn't actively sought. It was unavoidable; knowing I was vulnerable at the time, the bastard approached me from behind, and by the time I was aware of his presence it was too late to fend him off. He accosted me at some traumatic moment when confidence was recuperating from brutal treatment. I paid little heed to the danger inherent in becoming his companion: he won't stand for rivals in my companionship, and is a real son-of-a-bitch to wrench free of. Intervening whenever I wish to meet others, he hushes me into silence, wielding his most potent of weapons - the fear of rejection.

A real party-pooper, Mr.S. causes eyes to dart nervously, hands to become awkward weights that try to hide in pockets, and makes speech an effort. In his most common manifestations, relative confidence is allowed in identifications, such as name, age, school, hobbies, etc., all the bits of information essential to filling out a superficial, camp character-profile. In more serious situations he has been known to deprive his companions/victims of these few conversational failsafes. Mr. S., the unwanted companion is no friend of mine. He's a paralyzing virus that thrives on loneliness and despair, and I want out with him.

Alex Wolf

BLIND DATE

By Erica Perl

Melony looked in the mirror for the thousandth time. Did she look all right? Hair? Freshly washed and styled eight times before it was perfect. Make-up? Flawless. Unsmudged lipstick, neat nails, etc. Teeth? Brushed! Body? Moisturized, showered, powdered. Clothes? After twenty or so changes, she was satisfied with her outfit: clean, new jeans, her best "comfortable" oxford shirt, a pale yellow fuzzy sweater, simple silver jewelry, and some plain pastel shoes.

After checking and rechecking her reflection, she took a seat on her large four-poster bed, and tried to come up with some good conversation items for the evening that lay ahead of her. She glanced at the clock again. It read 7:15. Fifteen more minutes, she thought, wiping her sweaty palms on her bedspread. With a sigh, she fell back on the bed, dreaming of wonderful gorgeous men with blond hair cantering across fields of flowers on white horses. Suddenly, the sound of the doorbell in the next room jolted her back to reality. He was here. Her blind date. All she knew was that his name was Dave, and he was one of her friend Lori's brother's friends.

"Mel-ony," called her mother from the living room, "there's someone here to see you!"

Melony stood up, took a deep breath, and walked through the door.

Standing near the front door was a boy. He was around four feet ten inches tall. Melony was five foot five. He had slightly oily dark hair, wire glasses and a small amount of acne. He was very thin, and he shifted his weight from foot to foot.

"Um hello?" she said slowly. The boy turned and saw her. His mouth broke into a big grin, exposing a sizable amount of wire.

"Hi!" he said, "I'm Dave. I'm your date tonight!"

* * *

On Monday, Melony tried to spend as little time as possible at her locker, hoping to avoid Lori.

Oh, God!, she thought, this time I've done it! Not only did I fall for the old 'blind date' routine, I actually spent an entire evening with that weirdo!

As she saw Lori turning the corner, she quickly scooped up her books, hoping to elude her. Unfortunately she was a bit too late, as Lori spotted her, and pelted her with questions about the date.

"Well, how was it?"

Melony just muttered a reply.

"Was he cute?"

Another murmur from Melony.

"Well? Fill me in on him!"

"Oh, cut the crap, Lori, you



Poems on the Pond

At this year's Pub Shop Trip to Squantz Pond, a writing workshop was held. The workshop was mostly on structure rather than content, with the emphasis on where to place line breaks. Three poems were handed out, each one rewritten as a paragraph. Our job was to decide where the breaks had been in the original poem. Afterward, we were given a free assignment to simply "write a poem." Most people chose the setting as inspiration. When used to the camp atmosphere, the peace and quiet of the pond was relieving. Some used the opportunity of silence to rethink things in their lives and write on them, but the majority wrote about the pond: the people, the ducks, the water, the calm. Artists also found the setting an ideal one for sketches. By the end of the day, while some people still remained blocked, the workshop had generally helped to inspire, as can be witnessed by the poetry and artwork below.

Jennifer Fleissner
Poetry Editor

There is part of me
in everything I write.

How much of me is on
this piece of paper.

What isn't?

The lines are questions.
Do I ask about myself?

How much of me is on
this piece of paper?

- Joel Schlemowitz

What is determination?
is it...
an ant crawling up a picnic basket?
a handicapped person climbing a mountain?
a child learning piano?

Maybe it is a person
trying to be herself
in the world of uniformity.

- Mary Ida Zamore

I came out here once before
with my friend's family,
looking for snails. My last supply
had long ago walked out of their shells. Minced
right out into the turtle tank
where they may still be, living
with the one remaining turtle and last month's chicken.

- Pam Renner

We sit
At a picnic table
By the side of the lake
'Defining' poetry
Yet ignoring
The real poem
Beside us.

The lake
Is shiny on the surface.
Glistening viridian
It beckons, waits,
Pulsates in its own cadence.
It flows.

Yet, underneath the surface
Strange currents move.
And you never know how deep it is
Until you go in.

- Sarah Kahn

Sitting at tables writing -
Pam writing lines and lines
Looking very absorbed...
A couple of people fidget,
watching cars and planes pass.
Erica sits
Lonely on a rock
Away from the rest of us.
Vanessa, so good at everything
And a looker too.
Mike staring, penetrating gaze.
A bunch of ducks come
Gliding up near the shore.
I'm not paying attention
Again.

- Danielle Goodman

The gray green water flows by me,
bark and sticks float,
the sun warms my shoulders,
the rock that supports me
is also heated.
I look up. Water is on all sides
but one,
yet I am not afraid.
A pair of Mallards swim by.
If I were alone
I might call out to them
even carry on a conversation
but something stops me now.
Three other ducks join them,
they eye me uneasily.
I wonder what it would be like
if there were no people.
Better, I'm sure, and much quieter.
Suddenly, I feel like an intruder.
This lake is not my home.
Yet it is the ducks'; who respects them?
I wish I could tell them
how I feel, and that I mean
no harm. I just want to
watch them. But all I can do
is sit in silence
and hope they understand.

- Erica Perl

The light shining through the trees,
where has it come from,
maybe from a UFO,
the sun showing us it still has light.

If you still have more light
through the dark ages of time,
please use it,
maybe you won't tell us where you came from,
but keep on showing us your light.

- Troy Levine



The calm here is a spell
and we're ingredients:
without us the water
rippling green as if pulled and waiting
would simply wait, no movement,
but the lake moves
across its back, toward nowhere
backpack of rocks.
You wouldn't find shells here
colored fish, salt spray, instead weed
tugs from the mud, croons
against white feet.
The ducks love the attention they're getting.
They swim in circles, pretending
to run away.

- Jen Fleissner

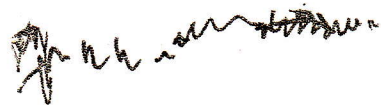




The sun glistens off the water
there is a strength and energy about it
though it is peaceful,
the trees loom over the lake, adding shade.
They add to each other
yet they also detract.
They each make the other bigger -
yet they share the spectrum.

It is a unique relationship
and who is to say who it helps
except that the balance is kept.

- James Eichner



Cool rippling water,
the sun hot and strong,
trees sway lightly.

Sunglasses, suntan lotion
and noise - then quiet.

Thinking of what to write,
how to write, and why I am writing.

Blocking out sounds of the wind and water
thinking, just thinking, of what
to write.

- Julie Peyton

RAY JASON

The First Day

As I walked slowly down the stairs my Mom reminded me it was the first day of school and told me to take my knapsack. Then she said something that horrified me. "Dear, you will buy lunch in school today."

I looked up from my breakfast. "You've gotta be kidding! I won't eat that slop." After that I barely ate my breakfast. I felt nervous. I didn't know why. I'd be with the same kids as in the fourth grade except not in the same class.

"Elizabeth, stop daydreaming," said Mom.

She drove me to school. As I approached the line I met my friends Laura, Jennifer, Tali, Tracy and Lisa. We started to chat but stopped when Ivan, Craig, Brian and David came over. They were good friends with Tali and me.

The early bell rang and we all trudged up the steps. As I reached my class, David and Jennifer followed me into the room. At least I knew some people. The rest of my friends went to Mr. Fleisher's classroom. Our teacher, Mrs. Glassen, told us to sit down. Both teachers are "duds".

Our teacher took attendance. I listened intently to the names. Most of the kids were "duds", at least that's what I thought. Then she explained the rules of the class. I turned to Jennifer and she smiled at me. That made me feel better. Then we went to the auditorium to meet the new Assistant Principal. By the time all the introductions were over it was lunch time.

I didn't eat the food from the cafeteria. It looked worse than usual. You couldn't even tell what it was.

In the afternoon we did math which was okay, but science?

Forget it!. It was so boring.

As the bell rang for dismissal I said goodbye to my friends and left. My mom's car was hot from waiting for me in the sun. I hopped in.

She wanted to know how my day was. "Well," I said, "I like my teacher, the food's horrible, the new Assistant Principal seems nice. Besides that, there's not much to say."

When we reached home I saw my dad and brother, Stephen; They also asked how my day was. "It was okay, but my teacher is boring for my favorite subject -- Science."

"Well, I'm glad you had a good day," my father said sarcastically.

That night we went to the Apollo for dinner. I was very hungry from not eating lunch. The food was delicious. Later Stephan and I played a long game of Monopoly. Afterwards I went to bed and fell into a deep sleep...until tomorrow.

By Caryn Angelson

DARKLY

By Howard Fischer

Deadline's tomorrow. What to write...what about...maybe...

Lee stared at the paper for a minute, thinking. He had a deadline; in two months the first draft of his new novel was due. He thought for a second and continued typing.

"Earl, I want you to go," Julia said.
"If that's what you want me to do, then I'll leave," Earl replied. "If you want me to go, I'll go."

That's not it, Lee thought. The scene is all wrong. Earl would never act like that. No, he won't leave her.

"Earl, I'm sorry. Please stay." Julia begged.
"You know I'll never leave you," Earl answered.

Shit, what else? What a time to be blocked, with deadline so soon. 10:30. Haven't been to sleep this early in years, Lee mused.

They sat on the couch, Earl's arm around Julia's waist.

"Earl?"

"Hmm?"

"Ever have the feeling that we're pawns of some greater being, who just uses us, plays with us, just to satisfy himself?"

"You mean God?"

"No, not necessarily a benevolent figure. He's more like a tyrant."

"He? Why a him? Why not a her?" he asked.

"Because. It has to be a him."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. I just know it is."

Where the hell did that dialogue come from? Lee stared intently at the last few lines of print on the electric typewriter, sure he hadn't written them. Did he sleepwalk, and write them late last night? He shook his head, confused, and sat down to work.

Earl frowned at the T.V. set. He was beginning to get worried. His mind was a jumble, all sorts of odd things tossed haphazardly about. He remembered things he didn't do, couldn't have done. Something about being French.

Lee looked down at his hands. French? That was an earlier draft. What had he just written? What was happening to Earl? How out of character. Earl was getting to be a pain. Time for a new draft.

"Earl, I'm scared. I have the awful feeling that you're going to leave me."

"Why? What makes you think that?"

Because I'm rewriting, you bastard. God damn, what the hell was going on? Lee hadn't put that in. I'm in control here, not the characters, he thought. "Time to edit, bye," he said. Let them know who's in control.

Earl awoke screaming.

"What's wrong?"

"I dreamt that we were characters in a novel, and I was being edited out."

"Don't worry. I wouldn't let that happen."

No? Just wait. He couldn't get rid of Earl, however, not without destroying the whole structure of the novel. If he just had more time, but with deadline so near...He reflected for a few minutes, thinking of ways to reassert his authority over his characters. Hmmm. What if Julia was gone?

The room shimmered around them, changing shape as they watched. It pulsed rhythmically.

"Earl!" Julia screamed, as she felt herself being sucked into a void.

"Don't worry," he said, as the room returned to normal.

What was happening? He was losing control of his characters. He was in charge here, he ran the show. So how come they were resisting him?

Well, if he couldn't get rid of them there were other less direct ways. The typewriter hummed.

The hurricane raged around them, buffeting them. It had sprung from nowhere, while they were out walking.

"Julia!" he yelled.

They huddled together, and the storm abated, gone as suddenly as it had come, leaving them untouched.

So much for that, Hell, Lee had always wanted to write a science fiction novel anyway.

A huge hand groped for them, springing from the kitchen faucet. It was large, taloned, and dripped slime.

Earl grabbed the meat cleaver from the tabletop where it lay, and swung it wildly. Blood spurted. In minutes, the hand lay in pieces on the kitchen floor. The pieces spasmed wildly for fifteen minutes before they were still enough to be thrown down

the disposal unit.

You will not triumph, Lee vowed. I am the author.
I write about you, and you are in my power.

"I am the author!" he shouted, as he slowly faded...

...away. Sorry, Lee. I am the author, and this is my story for yearbook. You are the characters, Julia, Earl, Lee, and I am your God.

You are all my creations. I do what I want with you. I control your world.

But you do have something over me. You all have a certain immortality which I lack. You will survive, as long as there are readers. Every time these pages are turned, you breathe again. Then the reader has control over you, not I. You are out of my domain at last.

A story within a story. Another yearbook piece. If I do say so myself, not a bad...

...idea. No, it isn't. But you forget the final angle, a story within a story within a story. Each level views the ones above and below it through a glass, the glass getting thicker between each level, obscuring the connection. Who is the author, and who are the characters? You may never find out. As you said, characters live whenever stories are read. But this story is finished now, just another chapter in a book. I think I'll close the book now.

A Bus Ride Conversation

"Oh what a gorgeous day," he said to no one in particular.

"Yes," the young woman next to him said, "the sun gives me a good feeling."

He turned to look at the speaker. She had black curly hair, deer brown eyes and a playful smile.

"It is very peaceful today for those who float," he commented.

"Float?" she asked, puzzled.

"Yes, float. I am, for example, a floater. I do not swim through life, I let the tide carry me."

"What do you do," she asked curiously. "What are you?"

"I suppose I am a lover of beauty," he said.

"Inward or out?" she asked.

"Both," he decided.

"Ah, I too, am a lover of beauty. I paint. But I am unlike you. I swim," she said.

"I like to float," he replied, "only swimmers drown."

"Yes, but I have a purpose, a focus," she said.

"I don't want a purpose or a focus," he stated. "I am. I live. I exist, and that is enough."

"You are scared," she said softly.

"Maybe I am," he said "but when I float, I learn, I see others, unlike swimmers."

"The floaters and the swimmers must learn to respect each other," she said.

"Yes..." he agreed.

"It's my stop," she said, and got off the bus.

Katie Roiphe

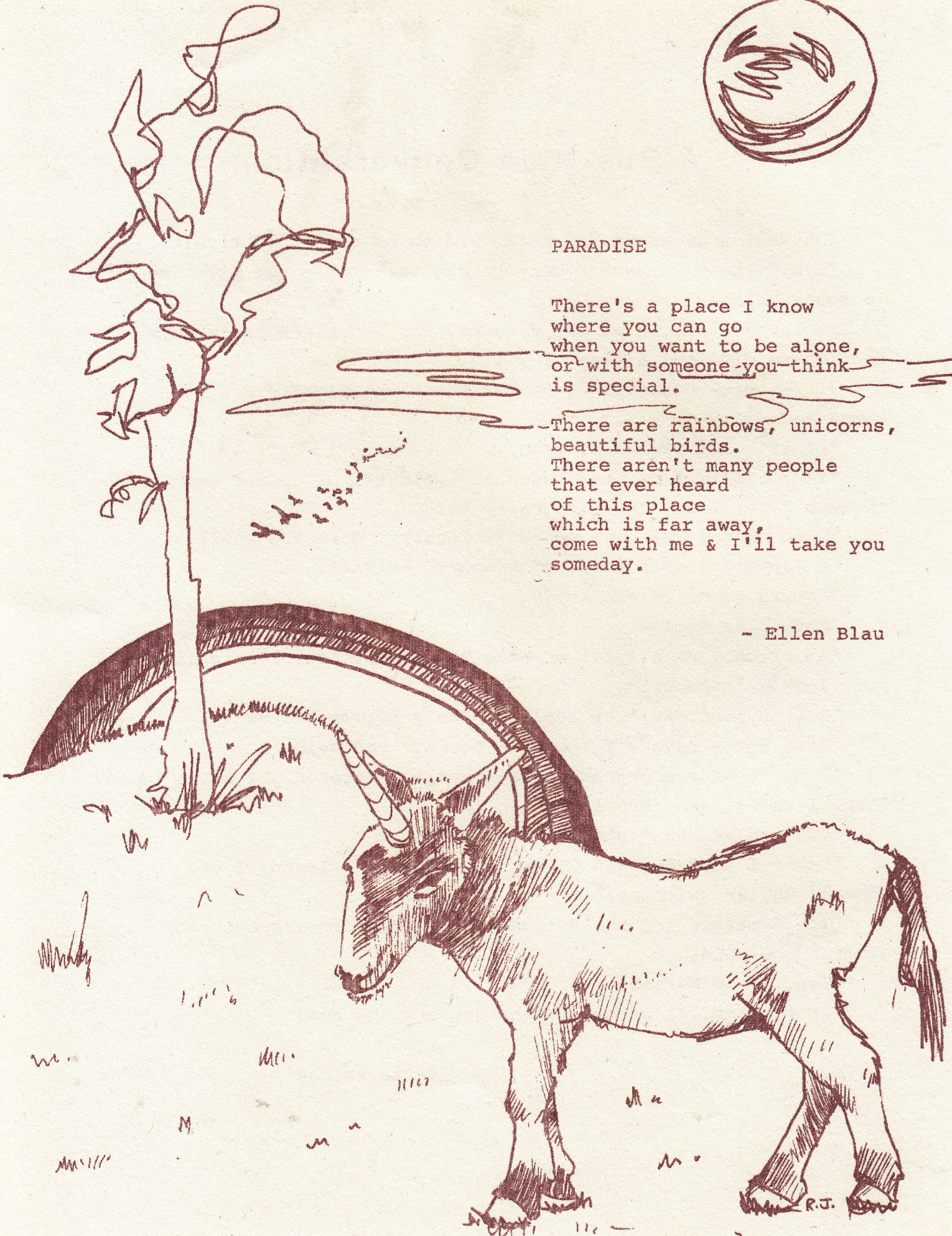


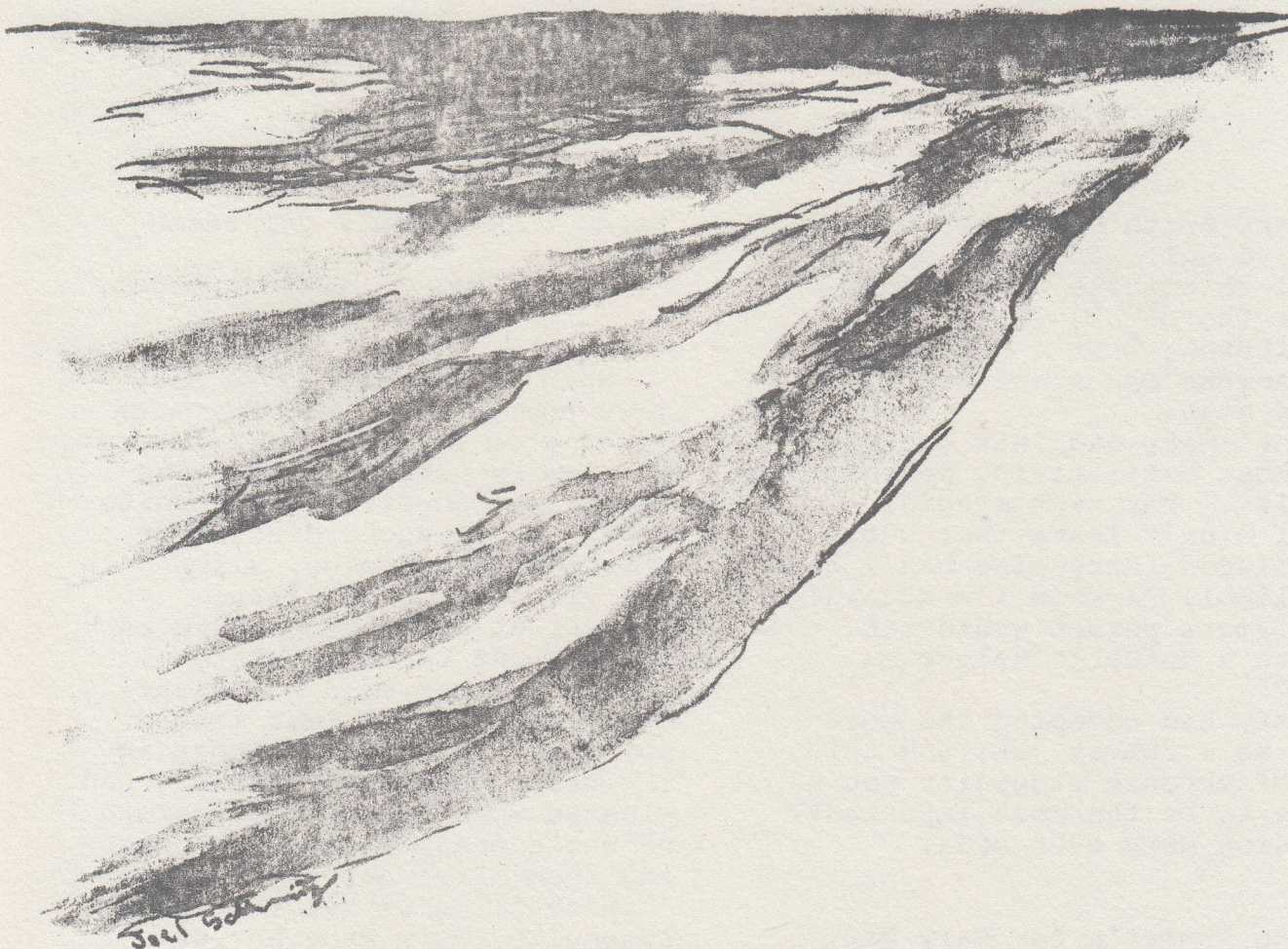
PARADISE

There's a place I know
where you can go
when you want to be alone,
or with someone you think
is special.

There are rainbows, unicorns,
beautiful birds.
There aren't many people
that ever heard
of this place
which is far away,
come with me & I'll take you
someday.

- Ellen Blau





BEFORE THE STORM

As I sat on the lonely beach,
Dipping my toes in the freezing sea,
I suddenly felt that something was different --
Strange, eerie, deathly silent.
A far-off radio ceased to blare,
As the sky turned a startling blue and purple.
There was only the faint sound of gulls crying,
And the lapping of water,
As the sun beat down harshly
On everything.
Crabs shrivelled down into their holes,
While wind stabbed relentlessly.
I was chilled inside,
Yet everything was silent, shining and moving.
Everything was trying to get away.
I crawled slowly over the sand, then knew no more,
As the world turned flashing black, white and water.

-Frances Rosenfeld

NOT AN ORDINARY GIRL

By Nikki Feist

Mary Smith hated herself. "I'm so ugly, fat, greasy, cruel to animals, and a host of other thoroughly unpleasant attributes, that I don't know how anyone can stand me!" she would moan.

What Mary had left out was her most debilitating personality problem. Mary was stupid.

"I didn't leave that out," she lisped (Mary also had a severe lisp), "I know I'm stupid. What smart person would take a job as a Mother's Helper on Mars?"

Mary had accepted the position as a summer job, and this act of chronic stupidity would prove to be the most important decision Mary ever made.

One summer's day Mary was limping down the Martian road (she also limped uncontrollably as the result of a childhood experiment with hydrolic acid) with her three-headed Martian charge in tow, when a large purple Martian snake jumped out from behind a Martian rock.

"Holy shit!" exclaimed Mary, for on top of her other problems, she had a mouth like a truck driver. The snake took offense at this and, Martian jaws wide, began slithering towards the pair when suddenly a beam shot out from the young Martian's ear which hit the snake broad-side and turned him into a smouldering pile of snake-steak.

"Wow, I'd like to learn how

to do that. Could you teach me?"

And so Mary's lessons began.

When the summer ended Mary flew home. Boy, were her arms tired when at last she landed in the family potato field. The ground was covered with a white mush. Mary, uncoordinated in addition to all else, slipped in the viscous muck, falling face-first and thus getting an inadvertant taste of whatever it was that covered her father's beloved field. It was mashed potatoes. Daddy, no winner in the brain department either, had planted mashed potatoes instead of whole ones to save time mashing them after harvest.

Marvelling at her father's ingenuity, Mary made her way towards the family's ancestral home. The old landmarks were a sight for sore eye (Mary had but one eye, the other having been poked out with a stick quite cleanly when she was nine).

She passed the sheep pen with its sheep of variously dyed hues, this another brilliant innovation of her father's. She lurched by the miniature nuclear generator which provided cheap energy for the family. She arrived at the pig-pen and located her pet pig. She was bending down to kiss his snout when he glared at her and snorted. "Oink-oink-oink!" he declared haughtily.

Mary was crushed. Inclining her head she put her lessons to



use and zapped her only friend. He had even slept in her bed at night in lieu of a stuffed animal. But now they would be having roast pork for dinner she thought, brightening. And it was nice to see how well she had learned Zod's lessons.

Suddenly Mary had an idea. She would kill everyone who made fun of her.

As Mary made her way back to the old homestead, she reflected that her new idea would be no easy task. Why, for starters, the entire population of her home town, Sow Belly, Arkansas, from the populace on up to the farm animals had mocked her. She would be busy for quite some time.

Mary reached the door and

entered the house. "Mary!" exclaimed her mother, rushing toward her. Mary opened her arms to the embrace--

--and found herself being pushed back towards the door.

"Ma, I'm home from my summer job, why are you shoving me out the door?!"

"We thought you ran away so we rented your room out to a telephone sanitizer. Go away."

"We don't want you."

"Yeah!"

Zap!!

Zap!!

Zap!!

Mary left. There was a world out there to conquer.



Gail Kupferman



Jake Arenson



ON THE RUN

Sara was running. Running from what? It wasn't her fault Michael hit the young boy; she wanted to stop running, to run back. To explain. Oh, if she could only go back. She wanted it so badly, but she knew they wouldn't understand. She loved her parents, but she knew they'd be ashamed, and would treat her differently. No, she couldn't go back.

Then she remembered Michael and the accident. It had been an accident. She remembered that night so well.

* * *

The party had ended early. She and Michael decided to go for some pizza.

"So, you wanna go to Mario's?"

"Sure."

Silence.

"Michael, do you want me to drive?"

"Why?"

"I just thought you might've had too much to drink, and if you get caught, you could get your license taken away."

"Nothing's wrong, O.K. just take it easy."

"Whatever you say."

Just then, they were rounding the corner when Michael lost control. The car skidded as Michael jammed on the brakes. They came to a stop, but Sara was still clinging to the seat.

"Sara, are you O.K.?"

"Y-y-y-yes...Mike?"

"What?"

"Can I drive please?"

"No! It was just an accident. It won't happen again."

"But -"

"But nothing. Just shut up and let me drive."

"Mike -"

"Shut up!!"

Sara was getting scared. He had never talked to her that way before. She didn't want him to drive. He only had two beers, but he was acting strange. She decided not to argue, and she let him drive.

There was complete silence, except for the humming of the engine.

"I'm sorry, Sara. I didn't mean to yell at you, I don't know what happened."

"It's O.K. Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'll be O.K."

He reached over to hold her hand, but his other hand moved the steering wheel, and the car skidded.

Mike struggled to regain control when, as if out of nowhere a boy on a bicycle appeared. Mike hit the brakes, but it was too late... Sara felt the impact as the car hit the bike.

Sara was too stunned to talk. A boy was lying on the road injured, or even dead.

"M-Mike, where are we going?"

"I don't know, just let me think."

"Shouldn't we get help?"

"And get caught? Are you crazy?"

"But he might die."

"Do you wanna get in trouble? Big trouble?"

"No, but I'm gonna feel guilty if we leave without helping."

"Well, get out then."

"Mike!"

"Do you want to stay or to get out?"

"I'll stay."

They drove on to the next town so Sara could call an ambulance. Now, she wouldn't have a guilty conscience. There was no more she could do.

She turned to go back to the car, but it was gone. Maybe he just went around the corner.

Sara circled the block, but neither Michael nor the car were anywhere to be seen. Had he left her? He couldn't have. She needed him.

* * *

That was two days ago. Maybe he didn't need her as much as she needed him. She was so alone. She needed help, but she couldn't face the truth. Help would never come. She had to keep running.

by Laurin Grollman

The gong sounded, not that it mattered much. The Boys Cabins Downstairs stirred a little, with groans echoing through the building. Then Jay walked in. He woke us up in his unpleasant way, which is so unpleasant that I can't remember it; or maybe it's because I'm half asleep when he does it. After Jay finished, Bob Steiner walked in. He psychoanalyzed us. According to him, the reason we don't want to get up is that we don't want to face the world, but that's a lot of crap, since all we were was tired. Jay walked back in. We, of course, threw shoes at him. I had thrown both of my shoes, and so had Jon and James, but Troy still had one left. When Jay reminded him that it was his time to sweep, Troy threw his last shoe. It hit dead center on the back of Jay's neck. Hesitantly, as though trying to decide whether or not to kill Troy, he walked out of the room. Troy had a confused look on his face, as though he was expecting something else to happen.

Later on, while working in "Pub," I got the word that Jay David was, would you believe this, dead! Exit Jay. The coroner's report: Death caused by a sharp blow to the back of the neck, thus breaking it. The object used could have been a stick or a broom handle. Broom Handle. Troy having to sweep...

The Death Of Jay David

"WAKE UUUUUUPP!!!" sang Jay, directly in my face. I stared at him for a few seconds and then screamed hysterically, "You're supposed to be DEAD!" Jay walked out of the room with an extremely confused look on his face.

by John Porter

"Oh show me the way
to the next Sushi bar
Oh don't ask why
Oh don't ask why..."

The song is loud, and hauntingly rhythmic. Clark's old girlfriend once had an affair with the drummer of Bronze, the group that produced the song. It didn't bother Clark when she told him; now he feels disturbed.

An old man seated on a barstool near Clark shakes his fist at the radio. "Whiskey bar, you bastards, whiskey bar!"

"Whiskey bar?" questions Clark.

"Don't you have any culture?" demands the old man. Without waiting for an answer, he returns to his drink.

Clark is puzzled by the old man, and puzzled that he's still thinking about Jillian a year and a half later, and even feeling jealous. He tries to remember why it hadn't bothered him when Jillian informed him of the affair.

By Vanessa Moss

* * *

They were sitting on the couch in his apartment watching an "Odd Couple" re-run. Jillian was absorbed, Clark was not. In the beginning, he was interested; Oscar was trying to seduce the Pigeon sisters. When the scene switched to a laundromat, Clark's attention returned to Jillian, whom he hadn't yet slept with. He'd even slept in her bed, because they both fell asleep after drinking her home-made gin. The idea to make a still came from "MASH" - Jillian spent a lot of time watching television.

Clark had awakened the next morning staring at his own reflection; Jillian had a mirror over her bed. Then he turned, and was facing her.

"Don't talk to me," she said.
"People tend to have bad breath in

the morning." Jillian headed into the bathroom to get her Listerine. Clark had noted that this was true, and had gone back to sleep.

Oscar and Felix faded from the screen, Jillian sprang from the couch.

"Let's go out," she said.

"Chinese?" Clark suggested.

"No, no. A laundromat."

He laughed.

"I want to have sex with you on the floor of a laundromat," she said.

"Oh..."

"But Clark, look, first I have to tell you something important." She plopped back down onto the couch, sinking into the faded rose brocade. The couch was a relic from the house of someone's deceased Aunt Harriet. Clark, a newspaper editor, was in charge of obits at the time. He liked to go to the dead people's addresses, and buy or take whatever junk the relatives didn't want, or that the landlords intended to burn.

SUSHI BAR

"It's very serious," said Jillian. This was when she told him that she'd had an affair with Bronze's drummer, Jerry Orange, prior to meeting Clark.

He declared immediately that it didn't bother him, and the two headed for an all-night laundromat.

* * *

"Hey," Clark says to the bartender, "You know of...Jerry Orange?"



The bartender continues polishing a clean beer glass, as bartenders often do.

"Yeah," he replies.

"Good looking?" asked Clark.

"Hell, yeah. Jeri Orange is one foxy broad, I tell you, with..."

"Broad? A girl?"

"Yeah, a girl! Hell of a girl, I tell you, with..." someone summons the bartender. The Bronze song plays on.

*"Oh show me the way
to the next pretty fish
Oh don't ask why
Oh don't ask why..."*

Clark left the pub. The old man was again shaking his fist, and yelling at the radio, "Pretty boy, not pretty fish, pretty boy!"

DAVID FOSTER

Ashes

I'm Afraid
Of the People
Of the Money
And the Time
Of the trouble they take
for Power.

I'm Afraid
Of the Newsman
Silently Screaming
Weaving his plastic smile
He says
How to evacuate
When it hits
But he knows
There is no escape

I'm Afraid
Of the Greed
Of the Hope
Of the Need
For Power

I'm Afraid
Of those
Who Create
To Destroy

- Daisy Colchie

HOPES, WISHES, DREAMS

I wish I didn't feel this way
but I do.
I want to be happy & smiling
but I'm not.
The rain pours outside &
in my heart
I don't control the weather, though.

I wish I could pretend no problems bothered me,
but I can't.
I don't want to go through this pain
but I won't stop.
I cannot let myself be emotionless,
as cold as a diamond
& as translucent.

I am myself
emotions & all,
caring & feeling,
always hoping
always dreaming.

- Nina V. Lesser

VISIONS

It's strange
People think I'm staring at them, but I'm not,
I'm just looking through them.
Not to the side,
Not in front of,
Not really behind,
But more inside.
No, not the other person,
In myself.
Strange as it may seem,
Although I'm looking through someone else,
I am seeing myself.

- Nina V. Lesser

日本如女一花雪



The flower unfolds onstage
distant drums vibrate into the air.
A flash of white
streak of crimson, two black slashes
deepen as light strokes the figure.

The dance begins, the spirit of a flower
captured by the ancient music, the liquid movement
shines white as the purest petal
untouched. Metal clanks like jewels
an argument of sound rises.
Against it she reels
soundless to the floor looks upward:
Again her eyes meet the light
unwritten poems in her gaze
only the drumbeat remains.
As the lights fade onstage
she becomes the song.

-Jenifer Fleissner

POEMS

INSTINCTS

I sat with him late at night
watching him throw a pot
on an old kickwheel.
His hands moved up and down
on the clay- steps he had long ago taught me.
Seeing him I knew I had never learned.
They were like birds, moving
back and forth on the piece.
It rose to meet him
and, instinctively, I backed away.
When we dated, he used to scare me
by walking into my room, silent.
That night everyone was at evening activity
the shop was dark.
I wanted to open my mouth and scream.

by JENNIFER

PRESENT; TENSE

Twenty minutes
before a dance to an old song
some people may not remember
she waits outside the Amphitheater
already in costume, feeling
the tulle stick to her legs.
In a play
people would be reciting lines
jabbering wildly, cramming with scripts-
here, it is silent.
One lone dancer in pale blue silk
stretches out a leg, silhouetted
by the lights backstage.
She watches this and knows
she will never be so beautiful,
knows the audience will hear
her feet thud on the floor, not made for ballet.
She wonders if they will remember the song
before she realizes they may not remember her dance.
When she steps onstage, it is too late.
Under the lights
she moves alone.

JENNIFER

THE LONER

The loner seeks refuge in solitude
away from society.

He sits in silence
on the sandy shore of a beach.
The only sounds heard
are the approaching ripples
hesitantly striking the shore.

Darkness falls and envelops him,
the sea and shore.
And without a sound,
The moon emerges from the dark
Reflecting his silhouette upon the open sea.

He is lost in meditation,
eyes fixed on the sea.
He sees no water, nor sky,
his arms are by his side.

TWO
POEMS

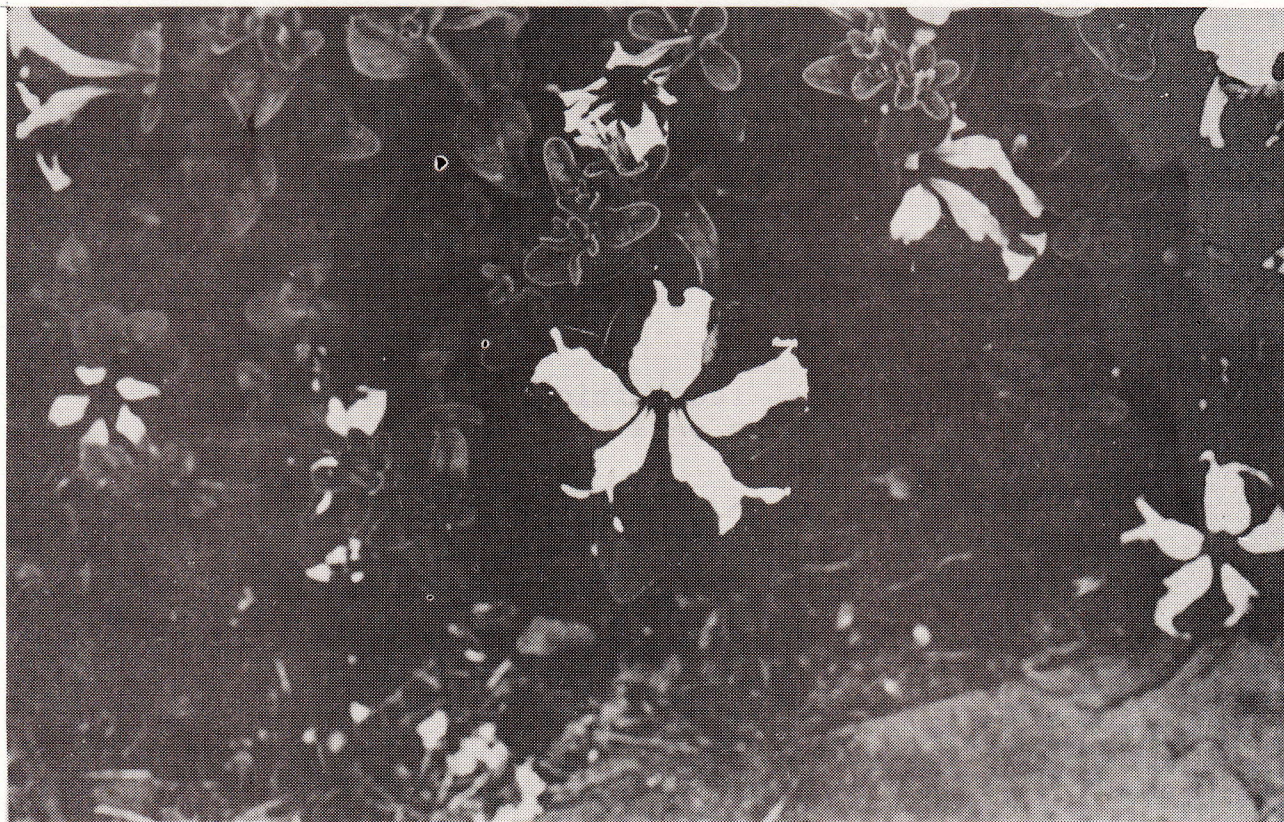
COLIN
MINER

you shoved your way
into my dream chamber
where I could not push you back --
where I could not even move
my own limbs.
you would not leave me free.
I opened every other lock
for you --
some that slid, oiled and ready,
some that had to be wrenched free.
but this door that has always
curled away
from my hot fingers
spiraled inwards as my
palm touched its knob --
the insurpassable boundary
has given way before you,
my secret sleep invaded.

suddenly my darkness
has spilled out
no longer hiding in that
final chamber.
I hear your voice
inside my body --
You have unlocked my dreams.

Inquisitive eyes stare at me,
Wondering who I am.
As if an alien from outer space,
I look back trying not to seem nervous.
I hear my name being called
And turn around eagerly,
Thinking the voice might be connected
With an understanding grin.
But the face was turned in another direction.
I try to put more pride into my steps.
But I fall.
It's hard being new.

-Tracy Young



Stuart Bernstein

ON WRITING POETRY

I've always wanted to write poetry.
Or, should I say, I've always wanted to write poetry well
anyone can write poetry.
Even "Roses are Red" is poetry.
What I've always wanted
is to write poetry with depth,
poetry with feeling,
poetry with emotion,
poetry you can experience.
If I were to write about an orange
I would want the reader
to visualize it,
to feel the fibrous texture,
to smell the citrusy smell,
to taste the sweet juice
and perhaps even to hear it running down.
But, alas, my oranges are
two-dimensional.
Just cardboard orange slabs
no depth at all.
If I were to write about the ocean
I would want the reader to be there
feeling the spray on their face,
tasting and smelling the salt in the air,
and hearing every crash of the waves.
But my oceans are as bland as the water in a bathtub
and not quite as real.
If I were to write about a rose,
the reader would put down my poems
bored; unfortunately, my poems
are predictable.
Oh, why can't I write?
I want my applause, recognition, but most important
I want to see a woman on a park bench
read my poems
and cry.

-Erica Perl

COWZAC THE LOVER

By DAVID FOSTER

Did you ever read "Cowzac the Lover?" It's in practically every comic section of any local or metropolitan newspaper. I was the creator and designer of that strip, and yes, I raked in truck loads of money. Any syndicated strip does.

But, don't think that I was just in this business for money. I had my creative and artistic needs to fulfill. So what if a little money happened to sail my way? It didn't hurt. Recently, though, I'd fallen into hard times. My strips weren't as popular as they used to be. My livelihood, my source of income, my source of life was dying. I was in desperate need of some way to save my comic strip as well as pull in some cash.

If you don't know what "Cowzac the Lover" is about, then perhaps I should tell you about it. I'm really into my strip. Cowzac is basically a rogue. He is out for every maiden's body. But he is truly in love with the fair maiden, Sophia. So the strip is about his struggle between physical love and emotional love. Actually, it's about nothing. It's just mindless humor. And I made as much as a doctor does. Until recently, I mean.

It was a dismal Thursday when I consulted with my agent. Yes...cartoonists do have agents. Mine even gets ten percent, which is just as much as an actor's agent, which is in my opinion, too much. How the hell could I make some easy money? I mean, if I was really in need of some quick cash, I wouldn't hesitate to take some sleazy job.

I put my car into neutral and I deposited a dime in the meter. That, I started to think, could be a fortune down the drain by next week, if I don't save my strip.

In his office, my agent paced the floor, pulling hair, biting nails and stomping the floor with his hard wooden-soled shoes.

"This is the problem, as I understand it. You want to do something to the strip. Something to increase the reader population?"

"Uh huh," I said, tapping the sides of my agent's reclining arm chair.

"Well, Ted," my agent stated.

"I can't think of a damn thing. I've drawn a total blank on this one." By that time I was getting up from my comfy seat.

"So have I...don't sweat it, Rich."

I left, contemplating the situation on the drive home. Is the problem totally without a solution, I wondered. Everything has a logical solution.

An idea hit me just as I hit the brakes. "That's it," I screamed. I could kill off a major character. It would cause people to take notice of the strip. I would be interviewed in every newspaper. Colleges would ask me to speak at lectures.

When I got home, I ran to my drafting table, and scratched out the four panels that it would take to kill off Sophia. The story would be simple, as it always was.



And it would be that last sentence that poor, defenseless Sophia exclaimed that would be the catalyst to bring me money and fame. And just think, all I had to do to achieve this was to make some marks on a piece of paper and arrange them in such a way that people would react...violently. They would be upset, realizing they would never see that person again, never see that familiar cartoon face. Unless I decided to draw it.

I sealed the strip in a cardboard padded envelope, and mailed it off to the syndication firm of National Comix, my bosses. The logical chain of events that would follow would, of course, be to see the strip printed in the next day's comic section. But no, that was not what I saw in the paper. I saw this:

